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The Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.

PART II

(WITH A FEW FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2 AND 86).

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. CAMBRIDGE,

HON. DR. PHIL. BERLIN.

[Part III, the Introduction and Glossary, by Miss F. LEJEUNE, of Somerville College, Oxford (a First-Class in English, June 1900), is preparing, and will be issued in 1901.]

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[XXXIX. Of þre messagers of deeth.¹]*Disasters,
Sickness, and
Old Age.*

Her biginneþ a tretis

Of þreo Messagers of deþ, I-wis.

þE Mon þat is of wommon I-bore,
His lyf nis heere but a þrowe—

Man's life is
but a while.

So seiþ Iob vs heer-bi-fore

Al in a Bok þat I wel knowe.

4

He hedde is Muynde al of his deþ,
Wel sore he con grone and grunte,
And seide his lyf nas bote a Breþ,
Heer mou we none stounde stunte.

Job groand
and grunted,
and said his
life was only
a breath.

ffrom deþ may no mon be fre,
ffor his riȝte wol he not lete.

8

Now beoþ þer Messagers þre

A-Mong Monkuynde for to meete :

12

Auentures, Seeknesse, and Elde—

þeos beoþ Messagers of deþ ;

To hem we moten vs alle ȝelde

And louten þer vr Maystres geþ.

16

Whon Deth comeþ þat is so derk,
þer May no Mon him wiþ-stonde ;

No man can
withstand
Death.

I take witnesse on a noble Clerk

þat wrot þeos vers wiþ his honde :

20

*Mors necat athletas,*¹¹ MS. vetat ath letas*Ego mortis nescio metas,**I[n]ter¹ Res letas,*¹ MS. Iter*Caueat sibi quelibet etas—*

24

“Deþ, he sleth þis kempes kene,
And kynges in heore worþly won,
Riche & pore alle bi-dene,
ȝong ne Old spareþ he non.”

He slays
Warriors,
Kings, Rich,
Poor,

28

Young, and
Old.

¹ So the title in Index. The poem was ed. before in Herrig's *Archiv* LXXIX, p. 432. It is an old imitation of the “Sayings of S. Bernhard,” XLV.

His first
Messenger

þer is on of þis Messagers
þat of no mon wol take mede ;
He is so hardi and so fers
þat alle Men of him haue drede : 32

Disasters,

ÞE¹ Messenger hette Auentours ;
A3eynes him may beo no strif ;
Whon he comeþ to a Monnes hous,
He takeþ boþe hosebonde & þe wyf. 36

falls un-
awares on
husband,
wife, child,

and knight
on horseback.

He takeþ þe child In his Cradel,
þeih he beo bot o niht old ;
þe kniht and horse in his sadel
I-a[r]med, beo he neuer so bold. 40

Of him beo vche Mon I-war
And mak him clene, ar he beo hent ;
ffor þer nis no 3eyn-char,
Whon Auentures comeþ to turnement. 44

Mony mon lihþ in dedly synne
And wenep þat he beo not vey3e,
And Auentures comeþ wiþ his ginne
And hontuþ til he haue his preye. 48

Whoever
Disaster
takes in sin
unshriven,
goes to Hell.

In dedly sunne ho¹ is I-founde
Wiþ-outen schrift and repentaunce,
He geþ in to helle-grounde,
þer to suffre his penaunce. 52

Seint Poul bit we schulden awake—
þis Clerkes witen as wel as I—
þat we schulden vs clene make
And of vr sinnes ben sori ; 56

And bote we ben, we schulen abugge ;
þer schal no pledur plede þat ;
þer God vs fynt, he wol vs Iugge—
Nou vche Mon be war bi þat. 60

Let every
man beware,
for Disasters
come as a
thief in the
night.

ffor Auentures wol come as a þef
Be nihte, whon men ben aslepe,
And taken away þat him is leef—
Nou awakeþ, þat 3e mowe him kepe. 64

Death's
Second Mes-
senger is
Sickness.

ANoþer Messenger þer is
Of Dep, whon crist wol him sende :
Seknesse, Ichauē I-herd ar þis,
þe Messenger is swiþe hende. 68

- Whon seeknesse comeþ to a mon,
 He may be war ȝif he is sleih,
 And greiþen his In, ȝif þat he con,
 And þenken þat deþ is swiþe neih. 72
 ffor seknesse comeþ apertely,
 He ne dareþ not in his den ;
 Hit is vre lordes Cortesy
 Wiþ seknesse for to warne men. 76
 Mony Men, whon þat heo beoþ seke,
 To Ihesu Crist a clepen and criȝe
 And to his Mylde Mooder eke
 And sigge : “ now þou help, Marie ! 80
 ȝif þat we mowe be sound and saue
 And keuere, þat we mowen habben vr hele,
 Al þe good þat we haue
 ffor Godes loue we wolen hit dele.” 84
 We loue wel God in al vr þouȝt
 While we beo seeke & sore smerte ;
 Whon we beoþ hol, we louen him nouȝt,
 He nis no lengor in vre herte— 88
Cum fero langorem,
ffero Religionis amorem ;
Expers langoris
Non sum memor huius amoris. 92
 Of crist ne takeþ he non hede,
 He naþ no more wiþ him to donne ;
 To þonken him for his goode dede,
 He þenkeþ no more þer-vpponne. 96
 Suche men ben ofte al-one I-let
 To pleye as þe foul in þe lift,
 Til Auentures haue wiþ hem met,
 Be-Reueþ hem boþe hosel and schrift. 100
 Men ouȝten holden vp boþe heore honden
 To God, while heo ben hol and feere,
 To sende, whon he wol hem fonden,
 Seeknesse to ben heore Messagere. 104
 Seynt poul seiþ, vre lordes kniht,
 In a pistel þat he wrot,
 þat he was strengest & most of miht
 Whon god him wiþ seknesse smot. 108

Sickness
comes
openly,

and is God's
courtesy to
warn men.

We love God
while we're
ill ; but when
we're well,
we forget
Him.

Such men are
left to play
like birds in
the air, till
Disaster
strikes them.

Men should
pray God to
send them
Sickness.

Death's
Third Mes-
senger is Old
Age.

NOW ichulle siggen ou of Elde,
Of Messagers he is þe þridde.
Whon Monnes heð biginneþ to elde,
He may not do but beodes bidde. 112

And he leoneþ vpon his Crucche,
Whon deþ him bekneþ, comen he mot ;
Hit helpeþ nouȝt þauh he grucche,
He schal wiþ-stonde neuer a fot. 116

Old Age is
like a man
kept out of
his Lord's
gate by the
Porter,

Also fareþ Elde as doþ a sweyn
þat stondeþ at his lordes ȝate
And mot not wenden in aȝeyn,
ffor þe po[r]ter þat is þer-ate ; 120

ffor no ȝiftes þat he may ȝiuen,
Ne feire wordes þat he mai speken ;
He worþ out atte ȝate I-driuen,
Anon þe ȝate for him is steken. 124

who shuts it.

ȝif a Mon may libben heer
And ben of pouwer for to go
þe Elde of ffoure-score ȝer,
þat oper del is serwe and wo. 128

Tho' a man
is 80, his life
is woe.

ffor hose wole his lyf be-holde
ffrom biginnyng to þe ende,
Wel ofte may his herte colde
þat not what wey he schal wende ; 132

Wel we witen we schule be ded,
Vr dwellyng her nis bote a while—
Ihesu crist vs wisse and rede,
þat neuer þe ffend ne do vs gyle.— 136

We dwell
here but a
while.

Nou is deþ a wonder þing
And grislich for to þenken on ;
He ne spareþ Emperour ne kyng,
Ne Pope for al þe good þat he con. 140

Death spares
not Emperour,
King, or
Pope.

.Wher ben heo þat biforen vs weoren,
þat weore so mihti in heore deden,
Houndes ladden and haukes beeren¹
An hontyng heiȝe vpon heore steeden ? 144

¹ Same v. in Sayings of
St. Bernhard, v. 182,

Deþ hit haþ hem al by-raft,
Wiþ hem þer nis no more pley.
And al þat bereþ monnes schaft,
Schal go þat ilke selue wey. 148

- Vche Mon may be sore aferd
 þat haþ a soule for to saue,
 Whon he geþ bi a Chirche-3erd
 And seop wher dede men beþ I-graue. 152
 Riche men habbeþ riche stones,
 þat alle men mouwe biholde :
 þer-vnder liggeþ foule bones,
 I-beddet al in Cloþ of colde. 156
 Wel pore halle þer is I-maked,
 Wiþ-ouden eny worldes winne ;
 Saue a Clout, men beop al naked,
 Whon deþ is comen I-cast þer-Inne. 160
 þe halle-Roof is cast ful lowe,
 þer beop none Chaumbres wyde ;
 Me may reche þe helewowe
 And þe wal on vche a syde. 164
 Heore bodies¹ þat weoren so softe I-baþen² ^{1 r. bodie} bodies are full
 And I-brougt forþ wiþ Mete and drynk, ^{2 strong form, analog. to laden}
 þer hit schal crepe ful of Maþen—
 In al þis world nis fouloure styngk. 168
 A Mon þat such a bodi seþe
 Whon wormes hit haþ þorw-souht,
 He ouzte wepe wiþ his eþe
 And euere haue him in his þouht. 172
 þer nis non so luyte ne so muche
 þat is of fflesch, blod and bon,
 þat we ne schule ben alle suche,
 Whon we ben huled vnder a ston. 176
 Hou may eny mon be proud
 ffor eny þing þat he may gete,
 Whon he is huled vnder a schroud,
 þat þing þat is wormes mete ? 180
 þat þing þat is vr moste fo,
 þerfore we don a gret folye
 To loue þat þing þat doþ vs wo,
 And eke vr dedliche enemye. 184
 3if a Mon may libben heer
 As longe as dude Matussale—
 Nizene hundred & nyne & sixti 3er
 So longe on corþe liuede he— 188

All should
fearwho go by a
churchyardPoor hall is
in the grave:the roof is
low, the
rooms
narrow ;

bodies are full

of maggots,
and stink.How can any
one be proudof what is
worms' food ?If you live
as long as
Methusaleh,

969 years,

that is but a
few hours
compared to
eternity.

þat nis not also muche tyme
Aȝeynes þe tyme þat comeþ afterward
As fro þe sonne-rysing to prime—
To sunfol men þat is ful hard.

192

A Man in
Hell shall
weep more
than oceans-
ful, at 1 tear
a day.

þat I schal seye nou takeþ kepe,
I drawe to witnesse seynt Austyn :
þat a Mon schal more wepe
þat dampned is to helle-pyn,

196

þen is water vnder þe sonne,
And he wepe vche day a ter.
Auiseþ ow now, ȝif þat ȝe cunne,
And doþ þat ȝe ne come not þer !

200

A Mon þat dampned is to helle,
His peyne may not ben for-bouȝt,
Ac endeles he schal þer dwelle ;

No alms, or

Almes-dede helpeþ him nouht.

204

masses, or

þei alle men þat libbeþ nouþe
Weore prestes Masses to syng,
And duden al þat þei euer couþe,
Ne scholden him of pyne bringe.

208

prayers 'll get
a man out of
Hell.

þat ilke soule þat is dryuen
Wiþ fendes in atte helle-ȝate,
And his Iuggement be him ȝiuen,
To bidde Merci hit is to late.

212

But Heaven is
our heritage,
if we serve
God.

Heuene hit is vre heritage,
To vre bihoue hit is diht,
[ȝif]¹ we han do feute and homage
To vre lord, as hit is riht.

¹ om.

216

Sinner, come
to Christ, and
His joy !

Synful mon, ȝif þat he falleþ,
A-Rys vp and mak þi pees,
And cum to crist, whon þat he calleþ
To Ioye þat is endeles.

220

He þat is al-mihti kyng,
þat heiȝe sitteþ In Trinite,
Graunt vs alle his blessyng,
AMEN AMEN par charite.

224

[XL. *Two Songs of Love-longing.*]¹

[I.]

Swete Ihesu, now wol I synge
To þe a song of loue longinge :

fol. CCXCVII. Jesus, I'll
sing Thee a
Song of Love-
Longing.

Do in myn herte a welle springe

þe to louen ouer alle þinge.

4

²Swete Ihesu, kyng of blisse,

Jesus, my
heart's love,

Min herte loue, Min herte lisse :

In loue, lord, þou me wisse,

And let me neuere þi loue misse.³

8

Swete Ihesu, myn herte liht,

þow art day wiþ-oute niht :

þiue me þoþe Grace and⁴ miht

ffor to loue⁵ þe ariht.

12

Swete Ihesu, my soule⁶ bote,

set in my
heart a root
of Thy love!

In myn herte þou sette⁷ a Roote

Of þi loue þat is so swote,

And weete hit⁸ þat hit springe mote !

16

Swete Ihesu, myn herte gleem,

Brihtore þen þe sonne Beem :

As þou weore boren⁹ In Bethleem,

þou make in me þi loue-dreem.¹⁰

20

Swete Ihesu, þi loue is swete—

Wo is him þat hit¹¹ schal leete !

þif me grace for to wepe

ffor my synnes teres wete.¹²

24

Give me grace
to weep for
my sins !

¹ Title in Index : An orisoun to crist, Songes to vre lady, Orisones to vre lady rehersinge of crist what he dude and suffrede for mankynde. The two first poems (from v. 5) are extant in MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 75 and 77 (ed. in Wright, *Specimens of Lyric Poets*, Percy Soc. 1842, p. 57 and 68, and Böddiker, *Altengl. Dicht.* 1878, p. 191 and 198); the 2nd, an imitation of St. Bernard's 'Jesu dulcis memoria' (Daniel Thes. hymn. I, p. 227), has, in MS. Vern., been divided into several parts, each headed by a stanza to St. Mary (MS. Harl. 2253 has a separate French song to St. Mary, f. 77: Marie mere al Salveour, ed. Wright), and expanded, by various additions (v. 17-44, 57-80, 141-191 &c.) and ingredients (f. i. from Testam. Christi, v. 173 ff.) into a history of the Passion, forming at the same time a corollary to St. Mary. The original poems were composed in the South, the additions in the North (by Rich. Rolle?). Another love-song of this kind, in alliterative long-lines, is contained in the prose-part of MS. Vernon.

² v. 5-60 occurs as a separate poem in Harl. 2253 (ed. Wright). ³ 7-8 H pou art suete myd-y-wisse Wo is him þat þe shal misse. ⁴ H pou ȝeue me streinþe & eke m. ⁵ H louien ⁶ H luerte ⁷ H sete ⁸ H Ant lene ⁹ H Ybore þou were ¹⁰ H þou m. me here þi suete d. ¹¹ H þe ¹² 23-4 H þarefore me shulden ofte þe grete Wiþ salte teres & eȝe wepe.

	Swete Ihesu, kyng of londe, Mak þou me to vnderstonde, ¹ þat I may In myn herte fonde ² Hou swete is ³ þi loue-bonde.	28
	Swete Ihesu, me reweþ sore Of my misdedes I haue don ȝore : ffor-ȝif me, lord, I wol no more, But I þe aske Milce and ore.	32
Open my heart, and alight in it!	Swete Ihesu, Lord ⁴ myn, Mi lyf, my soule is al ⁵ þin : Vndo myn herte and liȝte ⁶ þerin, And saue ⁷ me from wikked ⁸ engyn.	36
	⁹ Swete Ihesu, lord good, ffor me þou scheddest þi blessed blod ¹⁰ — Out of þin herte hit com ¹¹ þe flod— þi Moder hit sauȝ wiþ druyri mod ¹² :	40
Hear me for Thy Mother's sake!	Swete Ihesu, Briht and Schene, Heere me, lord, for I me mene, ¹³ þorw preyere of Marie, Milde qweene, ¹⁴ þat þi loue on me be sene. ¹⁵	44
Sweet Jesus,	Swete Ihesu, Mi soule foode, Alle werkes of þe ben goode ; ¹⁶ þou bouȝtest me vppon þe Rode And scheddest þeron þi swete blode. ¹⁷	48
	Swete Ihesu, Barn ¹⁸ Best, þi loue þou in myn herte fest ; ¹⁹ Whon I go North, Souþ, Est or West, ²⁰ In þe al-one fynde I rest. ²¹	52
	Swete Ihesu, wel may him be þat þe schal ²² in þi ²³ blisse se ! Wiþ loue-cordes drauȝ þou me, þat I may comen and wone wiþ þe. ²⁴	56

¹ H þou make me fer v. ² H þat min herte mote f. ³ H bueþ ⁴ H louerd ⁵ H myn huerte al is ⁶ H liht ⁷ H wite ⁸ H fendes ⁹ In H precede 45-8, then follows : Suete ihesu, me reoweþ sore, Gultes þat y ha wropt ȝore, þarefore y bidde þin mylse & ore, Merci, lord, ynul na more. ¹⁰ H þou me bohtest wiþ þi blod ¹¹ H orn ; hit, om. in H. ¹² H seh þat þe by stod ¹³ H Y preye þe þou here my bene ¹⁴ þourh erndyng of þe heuene-q. ¹⁵ H þat my bone be nou sene. ¹⁶ H þin werkes bueþ bo suete & gode ¹⁷ H For me þou sheddest þi blode ¹⁸ H berne ¹⁹ H Wiþ [þe] ich hope hadde rest ²⁰ H Wheþer y be souþ oþer west ²¹ þe help of þe be me nest ²² H may ²³ om. in H ²⁴ 55-6 H : After mi soule let aungles te, For me ne gladieþ gome ne gle.

Swete Ihesu, heuene-kyng,
ffleir and best ouer¹ alle þing:
Bring me in to þat loue-longyng²
To³ come to þe at myn endyng.⁴

60

[II.]

Marie Moder, Mylde Qween,
Send vs grace synne to fien,
þat we mowe þi sone i-sen
And euere wiþ hym in Blisse ben.

Mary Mother,

let us see thy
Son!

4

⁵Ihesu, swete is þe loue of þe;
Ne may no þing so swete be,⁶
Nouzt þat mon may þenke or se,⁷
Ne haue⁸ swetnesse aʒeynes þe.

Jesu, sweet
is Thy love

8

Ihesu, no song⁹ mai be swettore,¹⁰
Ne þouzt¹¹ in herte¹² Blisfollere,
Nouzt may be feeled lihtsomere¹³
þen þou, so swete a louyere¹⁴!

12

Ihesu, þi loue was vs¹⁵ so fre
þat hit¹⁶ from heuene brouzte¹⁷ þe,
ffor loue ful deore bouztest þou¹⁸ me,
ffor loue þow henge¹⁹ on²⁰ Roode-tre.

that brought
Thee from
Heaven.

16

²¹Ihesu, to þi disciples dere
þou seydest wiþ ful dreri chere
As þei seeten alle I-feere
A luytel ar þou taken were—

For love
Thou
hangedst on
the Cross.

20

Ihesu, þou seydest þat þou wore
fful of serwe and herte-sore,
And beed hem dwellen a while þore
While þou beo-souzttest þi flader ore;

Thou wast
full of sorrow
in the garden
of Gethse-
mane.

24

Ihesu, þou eodest on þi feete
To þe Mount of Olyuete,

¹ H of ² H þou bring me of þis longing ³ H & ⁴ H adds: Sute ihesu, al folkes reed, Graunte ous er we buen ded, þe vnderfonge in fourme of bred, Ant seþpe to heuene þou vs led. ⁵ This is a 2nd poem in Harl. 2253, fol. 77 b, with the title: 'Dulcis ihesu memoria.' ⁶ H Noping so sute may be ⁷ H Al þat [me] may wiþ eʒen se ⁸ H Haueþ no ⁹ H noping ¹⁰ H suettere ¹¹ H noht ¹² corþe ¹³ H lykerusere ¹⁴ H alumere ¹⁵ H wes ous ¹⁶ H we ¹⁷ H brohten ¹⁸ H þou deore bohtest ¹⁹ H hong ²⁰ MS. or ²¹ The next 7 stanzas om. in H.

- And to þi ffader, er þou leete,
 Thou askedst þow madest a boone wiþ herte swete : 28
 To him þou seidest : “ ȝif hit may be,
 Deore ffader, I preye þe,
 that Thy pain might pass from Thee. þis peyne passe a-wey from me;
 As þow wolt so moot hit be ! ” 32
 Ihesu, þou tornedest to hem þan :
 And founde hem slepen vch a man ;
 þow beede hem waken, &, er þou blan,
 A-non aȝeyn þe wey þou nam. 36
 Ihesu, þus eft þe selue boone
 þat þou beo-fore bi-gonne to done,
 And eke þe þridde tyme sone
 þow madest, wiþ a Milde mone. 40
 Ihesu, wiþ þat þou preye gon,
 þe swot of blood from þe ron.
 ffrom heuene an Angel lihte þon
 And þe cumfortede, God and Mon. 44
¹ **M**arie Mylde, freo and gent,
 Preye for me—þou art present—
 Whon my soule is from me went,
 þat hit haue good Iuggement. 48
 Ihesu, for loue þou soffredest² wrong,
 Woundes sore and peynes³ strong ;
 þi peynes reuþful weore and long,⁴
 Ne may me hit telle in spel⁵ ne song. 52
 Ihesu, for loue þou suffredest so⁶ wo
 þat⁷ bloodi stremes Ronne þe fro ;
 þi white bodi was bleyk⁸ and blö—
 Thy body was pale and wan. Vre sunnes hit made, weylawo⁹ ! 56
¹⁰ Ihesu, þi Coroune sat þe sore,
 þe scourgyng whon þow scourget wore ;
 Hit was for me—Ihesu, þin ore !—
 þe peynes þat þow þoledest þore. 60
 Ihesu swete, þow heng on tre
 Not for þi gult, but al for me,

¹ This st. is om. in H. ² H þoledest ³ H pine ⁴ H pine peynes rykene
 hit were long ⁵ H Ne may hem tellen spel ⁶ H dreȝedest ; so, om. in H.
⁷ om. in H. ⁸ H þat þi bodi wes blak ⁹ H For oure s. hit wes so ¹⁰ The
 next 6 stanzas om. in H.

ffor sunnes and gult aʒeynes þe—

Swete Ihesu, for-ʒif hem me.

64

Ihesu, whon þow streyned wore,

and straind
on the Cross.

þi peynes woxen more and more.

þi Mooder euer wiþ þe was þore,

Wiþ serweful sikynges and wiþ sore.

68

Ihesu, whi weore þou pyned so

þat neuer wrouʒtest wrong ne wo?

Yet Thou
never didst
wrong.

Hit was for me, and moni mo,

þat þou so harde were bi-go.

72

Ihesu, what sauh þow on me

Of ouʒt þat needful was to þe,

þat þou so harde on Roode-tre

ffor me woldest pyned be?

76

Ihesu, whi weore þou so gelous,

So feruent and so disirrous

To buggen wiþ pris so precious

Wrecche Mon so vicious?

Why wast
Thou so eager
to buy vicious
man so dear?

80

Ihesu, for vs þou henge¹ on Rode,

ffor loue þou ʒeeue² þin herte-blode;

Loue þe made³ vre soule foode,

þi loue vs brouhte to alle goode.

Thou gavest
Thy heart-
blood

84

Ihesu my lemmon, þou art so fre,

þat al⁴ þou dedest⁵ for loue of me:

What⁶ schal I for þat⁷ ʒeelde þe?

þow kepest not but þe loue of me.⁸

for me.

What shall
I pay Thee?

88

Ihesu my god, my lord,⁹ my kyng,

þou askest¹⁰ me non oþer þyng

But trewe loue and herte longyng¹¹

And loue-teres and stille¹² mournyng.

My love is all
Thou askest.

92

Ihesu my deore, my loue, my liht,¹³

I wol þe louen,¹⁴ and þat is riht.

Do me þe louen¹⁵ wiþ al my miht,

And after¹⁶ þe Mourne¹⁷ dai & niht!

96

Ihesu, do me so loue¹⁸ þe

þat my þouht ay on¹⁹ þe be;

Jesu, make
me love Thee!

¹ H for loue þou stehe ² H seʒe ³ H þou madest ⁴ om. in H. ⁵ H deʒ-
edest ⁶ H Whet ⁷ H þarefore ⁸ H þar nys noht bote hit loue be, ⁹ H
ihesu ¹⁰ H ne asked ¹¹ H & eke seruyng ¹² H wiþ suete ¹³ H I. my lyf,
ihesu ¹⁴ H Ich loue þe ¹⁵ H loue þe ¹⁶ H for ¹⁷ H mournen ¹⁸ H seruen
¹⁹ H þat euer mi þoht vpon

	Wip þin eȝen lok on me, ¹	
	And Myldeliche my nede se! ²	100
Mary, Mother,	³ M Arie ladi, Mooder briht,— þou darst, þou wolt, þou art of miht,—	
	Myn herte loue, my lyf, my liht,	
pray for me!	þou prey for me þoþe day & niht.	104
Jesu, Thy love is all I think of.	Ihesu, þi loue is ⁴ al my þouht, Of oþer þing ne recche I nouht, But þat I haue a-ȝeyn þe wrouht ⁵ And þou hast me so deore a-bouht.	108
	Ihesu, al- ⁶ þauȝ I synful be, fful longe hastou spared ⁷ me; þe more owe I to loue ⁸ þe þat þou wip ⁹ me hast ¹⁰ ben so fre.	112
No one knows Love-long- ing so well as Thou,	¹¹ Ihesu, forsoþe now nis no þing In al þis world of sūch lykyng, þat con so muchē of loue-longyng, As þou Ihesu, my deore swetyng.	116
for love-long- ing made Thee die for us, with	Ihesu, wel ouȝt I loue þe, ffor þou me schewest þi Rode-tre, þi Coroune ¹² of þornes, and ¹³ nayles þre, þe scharpe spere þat þorw-stong þe.	120
Thy arms spread.	Ihesu, of loue I seo tokenyng: ¹⁴ þin Armes spradde to loue-cluppyng, ¹⁵ þin hed bouwede ¹⁶ to swete cussyng, þi syde al opene to loue-schewyng. ¹⁷	124
Jesu, when I think of Thee on the Cross,	Ihesu, whon I ¹⁸ þenke on þe And loke vppon þe Roode-tre, þi swete bodi bi-bled ¹⁹ I se: Lord, do þat siht to wounde me! ²⁰	128
	Ihesu, þi Moder ²¹ þat bi þe stood, Of loue-teres heo wepte ²² a flood; þy ²³ woundes and þyn holy blood Heo maden hire haue a ²⁴ dreri mood.	132

¹ H Wip þine suete eȝen loke towart me ² H Ant myldeliche myne, y preie, al þat þou se ³ This stanza om. in H. ⁴ H be ⁵ H Y ȝyrne to haue þi wille yvrouht For þou me hauest wel d. yb. ⁶ om. in H. ⁷ H Wel longe þou hauest y-sp. ⁸ H oh ich to louie ⁹ om. in H. ¹⁰ H hauest ¹¹ The next 6 lines om. in H. ¹² H bac ¹³ H þy ¹⁴ H of l. soth tocknyng ¹⁵ H spredeþ to mankynde ¹⁶ H heued down boweþ ¹⁷ H openeþ to loue-longyng ¹⁸ H when ich ¹⁹ H to-toren ²⁰ H Hit makeþ heorte to smerte me. ²¹ H þe quene ²² H weop ²³ H þin ²⁴ H Made hire huerte of

Ihesu, loue þe dude to wepen,¹
 Loue þe dude² þi³ blod to sweten,
 ffor loue þou were sore beten,⁴
 Loue þe dude þi lyf to leten.

136

I see that
 Love led
 Thee to lose
 Thy life.

⁵ **M** Arie, I prei þe, as þou art fre,
 Of þi serwe parte wiþ me,
 þat I mowe serwe here wiþ þe
 And partiner of þi blisse be.

140 of thy bliss!

Mary, let me
 be partaker

Ihesu, þi loue þou tauhtest me
 Wiþ swete wordes of herte fre
 þat þou speak on Roode-tre—
 So ful of loue ne mihte non be.

144

Ihesu, þe furste word was, as I rede,
 þat þou þi deore ffader beede
 þat he forȝaf hem heore misdede,
 Alle þat duden þe to dede.

148

Jesu, on the
 Cross, Thou
 saidest,

1. Forgive
 their mis-
 deeds;

Ihesu, þat oþer was I-wis
 þat þou seidest, as writen is :
 þat þe þeef schulde haue blis
 Wiþ þe þat day in paradis.

152

2. The Thief
 shall be in
 Paradise;

Ihesu, þe þridde was of Mon :
 Whon þi Mooder þe schulde forgon,
 A Sone þou hire be-tauhtest on,
 And seidest : “ wommon, tak heer Ion ! ”

156

3. Woman,
 take John as
 a son;

Ihesu, as þou weore pyned more,
 þe ffeorþe word þou seydest þore :
 “ A,” seydest þow, “ me þurstep sore ”—
 Hit was for hem þat dampned wore.

160

4. I thirst ;

Ihesu, þe ffyfþe word Rewep me
 þat þow seidest on Roode-tre :
 “ Mi God, Mi God, hou may þis be
 þat þou hast al forsake me ? ”

164

5. My God,
 why hast
 Thou for-
 saken me ?

Ihesu, þe Sixte word hit was
 Whon þou seidest “ In manus tuas,”
 Be-tauhtest þi ffader in þat plas
 þi soule, as his wille was.

168

6. Into Thy
 hands I com-
 mit my soul;

Ihesu, In al þi peyne mest
 Neuere was so meke best—

¹ H I. suete l. þe d. gredyn ² H made ³ om. in H. ⁴ H y-b. ⁵ The whole next section, lines 137-192, is left out in H.

7. It is finisht.	þou seydest "Consummatum est," þyn hed fel doun, þou 3elde þe gost. ¹	¹ r. gest	172
Elsewhere,	Ihesu, þou seidest; "alle 3e þat passen be þe wey bi me, A while a-bydeþ, comeþ and se 3if eny serwe is lyk to me." ²	² cf. Testamentum Christi, vv. 93-6.	175
"Is any sorrow like mine?"	Ihesu, þou seidest: "tel þow me, Mi deore folk, what hit may be, What haue I gult a3eynes þe þat þou so bitter art to me?"		180
Why are you bitter to me?	Ihesu, þou seydest penne more: "Mi deore folk, 3e tel me 3ore, Haue I wiþ myn holi lore And gode dedes I-hurt so sore?"		184
	Ihesu, þou seidest after 3et: "Mi deore wyn3ard, ne haue I þe set, Mi fflader blisse þe bi-het, Wiþ al my-self—what woldest þou bet?"		188
How is it that	Ihesu, þou seidest: "hou is þis, Mi Swete, what haue I do mis þat þou wiþ-outen eny lis Me 3eldest schome a3eyn Mi blis?"		192
ye give me shame for bliss?"	³ M Arie, þat slakest alle wo, Helle-peynes schild me fro, And 3if me grace her do so þat I from henne to heuene go.		196
Jesu, Thy 5 wells stream blood to wash my soul of sin.	Ihesu, ffyue welles ⁴ I fynde in þe, þat loue spring to drawe me ⁵ ; Of Rede blod ⁶ þe stremes be, Mi soule of synnes wasschen heo. ⁷		200
	Ihesu, my soule drau3 ⁸ þe to, And mak myn herte ⁹ wyde vndo; 3if hit þi loue ¹⁰ to drynke so, þat flessches lustes ben ¹¹ fordo!		204
How shall I pay Thee all I owe Thee?	¹² Ihesu, Muchel Ich owe þe: Who schal hit al 3elde þe?		

³ This st. om. in H. ⁴ H woundes ⁵ H þy loue-sprenges tacheþ me ⁶ H
Of blod & water ⁷ H Vs to whosshe from oure fon þre. ⁸ H saule drah ⁹ H
Min heorte opene & ¹⁰ H þis hure of l. ¹¹ H fleyssliche lust be al ¹² The
next 2 stanzas om. in H.

- Me bi-houep þi-self hit be,
 As þou pyne suffredest for me. 208
 Ihesu, þi loue 3ef me follyke,
 In myn herte þat hit stike,
 Mi soule hit þurle Inwardliche,
 þat hit be þyn enterliche. 212
 Ihesu,¹ do me loue þe so
 þat, wher I beo or what² I do,
 þat I for weole ne for wo³
 Ne let⁴ myn herte torne þe⁵ fro. 216
⁶Ihesu lord, Mi swetyng,
 Hold me euere in þy kepyng,
 Mak of me þi derlyng,
 þat I þe loue ouer alle þing. 220
 Ihesu, my weole and al my wynne,
 Al my Ioye is þe wiþ-Inne :
 Now and euere kep me from synne,
 To do þi wille let me not blynnè ! 224
 Ihesu, mihtful Heuene-kyng,
 þi loue beo al my lykyng,
 Mi mournyng and my longyng,
 Wiþ swete teres wepyng. 228
 Ihesu, 3if me⁷ for þi name
 Pacience In peyne⁸ and schame,
 þat to my soule is⁹ note and frame ;
 And mak myn herte Mylde & tame. 232
 Ihesu, Al þat is feir to se,¹⁰
 þat to þe flessches lykyng may be,¹¹
 Al worldes blisse do me fle¹²
 And al my tent 3iue¹³ to þe. 236
¹⁴**M**arie, Swete Mayden¹⁵ fre,
 ffor Ihesu [crist] be-seche I þe :
 þi swete sone do loue¹⁶ me,
 And mak me worþi þat hit¹⁷ so be. 240
 Ihesu, in þe beo al my þou3t—

Make me Thy
darling,

keep me from
sin !

Jesu, give

me patience,

and make me
meek !

Mary, make
thy Son love
me, and make
me worthy of
His love !

¹ H Ihesu crist ² H & what-so ³ H Lyf ne dep, weole ne wo ⁴ H do ⁵ H þe turne ⁶ The next 3 stanzas om. in H. (Similar vv. occur in Rich. Rolle's 'Fourme of parfit liuing.') ⁷ H do me þat ⁸ H Me likeþ to dreȝe pyne ⁹ H þat is þy s. ¹⁰ MS. þe, H se ¹¹ H Al þat to fleyhs mai likyng be ¹² H b. to leten, me ¹³ Graunte, for þe loue of þe. ¹⁴ In H this stanza precedes the last 2 stanzas. ¹⁵ H mayde ¹⁶ H louie ¹⁷ H y

Of oþer þyng¹ ne recche I² nouȝt;
 Whon I of þe may felen ouȝt,
 þen is my soule wel of þouȝt.³ 244

Ihesu, ȝif þou for-lete⁴ me,
 What may me lyken⁵ of þat I se?
 Blisse may non⁶ wiþ me be,
 Til þat⁷ þou come aȝeyn to me. 248

Jesu, Ihesu, þat me hast deore abouht,⁸
 Al þat to synne draweþ ouht
 Holliche puyt out of my þouȝt,
 So þat I ne wrappe þe nouȝt. 252

my soul is
 wedded to
 Thee. { Ihesu, my soule is weddet⁹ to þe—
 Wiþ rihte hit ouhte þin owne to be¹⁰;
 þauȝ I haue synget aȝeynes þe,¹¹
 þi Merci is euere redi to me. 256

I crave Thy
 mercy. { Ihesu þi Merci, bi-leue¹² I craue—
 Me bihoueþ þat¹³ I hit haue;
 þe deuh of grace vppon me laue,
 And worþi me make þi loue to haue.¹⁴ 260

Ihesu, þou be al my ȝernyng,¹⁵
 In þe be, lord, al my lykyng,
 Mi þouȝt, my dede, and my Mournyng
 To haue þe Euere in loue-longyng. 264

Jesu, my
 dear, { Ihesu, my leof,¹⁶ Mylde of mood,¹⁷
 Mi soule haþ neode¹⁸ of þi good:
 Mak hit clene¹⁹ and polemood,
 And ful hit²⁰ of þi loue-flod.²¹ 268

Ihesu, my soule preyeþ²² þe,
 Let hit nouȝt vncloþed be²³;
²⁴Cloþe hit wiþ þi loue fre,
 Wiþ goode werkes þat lyken þe. 272

I ask Thee
 only for { Ihesu, Beute ne aske I þe nouȝt,
 Ne proude cloþes nobli wrouȝt,

¹ H blisse ² H recchy ³ H wel y-wroht ⁴ H forlestest ⁵ H mi likyng
⁶ H Mai no god blisse ⁷ H O þat ⁸ 249-252 H Ihesu, ȝef þou bist ȝeorne by-
 soht: When þou comest, ant elles noht, No fleishlich lust ne wicked þoht
 In to myn heorte ne be y-broht. ⁹ H spoused ¹⁰ H Ofte yeh hadde misdou
 aȝeynes þe; ¹¹ H Ihesu, þi merci is wel fre; Ihesu, merci y crie to þe. ¹² H
 I., wiþ herte þi loue ¹³ H Hit bihoueþ nede ¹⁴ H Ant from alle harmes þou
 me saue ¹⁵ H I., from me be al þat þyng þat me (r. þe) may be to mislik-
 yng; Al þat is nede þou me bryng; To haue þi loue is my ȝyrnyng. ¹⁶ H lif
¹⁷ H of milde ¹⁸ H gret n. ¹⁹ H Tak hire treufole ²⁰ H hire ²¹ H blod
²² H bidde y ²³ H Eueremore wel vs be ²⁴ Lines 271-284 om. in H.

Londes ne Rentes, deore bouzt,
But hertly loue and elene pouzt.

276 Love and
Purity.

Ihesu, whonne so hit lykeþ þe,
Loue-sparkes send þou me ;
Mak myn herte al hot to be,
Brennynde in þe loue of þe.

280

MArie, þi sone preye hertely
ffor me, wrecche vnworþy,
þat he wole enterly
Graunte me his Merci.

Mary, pray
thy Son for
me!

284

Ihesu almihti,¹ heuene-kyng,
þi loue is a ful² derne þing ;
May no mon hit witen þorw knowyng,
But he hit feele þorw herte þenkyng.³

Jesu,

288

⁴Ihesu, 3if me þat I may see
þe Muchele good þou hast do me.
And I vnkynde ageyn haue be,
ffor-3if me, lord, þat art so fre.

let me feel
how much
good Thou
hast done
me!

292

Ihesu, þi loue and fleshly pouzt
Wonen to-gedre ne mouwe þ[e]i nouzt,
As Hony & galle to-gedre brouzt ;
Swete and Bitter a-cordeþ nouzt.

296 I thank Thee.

⁵Ihesu, wiþ herte I þonke þe.
þou3 I wrecche and sunfol be,
In trewe hope I preye þe,
þi Blisse & Merci graunte þou me.

Grant me
Thy bliss!

300

Ihesu, þauh I be vnworþi
To loue þe, lord Almihti,
þi godnesse⁶ me makeþ⁷ hardi
Mi soule to don⁸ in þi Merci.

304

Ihesu, þi Merci cumforteþ⁹ me :
ffor no mon may so synful be,
þat synne wol leue¹⁰ and to þe fle,
þat Merci ful redi fyndeþ he.¹¹

Jesu,

308

Ihesu, for synful, as writen is,¹²
þou lihtest from þin hei3e blis¹³

for sinners
Thou camest
from bliss

¹ H al myhtful ² H wel ³ 287-8 om. in H. ⁴ The next 2 st. om. in H.
⁵ H Ihesu, wel mai myn herte se þat milde & meoke he mot be, Alle vnþewes
& lustes fle, þat felen wole þe blisse of þe. ⁶ H loue ⁷ H m. to ben ⁸ H
Ant don me al ⁹ H þi mildenesse froreþ ¹⁰ H 3ef he let sunne ¹¹ H þat ne
find secour at þe. ¹² H For sunful folk, suete ihesus ¹³ H þe h. hous

to Mary's
womb.

¹In to Marie wombe, I-wis,
To ȝiuen vs alle reste and lis. 312

²Ihesu, þauȝ I synful be,
I haue euere trust hope in þe;
þerfore, lord, I preye þe
þat of my synnes amende þou me. 316

Let me suffer
no ill!

³Ihesu, þou art so good a mon,
þi loue desyre I as⁴ I con;
Me to lette suffre þing non,⁵
Swete Ihesu, my deore lemmon. 320

Ihesu, euere⁶ beo-seche I þe,
þin Inward⁷ loue þou graunte me;
þouȝ I þerto vnworþi⁸ be,
þou⁹ mak me worþi, þat art so fre. 324

Mary, pray
thy Son to
grant me
bliss!

¹⁰**M**arie Milde, ful of pite,
Prey þi deore Sone for me
þat he graunte me to be
Euere in blisse wiþ him and þe. 328

Ihesu al swete, þat art¹¹ al good,
Do þi loue drynke¹² myn herte-blod.
þi loue me makeþ so swete¹³-wod
þat wonder blisful is my mood.¹⁴ 332

Jesu, make
me do Thy
will!

¹⁵Ihesu, do me do þi wille,
Nou and euere, loud and stille;
Wiþ þi loue my soule fulfille
And soffre neuere þat I do ille. 336

Teach me
Thy love-
song!

¹⁶Ihesu, þi loue is swete and strong,
Mi lyf is al þer-on¹⁷ I-long:
Tech me, lord,¹⁸ þi loue-song,
Wiþ swete teres euer a-mong. 340

Ihesu, ȝif þou be from me go,
Min herte¹⁹ is ful of serwe & wo;
What may I sey²⁰ but weylawo,
Whon þou, my swete, art went me fro²¹? 344

¹ H Pore & loȝe þou were for ous, þin heorte loue þou sendest ous. ² The next st. om. in H. ³ In H this st. follows v. 384. ⁴ H y ȝyrne al-so ⁵ H þare-fore ne lette me nomon þah ich for loue be blac ant won. ⁶ H forþi ⁷ H þi suete ⁸ þat ich þare-to worþi ⁹ om. in H. ¹⁰ This st. om. in H. ¹¹ H ihesu ¹² H þi loue drynkeþ ¹³ H swiþe ¹⁴ H þat y ne drede for no flod. ¹⁵ H Ihesu, do me to seruen þe, Wher in londe so y be; When ich þe fynde, wel is me, ȝef þou ne woldest away fle. ¹⁶ In H this st. precedes v. 393. ¹⁷ H on þe ¹⁸ H ihesu ¹⁹ H soule ²⁰ H sugge ²¹ H When mi lif is me at-go.

- Ihesu þin ore, þou rewe on¹ me !
 Whon schal my soule² come to þe ?
³Hou longe schal hit here be,
 þer I ne may þe, my lemmon, se ? 348
 Ihesu, þi lore techen⁴ me
 Wiþ al myn herte to loue⁵ þe :
 þorw þi miht mak hit so be,
 þat þerto, lord, constreyne me. 352
 Ihesu my lef, my lord,⁶ my kyng,
 To þe my soule haþ gret longyng,⁷
 þou hast hit weddet wiþ þi Ryng :⁸
 Whon þi wille is, to þe hit bring. 356
 Ihesu, þat deore bouztest me,
 Mak me worþi to⁹ come to þe ;
 Alle my sunnes forþif þou me,
 þat I may comen & wone wiþ þe.¹⁰ 360
 Ihesu al¹¹ feir, my lemmon¹² briht,
 I þe¹³ be-seche wiþ al my miht :
 Bring my soule in to þi¹⁴ liht,
 þer is day and neuer¹⁵ niht. 364
 Ihesu, þin help at myn endyng,
 Tac my soule at my diþyng,¹⁶
 Seende hit socour & cumfortyng,¹⁷
 þat hit¹⁸ ne drede no wikked¹⁹ þing. 368
 Ihesu, ffor þi Merci fre²⁰
 In siker hope do þou me
 To²¹ scapen payne & come to þe
 And euere in blisse wiþ þe be.²² 372
 Ihesu, Ihesu, Blessed²³ ben heo²⁴
 þat in þi blisse mowe þe se²⁵
 And haue folliche²⁶ þe loue of þe :
 Swete Ihesu, þou graunte hit me. 376
 Ihesu, þi Blisse²⁷ haþ non endyng ;²⁸
 þer nis no serwe ne no wepyng,
 where no sorrow or weeping is.

¹ H of ² H For whenne shal ich ³ 347-8, 351-2 om. in H. ⁴ H biddep
⁵ H louie, to. om. ⁶ H lif, ihesu ⁷ H My s. haueþ to þe ȝyrnyng. ⁸ H
 When þi wille is, to þe hire bryng, þou art suetest of alle þyng. ⁹ om. in H.
¹⁰ H þat ich wiþ blisse þe mowe se. ¹¹ H so ¹² H ihesu so ¹³ H þat i
¹⁴ H þe ¹⁵ H day wiþ-oute ¹⁶ H Ant ine þat dredful out wendyng. ¹⁷ H
 Send my soule god weryyng ¹⁸ H y ¹⁹ non eouel ²⁰ H l., þi grace, þat is
 so fre ! ²¹ H At ²² H To þe blisse þat ay shal be. ²³ H ful wel ²⁴ H he
²⁵ H mowen be ²⁶ H fulliche habbe ²⁷ H loue ²⁸ H endyng

But pees & Ioye wiþ gret lykyng¹
 Swete Ihesu, þerto vs bringe. Amen. — — 380
²Hose ofte seip þis wiþ good wille,
 Schal fynde grace his loue to fille;
 Holygost his herte schal tille,
 ffrom synne him bringe & ffendes ille. 384

XLI. A luptel tretys of Þoue. Of godes
 passyon.³

Christ says
 to man's
 soul,

Ihesu Crist, þat is so fre,
 To Monnes soule spekep he :
 "Ichaue," he seip, "I-weddet þe,
 And in myn honden I-writen þe. 4

"I created
 the world
 for you.

"Al þat in þis world is ouzt,
 ffor þi loue I-chaue hit wrouzt;
 And siþen after so deore þe bouzt
 þat of my lyf ne rouzte I nouzt. 8

For you I
 sufferd

"What miht I more don þen þis :
 þen comen out of my ffader blis
 And suffren⁴ mony a schome, I-wis,
 ffor to bringe þe to blis? 12

30 years;

"þritti wynter on eorþe I zode,
 In pyne & penaunce, for þi gode ;
 Atte laste I dyzede on Roode
 And 3af for þe myn herte-blode. 16

I died on the
 Cross,

was spit on

"Al my bodi was riuen and rent,
 Mi face was al bi-spit and schent,
 To saue þe, Mon, þer þou were dempt—
 ffor al þat was myn entent. 20

and pierst.

"ffrom myn herte þorw my syde
 Blod and water gon þorw glyde
 And clanse þe of fulpe and pride—
 So wolde non don In world so wyde ! 24

No man
 would suffer
 so for his
 sweetheart.

"In al þis world nis no mon
 So muche louep his lemmon,
 þat wolde suffre pyne on
 þat I for þe þolede mony on ! 28

¹ H Bote ioie & blisse ant lykyng ² Last stanza om. in H.

³ Title in Index om.

"Myn herte forsope clef in-two
ffor muche pyne and muche wo—

Al for þe I þolede so, -
þat þou ne scholdest to helle go. 32

"Mi soule, þat was wiþ-outen synne,
Ede for þe to helle-pynne

My soul went
to Hell for
you.

And leeseþe þe out, þat was þer-inne
In serwe & care þat neuer schulde blinne. 36

"Whon I was sprad on þe Rode-tre,
Muche was þe loue Ich hedde to þe,
Elles hed ich I-leten al be;

Bote loue wolde not suffre me. 40

"ffor loue me brouȝte out of my rest,
ffor loue I rested In Marie brest;

For you I
sufferd

ffor loue I þolede pynes werst,
ffor loue made myn herte berst. 44

"Whon Ich heyng vppon þe Roode,
ffor loue I schedde al my blode—

and shed My
blood.

þenk þeron, synful, In þi mode,
Lef þi sunne and do sum goode! 48

"Loue made¹ me al forȝete ^{1 MS. makeþ}

Harde pynes and dundes grete,
Whon I was for þi loue I-bete
And as a þef bounden lad in þe strete. 52

"Loue made me bere þe Rode-tre
On my bare scholde[r] for þe.

For love of
you My blood
streamd on
the Cross.

þe blod down stremede bi bac & þe,
Whon I dude hongen vppon þe Rode-tre. 56

"Mon, Mon, for þe loue of þe

Mi peynes dude queme me,

þat for delyt hit þouȝte me.

Do nou knyndeliche & quit hit me! 60

Now repay
it Me!

"More for þe I-chaue don ȝete:

I-chaue I-mad me þi mete

And ȝine þe my-self at ete,

ffrom helle-pyne þe to gete. 64

"Loke what wolt þou ȝelde me

ffor al þat Ichaue don for þe!

Non oþer þing kep I of þe

I ask only
Love of you.

But onliche þat þou loue me. 68

Come to Me, and I'll kiss you.	<p>“Cum to me and haue my blis, And I þe wole cluppe and cus. Ich ȝiue þe al my-self, I-wis, To do wiþ what þi wille is.</p>	72
Turn to Me, and Heaven's bliss!	<p>“ȝif þou hast ben fouled wiþ synne, Torn aȝeyn to me and blynne : And I þe ȝiue heuene-wynne— So loþ me is þat we a-twynne.”</p>	76
Jesu, give	<p>Now and nomeliche at myn endyng, Swete Ihesu, heuene-kyng, In þi wille ȝif me lykyng, Wiþ studefast hope & hol louyng.</p>	80
me ever part in Thee!	<p>Ihesu, þat art of gode forȝelde, fforȝite me nouȝt in myn elde ; ȝif me studefast hope and belde To haue þe, lord, euer in my welde.</p>	84
Let me never go to Hell,	<p>Swete Ihesu, Lyon strong, þow þat neuere louedest wrong, Chastise me wiþ myn owne wande And let me neuere to helle gande.¹</p>	¹ for gange 88
but bring us all to Heaven!	<p>Swete Ihesu, loþles lombe, þat swettor is þen hony-Combe, And was boren of Marie wombe : þou bring vs to heuene on þi riȝt honde.</p>	92
	<p>Swete Ihesu, þe feireste wiht, As þou art Rihtwysnesse and riht, ȝiue vs for þin holy miht Alle comen to heuene briht. Amen.</p>	96

[XLII. *Of Clene Maydenhod.*]¹I write you
a Poem

Of clene Maydenhod,
To be weddet clany to god.

(1)

Off a trewe loue clene & derne
I-chaue I-write þe a Ron,

¹ Title in Index: þat crist is called lemman to a clene soule. This poem was edited before by Furnivall, *The Stations of Rome*, E. E. T. S. 1867.

How þou maiȝt, ȝif þow wolt, lerne ¹	[¹ line repeated in MS.]	to teach
ffor to loue þi lemmon,	4	you how to
þat trewest is of alle berne		love Christ.
And most of loue chacche con.		
Beo war, for he is sumdel steorne,		
His eȝe is euere þe vppon.	8	

(2)

þou art wrouht of such a kynde :		
Wiþ-uten loue maiȝt þou not be ;		
And neuermore schalt þou fynde		You'll find
þat is so swete and feir as he.	12	none so sweet
ȝif þou miht hym to þe bynde		as He.
Wiþ trewe loue-bondes þre,		
Wiþ al þin herte, wille, & mynde,		
ffrom þe wol he neuer fle.	16	

(3)

Heddest þou founden such a feere ¹	¹ on erasure.	A lover as
þat weore so feir as Absolon,		fair as Ab-
And þer-to so strong to tere		salom,
As in his tyme was Sampson,	20	as strong as
So Riche þer-to þat he were		Sampson,
And so wys as Salomon ;		as wise as
I-wis, to him riht nouȝt hit were ¹	¹ r. nere	Solomon,
þat þou hast chosen to þi lemmon.	24	would be as
		nought to
		Christ.

(4)

ffor monnes loue; ȝif þou beo-holde,		Man's love
Hit lasteþ but a luytel res,		is short,
And wiþ gyle is al bi-folde,		
Hit is ffikel, ffals and les ;	28	fickle, false,
Whon þou wenest hit best to holde,		
Hit wendeþ a-way as wyndes bles,		wayward as
And bi-comeþ wrest and colde—		the wind,
ffor trewe loue hit neuer nes.	32	

(5)

Loue þat wol not wiþ þe a-byde,	
And þou hit desyre, þou hast wouh ;	
Ar þou beo war, hit wol to-glyde,	
Hit is fikel, ffals and ffrouȝ ;	36

Hit is a-weyward In vche¹ a syde, ¹ MS. In vche in veh

Whiles hit lasteþ, vnwrest & wouh—

Beo war and seo what wol be-tyde :

and wavers
like a leaf.

Hit wol to-dryue as lef on bouh.

40

(6)

Think not
of it!

þe loue þat wole to serwe wende,

þou do hit al out of þi þouzt :

And his loue in þin herte bynde

Love Christ !

þat haþ þi loue so deore a-bouzt.

44

ffor 3if þou heddest al to þe ende

Heuene & eorþe þorw3-out souht,

To fynde a feere þat weore so hende

As he, I-wys hit weore for nouzt.

48

(7)

He is meek
and mighty.

He is of Mood wel Meke and Mylde,

ffreo of herte, strong of miht,

Of glade chere, of wordes vn-wylde,

Of lousesum leore and Eizen briht.

52

3if þou wolt do þe in his mylde

And him al-one loue ariht,

Wiþ-Inne þin herte wol he bylde

And wone wiþ þe, boþe day and niht.

56

(8)

He has mirth

Wel more murþe is in his steuen

þen herte may þenke or tonge neme ;

As be þe swan þe blake Rauē,

Also be him þe sonne-gleme ;

60

No more is no þing to him I-lyche

þen Galle is to þe hony-streme.

and Heaven's
joy.

Of him is al þe Ioye of heuene-riche,

þat wiþ his grace alle þing wol leme.

64

(9)

3if Mon be ded and he him Ryne,¹

¹ = hrine, touch

He reiseþ him to lyue anone—

ffor wele & wyne, serwe and pyne

Al is Buxom to him one.

68

3if þow him wole in herte wel tyne

And kepe, þat he not from þe gon,

Holde him wiþ loue-lyne—
ffor oþer bond holdeþ him non.

72 Hold Him
with the rope
of Love!

(10)

Is non founden here in londe
þat is so Riche Mon of ffee,
ffor more good he haþ in honde
þen herte may þenke or eiȝe mai se ;
Nis kyng, kniht, sweyn ne bonde
þat heo to him mote Boxum be.
He haþ I-send a derne sonde
And desyreþ to haue þe loue of þe.

76

80 He desires
thy love,

(11)

He askep wiþ þe nouþer lond ne leode,
Gold ne seluer ne precious stone—
To such þinges haþ he no neode,
Al þat is good is wiþ hym one.
Ȝif þou wiþ him þi lyf wolt lede
And graunte to ben his owne lemmon,
I wot ful wel what worþ þi meede :
fforsoþe, þe heuene-riche won.

84

that thou be
His Darling,

88 and win
Heaven,

(12)

þe weyes ben alle þere I-bete
Wiþ Riche gold þat schyneþ briht ;
þe Ioyful song in vche a strete—
þer is day and neuer-more niht ;
To synge wol þei neuer lete,
To worschupe god wiþ al heore miht.
þat Blisse forsoþe schal be þe mete,
Ȝif þou Ihesu crist loue ariht.

92

with its
golden streets

and songs.

96

(13)

Ȝif þou wolt þi lemmon qweme
And to his brihte boure be brouȝt,
In Chastite kep þou þe clene,
þat þou ne be I-wemmed nouht.
Non hony-Com þat renneþ on streme
Was neuer ȝut so swete wrouht,
Ne neuere so briht sonne-gleme
þen Mayden þat is clene of pouȝt !

If thou'lt
please thy
love Christ,
keep chaste.

100

104

(14)

While þou art elene vnder gore,
 Bi-fore God þou art ful heiȝe—
 þer is no þing he loueþ more
 þen Maidenhod to wonen him neiȝe. 108
 Ne lerne þou neuere þat ilke lore
 Wher-þorw þou leose Mayden Beiȝe—
 þe þing þat mon may fynde no more,
 Bot he hit kepe, he is vn-sleȝe. 112

(15)

þauȝ al þe gold of Arabye,
 Riche Rynges and ȝymmes-stone,
 And al þe tresour of Asye,
 Of oþer londes euerichone, 116
 Weore bi-taken in þi Baylye,
 To welden and hauen in þi wone :
 Hit neore nouȝt to þe druwerie
 Of elene Maidenhod al-one ! 120

(16)

Hose þis ȝeem-ston miht
 Louken in a swete loue-ryng,
 He schulde schyne also briht
 As sonne doþ, wiþ-outen endyng, 124
 And beo holden a ful swete wiht
 Bi-fore god, [for] al Monkynde
 þat wolde in a Mayden liht—
 fful swete hit is of hire þe Muynde ! 128

(17)

Lord, ȝif us miht and grace
 Chaste lyf [to lede] þat we ne spille,
 Verrey compungcion and space,
 Repentaunce of dedes ille ; 132
 And ȝif vs miht to folwe þi trace
 Euer-more, boþe loude & stille,
 þat to þe siht of þi swete face
 On domes-day we may come tille. 136

He loves
 Maidenhood
 to dwell nigh
 Him.

All the gold
 and jewels of
 the world

are nought to
 the glory of
 Virginitie.

Give us grace,
 O Lord, to
 lead a chaste
 life,

and see Thee
 at Dooms-
 day !

XLIII. *A Mournyng Song of the loue
of God.*¹

fol. CCXCIX.

(1)

TO loue I-chulle beginne
Ihesu hope day and niht;
Of fleschlich loue to blynnē
I-chul don al my miht.
Ihesu wiþ-oute synne
In a Mayden he liht;
Mi loue al for to wynne,
Ihesu bi-com my kniht.

Jesus

4

took flesh to
win my love.

8

(2)

He fauȝt a-ȝeyn my fo,
A-wey he haþ me led
þat me wrouȝte ful wo
In care þer I was sted;
þorw ferly fiht and þro
þe ffeloun is from me fled,
Mi lemmon let him slo,
In loue to make my bed.

He fought
against my
foe.

12

16

(3)

Mi lemmon is ful trewe
Of loue, and ful studefast,
Alle dayes I-liche newe
He loueþ al on a þrast.
I wolde þat alle him knewe
And on him loue cast—
Scholde non of hem alle rewe,
Nouþer furst no last.

He is true
of love, and

20

24

(4)

Mi lemmon is so meke,
So hende, so swete, so stille;
fful Mylde he is in speche,
Wiþ-oute wordes grille;
þe gode he wole al eche,
fforȝeten he wole al ille.

meek and

mild.

28

¹ Title in Index: þat god is ouer alle þyng to be loued.

If I flee, He'll
seek me.

ȝif I fleo, he wol me seche,
And wiȝ loue he wole me tille.

32

(5)

ȝeroute al-ȝauh he stonde
Callynge at my ȝate
Til him frese fot and honde,
ffaste vn-to a stake,

36

He is not
wroth with
me.

He ne takeȝ staf ne wonde
Wiȝ wrappe me for to wake ;
Mi loue him byndeȝ as bonde,
ȝif I him murȝes make.

40

(6)

He wol me loueliche a-byde
Al-ȝauh I dwelle ful longe,
He wol me no-ȝing be-chide
Al-ȝauȝ I-chaue ȝe wronge ;
He seiȝ : " bi-hold my syde,
And whi on Rode Ich honge.

44

If I do wrong,
He reminds
me of His
Cross.

ffor my loue lef ȝi pride,
And I ȝe wole vnderfonge."

48

(7)

Ihesu, ȝat art so hende,
So swete and so ȝolemood
ffrom ȝe whon so we weende :
Allas, ȝat we hit vnder- stod,
And to ȝe couȝe leende
And loue wiȝ miht and mood,
To haue wiȝ-outen ende
Heuene, ȝat is so good !

52

Oh, if we
could love
Him,

and win
Heaven !

56

(8)

For me

Ihesu for me is herte
Let ȝurle ȝorw-out his syde,
And dundes ȝolede smerte
And woundes deope and wyde ;
Wo and al vnȝerte
He ȝolede, to fordo pride,
ȝe foule synne ȝat me gerte
In helle from him me hyde.

60

He was
wounded,

64

(9)

Ihesu, my lemmon swete :

Of loue þat þou art trewe,

þat is seene in hondes and fete,

In heued, in huyde and hewe,

þi bodi of blod al wete,

Whon þou gon on me rewe

And me brouȝtest from grete

And from my foule loue vntrewe.

in hands

68 and head,

72

(10)

So deore hastou me bouht

To bringe me out of pyne,

þer I was Inne I-brouht,

I and mo of myne.

Ihesu, so fer þou me souȝt,

Me and mo of pyne,

þat of þi lyf was þe nouht—

So loþ þe was vs tyne.

to free me
from punish-
ment.

76

80

(11)

Mi lemmon let him take,

Putte & Bete and Bynde,

So sore as him mihte ake,

His hondes him behynde :

And al was for my sake,

Mi loue so he heold In mynde.

Ich ouȝte euere serwe make,

Vn-trewe ȝif he me fynde.

He was
beaten

84

for me.

88

(12)

Wiþ pyne vppon þe Rode

Me bouȝte my deore lemmon,

Swete Ihesu þe goode,

So muchel of loue he con !

þe teres he lette of blode

ffor me whon he bi-gon.

Madde þei aren and woode

To leuen him for Sathan !

He bought
me on the
Cross.

92

96

(13)

On Roode he wolde abyde,—

He wolde nouȝwher fer fle,

Nouþer go ne Ryde,
 ffor nayled he is to þe tre. 100
 His arms
 spread wide
 for love.
 He spredeþ his Armes wyde,
 ffor loue as we mowe se;
 His herte þoruþ-out his syde
 He ȝiueþ vs, he is so fre ! 104

(14)

Mi lemmon haþ so sprad
 His Armes þat beþ so longe :
 ffor-þi am I nouȝt dred,
 He wol me vnderfonge. 108
 Whon I was from hym fled,
 On hym he tok þe wronge ;
 To depe til he was bled,
 ffor my loue wolde he honge. 112
 He hung for
 my love.

(15)

He bekeneþ vs to blisse
 Wiþ louynde chere so swete,
 His Mouþ he beodeþ to cusse ;
 ffor vs his lyf he leete 116
 To lere vs and to wisse,
 And nayled þorw-out his feete,
 Of Mede þat we ne misse
 His hondes beoþ þorw weete. 120
 He lost His
 life
 that we
 might gain
 bliss.

(16)

Swete Ihesu, þi ore !
 þat al hast in þi miht,
 What mihtest þow do more
 ffor me, þi wrecched wiht ? 124
 Of loue þou art my lore,
 To come to heuene briht.
 þat herte may be ful sore
 To loue þe þat is not diht ! 128

(17)

Now wol I crie and grete—
 ffor serwe hit is neiȝ þat I berste,
 Min herte-blod to blede
 ffor my lef þat is þus feste. 132
 He could not
 do more for
 me.

Ihesu, 3if þat I schal spede,	
þi-self þenne is bote beste.	He is my best help.
ffor grymly grete I drede,	
Wip þi bodi 3if I reste.	136

(18)

How mihti but I grete	I cry
Til I eode out of my wit?	
I seo my lemmon blede	to see Him put to death.
To deþe, to ligen in put;	140
His syde is schoren as schrede,	
His herte a spere hap hut—	
And al for my misde[de]	
Was he so felli smit!	144

(19)

Now wot I me no won,	
Lemmon, what I do miht.	
I seo Marie and Ion,	Mary and John mourn'd too.
þi Mooder and þy kniht,	148
fful druri is hire mon	
ffor þe þat weore so briht—	
Nou is þer deolfolore non	
Ne vnlikkore in siht.	152

(20)

þyn e3en briht as Sonne,	Christ's eyes
Mone and Sterres alle,	
þei woxe deske and dimme,	waxt dim.
þi feire Rode dude falle;	156
þi blod was al out Runne.	
To drinke whon þou gonne calle,	
þe wikked men beoden þe Eysel & atter,	
Bitterore þen þe galle.	160

(21)

Wip spitting and wip fen	
And blod out-beten sore	He was beaten and bled
þow weore al out of ken,	
A Lazer as þow wore.	164
þei beote þe, þi foo-men,	
Of loue to lere vs lore—	to teach us Love.

pou be blessed, amen,
Now and euer-more! 168

(22)

Sore I seo þe buye
Al my loue-plawe—
Al is for my folye
þat þou drijest heer a prawe. 172

Well may I
cry to see
my love
Jesu die!

Allas þen may I crie,
And her and huyde to-drawe,
I seo my lemmon dyȝe
On Roode wiȝ-outen lawe! 176

(23)

Allas, Allas, out ay,
þat euer was I boren!
His deȝ is Iewes play,
His Coroune is of þorn. 180

For me He
lost His life,

Mi lemmon, weylaway!
ffor me is lyf hap lorn,
His bodi is al blodi
Be-hynden and bi-foren. 184

(24)

and shed His
heart's blood
on the Cross.

I seo in eorȝe synke,
Lemmon, þin herte-blode,
þat þow wiȝ pyne and swynke
ffor me scheddest on þe Roode. 188
þerof whi ne moste I drynke,
þat is so swete and goode,
On þe þat I mihte pinke
ffor loue ay til I eode wode? 192

(25)

Alas, that I
could not do
His will!

Allas, þat I ne couȝe,
Lemmon, don al þi wille
Wiȝ werk, and word of mouȝe,
Boȝe loude and stille! 196
Almihti god hit ouȝe
I mihte þe to me tille,
So briht so sonne in Souȝe,
Of þe þat I mihte haue my wille. 200

(26)

Marie Mooder Milde,

Mi lemmon is þi sone—

Mary, my
Darling is
thy son ;

Wiþ him þou eodest wiþ childe,
ffor me wiþ him to wone.

204

I haue ben wood and wylde :

þou preye him þat I cone

Loue him, & þat he me schilde,

Or eny oþer to mone.

208

pray Him to
shield me!

(27)

Alle oþere I-chulle forsake

And don out of my þouȝt,

To þe, Ihesu, I me take—

So deore þou hast me bouht !

212

Al oþer loue wol make

Endyng and waxe to nouȝt :

þi loue nul I forsake,

ffor þat bringeþ vs alle o-loft.

216

I will never
forsake Him,

(28)

To wone wiþ þe, bi-leue

Lemon, vnder þi tre—

May no pyne me greue

Ne do me fro þe fle.

220

I wol in at þi sleue,

Al in þin herte to be,

Myn herte schal berste and cleue,

Vn-trewe ar þou me se.

224

tho' my
heart burst.

(29)

fful hard hit is, þi bed :

A treo þat stondeþ stille,

In wo and wedder sted ;

þeroute he hongeþ on hille,

228

ffor-beten and for-bled

Wiþ Men þat wolden hem spille.

Al þus haþ loue þe led,

þi lemmon for to tille.

232

Thy bed was
hard, a cross
of wood;

(30)

þi-self þou maiȝt not schelde,

Ne torne, so art þou fest ;

VERNON MS.

Thou hadst
nothing
wheron to
rest Thy
head,

pou hast nout on to helde

þin hed, on for to rest,

236

Almihti kyng to welde

Al þat is worst and best.

Hou miht¹ I euer þe ȝelde

¹ orig. mihti

þe loue þat þus wol lest?

240

(31)

nor clothes to
cover Thee.

Cloþing hast pou non—

ffor scorn men makeþ þe bare;

þi ffrendes aren from þe gon,

And flowen þat wiþ þe ware,

244

Alle bote Marie and Ion,

fful of serwe and care—

fful dreri is here mon,

þi pyne is al þe mare!

248

(32)

O Jesu,

Ihesu Crist, my lemmon swete,

þat dyȝedest on þe Rode-tre,

Wiþ al my miht I þe bi-seche

ffor þyne woundes two and þre,

252

þat as depe in to myn herte

may Thy
love pierce
me as deep as
the spear
pierst Thee!

Mot þi loue I-stiked be

As was þe spere in to þyn herte,

Whon pou suffredest dep for me.

256

XLIV. Her is a luytel Sarmoun, þat is of good edificacioun.¹

[Ten 8-line stanzas; after the first, *ab, cb, db, eb.*]

In a Sermon

At a Sarmoun þer I seet

A comely clerk¹ Ich herde crauen, ¹ k over line.

Wyse wordes he þer speak

þe Mon þat wolde in herte hauen;

4

Ich herde ffirere Henri spellen:

Friar Henry
warnd us not
to die in sin,

“Lete no sunnes in ow dwellen;

þe Mon þat is taken in dedly synne,

He may wel witen In wo to wellen.

8

¹ Title in Index: A luytul sermoun of good edificacioun.

“ A þing hit is þat we schul do,
þe Mon þat þenkeþ to liuen in le :
Schrift to taken, and þat be tyme—

but to shrive
in time,

12

We haue no Borwes heer to be ;
Whon we hauen, to holde faste,
We ne mowe raples þorw þo þre
To Bere þe croune to-fore þe kyng
þat for vs þolede deþ on tre.

16

“ He¹ þat for vs þolede deþ on tre,
þou Rihtwys lord, þou deme so :
Wis vs to þat ilke stude

¹ om. He

þat¹ euere is wele and neuer wo.
God, lete neuere vr wille vr wit be-swiken,
ffor whi, vr soule for to slo.

¹ r. þer

20

Ihesu crist, þou mihtful kyng,
þou haue merci on me and mo.

24

“ Mon on Molde, þou mak þe 3are

A-3eyn þi deþ on domes-day ;
þenk vppon þi muchele neode,

and to make
ready for
Doomsday,

Wher þi soule resten may—

28

Heuene or helle wher hit be-tydeþ,
þou maiȝt wel witen þou liuest þer ay.

Crist schild vs from þat ilke stude,
þer no mon oþer ne mene ne may.

32

“ Mai no mon oþer hem bi-menen,
ffor sek and sori heo þer se ;

þer is hot and cold and hunger wiþ

for in Hell
are hunger
and cold,

And pretes—þo beoþ vuele þre,

36

ffurst and hunger and þesternesne,

thirst and
darkness.

þat euere schal lyue wiþ-uten lee.¹

¹ orig. leo, corr. to lee.

Crist schild vs from þat ilke stude,

ffrom Bale þer neuere no bote ne be.

40

“ Ne miht þou seo, synful Mon,

So doþ þe ffisschere wiþ his hok :

As the fisher's
hook

Hou he teseþ on þe Banke

A brodly breyd I þe Brok ;

44

Comeþ þe ffisch and fongeþ hit,

catches the
fish,

So wroþly wrieþ on þe Crok,

þe ffisch is be-wyled þorw þe worm—

48

So wo is þe ffisch þat he hit tok.

so with the
worm Wo-
man is Man
caught.

“Hok bi-tokeneþ helle-pyne—

What helpeþ hit to hele wiþ þe?

Wommon is worm, þer heo is wikke—

May no mon þorw his sunnes se.

52

þe Mon is ffish and fongeþ hire—

Him weore wel betere to leten hire be,

To huyden his hed and hizen a-wey,

ffrom dedly synne þer-with fle.

56

“þis prechours þat bi-foren vs speken,

Wel liht a Beren heore tonge in wold

To wissen vs to þat ilke stude,

So holy writ hit haþ hem told.

60

þif we wol lusten to heore lore,

We ouzten be fayn, and ful bold

To wonen in þat ilke stude

þer Ihesu crist þe¹ Iudas solde.

¹ r. þat? Cf. *Lay Folks' Mass-Book*, v. 407:

And so þe leuacioun þou be-
halde,
for þat is he þat iudas salde,
And sithen was scourged &
don on rode, &c.

“þer Ihesu crist þe Iudas solde

He lene vs lust in lawe to lyuen,

Wit and wisdom to vnderstonden,

Wiþ schrift al for to schruden vs here.

68

þif we haue wille to wikkedlek,

God lete vs þere stunte and stere;

He deme so lord at domes-day

þat we mote, lord, in þi wey fere.

72

“In þi wey fere, lord, I wolde ben,

To wonen in þat worþli won.

Heo þat on þi lift hond leuen,

Wel grislych hit is whon þou art gon:

76

A ben I-haried in to helle-pyne,

To Bale þer neuer ne bote nis non.

He þat al þis world schal demen,

þou Rihtwys lord, þou rewe on Mon. Amen.”²

80

May Christ
grant us to
shroud our-
selves with
Shrift,

and live in
Heaven!

Judge of
Mankind,
have mercy
on us!

² Then follows Roberd of Cicyle, fol. 299 (ed. in *Sammlung altenglischer Legenden* 1878, p. 209, from 5 MSS.).

XLV. Her is a disputison bi-twene chi[¹]d
Ihesu & Maistres of þe lawe of Iehous.¹ [leaf 300.]

[Twenty-five 8-line stanzas, one 12 : *ab, ab, ab, ab.*

<p>Lustneþ lordes, leoue in londe : Sopeli sawes I wol 3ou telle Of gentyl Ihesu, I vnderstonde, þe ffalse ffei fonded to felle. ffor wo ne wrake ne wolde he wonde Of Trinite trewe to Iewes telle, He sat in see, he nolde not stonde, As best of barnes þat bar þe Belle. þe gospel seiþ In þis manere : Whon Ihesu was of twelf 3er age, In to þe Temple he com to lere Wrangful wrecches þat wrou3t outrage. Maystres wondrede, þat þer were, þat lawes lerede in heore langage, And seide : “child, what destou þere ? þou sittest stalled in vre stage.” A Mayster seide to Ihesu : “þou scholdest lerne, and nou3t teche ; þou spillest speche ; what seystou ? þi wrangful wordes worcheþ wreche, þou repungnest in pres a-3eyn vr prou ; As preised prophete, þe peple preche. Stunt a stounde þi sawe of Gru ! þi wit to teche may not reche. “þow schuldest lerne A. b. c, ffor þe fayleþ a foundement ; þou tellest tales of Trinite ! In wonderwyse þi wit is went. 3if þou wolt leorne, þou miht þhe, ffor wonder wit on þe is sent ; Of Bales Boote þou miht be, 3if þou neore In errour hent.” Ihesu seide : “I may wel se þi Bok is blynt, and þou art blent ;</p>	<p>4</p> <p>8</p> <p>12</p> <p>16</p> <p>20</p> <p>24</p> <p>28</p> <p>32</p>	<p>Jesus wouldn't turn from telling Jews of the Trinity.</p> <p>When he was 12, he went to the Temple and taught wrongdoers.</p> <p>A Master said He shouldn't teach,</p> <p>but should learn His A B C.</p> <p>Jesus asks him</p>
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¹ Ed. before by Horstmann in *Altengl. Leg.*, 1875, p. 211-14.
 Miss A. F. Parker collates the text with the MS. henceforward.

	pou farest foule, so þynkeþ me, ffor lewed lore on þe is lent.	36
why A is be- fore B.	Whi is A Bi-fore b? Tel me, þat spekest in present, Or I schal tymeli teche þe þi Reson rape þe schal Repent."	40
The Master threatens to	þe Maister wiþ wel wikked wille Spak in pres of people a-pliht; "Ihesu, þou art a grameful gille, I Rede Rape þou lerne a-Riht; And bote þou stonde a stounde stille,	44
flog Jesus.	To Betyng Bare þou schalt be diht." Qwap Ihesu: "þat is no skille, I com not hider for to fiht.	48
Jesus ex- plains	"3it," quap Ihesu, "of myn askyng þou ne 3iuest non onswere. I am ful Old, þeih I be 3ing. A louely lore I wol þe lere— Tak þis tale of my teching:	52
that A is a letter of three in one,	A Is prys, wiþ-oute pere, lettre of þreo and is o þing; þreo partyes A haþ knet I-fere.	56
and is like the Trinity,	"Bi A Biginneþ þe lettrure, ffo[r] A is lyk þe Trinite. þreo partyes A haþ of Measure, Knet in knotte on A wol be. 3if þou wolt lerne, þou miht hure Hou A is lyk þe deite.	60
and the Deity.	þe Deite is, þis is sure, þreo and on, In Maieste, And euer her after heo schul dure In-departable alle þre. Nou hastou lerned, tac þou cure, Hou A is most of dignite."	64
	þe Maister seide in þat stounde: "What artou, lettrure to lere? Bi Moyses lawe, nis not founde þe lawes þat þou tellest heere. þou seist in þis ilke grounde 'þou art old and 3ong I feere';	68
The Master says that Jesus' laws are not in Moses' law.		72

þi sawe sopli nis not founde ; þerfore þou art me no-þing dere.	76	
" Stond þou stille swiþe, I seye, And louely lustne to my lore, And þou miht bi alle weye Beo ful wys for euer-more.	80	The Jew Master bids Jesus learn of him,
þou hast wit In memorie And wel 3ong þi wit is core ; Hit is medlet wiþ ffolye, And þat greueþ me grimly sore.	84	
" Of Moyses vr lawe we had And nou newe þow wolt teche. Of þi sawe swiþe am I sad, Of þe Trinite to spille speche.	88	and not teach new laws.
þou greuest me, I am not glad, With luþer lawes þou luþer leche ; þou spekest of godhed as child al mad, fforþer þen þi wit wol reche."	92	
A-noþer Mayster seide in hi3e : " Child, her is a wonder þing ! þow kennest comeli Clergye, And 3it to teche þou art to 3yng ;	96	Another Master asks the Child
þou hast not lerned, as men seye : Hou hastou þenne þi connyng ? Deueles demep Mon to dy3e : þi tonge haþ tast of heore teching.	100	how He's got His know- ledge,
" þi wrongful wordes worcheþ wrake. þow seist þat god is on and þre. I Bede þin errour þou forsake, þou spekest of þing þat mai not be.	104	
As ouer-come þou worth of-take, þat al þis peple hit schal se. þis qwestion to þe I make : Tel me what is þe Trinite ?"	108	and what the Trinity is.
I hesu, as best þat bar þe belle, 3if he couþe o þing telle Of prechyng prophetes wonder won, " þat seide crist scholde dwelle Her on eorþe a-mong his fon,	112	Jesus asks after the Propheta who said Christ should dwell on earth.

	Alle 3or lawes to fulfelle ; þis wol 3or lawes euerichon.	116
Jesus says	“ Crist is liht of god Almiht And of Godes liht I-core.	
Isaiah fore- told Christ's birth of a maiden.	Ysaye spac her-of a-pliht : Of a Mayden he scholde be bore.	120
	þou miȝt wel wite hit is riht, He schal bugge þat is for-lore. God is þe ffader, Crist sone & liht ; þe sone is geten wiþ-uten hore.	124
	“ ffor as þe sonne ȝiueþ his leem ȝif he wiþ cloudes is not let,	
He came into her like a sunbeam.	So com crist as sonne-Beem In to þat Buirde þat Bales bet.	128
	ȝif þou take wel good ȝeem Hou þe sonne-Beem euere is set Vndeparted, so is þe strem Of crist wiþ God mid knottes knet.	132
	“ Now tak herto good entent :	
The Father's light is in the Son ;	þe ffader liht in þe sone schal be, þe ffader liht ȝit nis nouȝt blent, Al is o liht In Deite.	136
the two are one, and, with the Holy Spirit, one God in Trinity.	þen is hit proued bi Argument, þat ffader and sone, o liht beoþ he ; þe holy spirit wiþ hem present, Heo þreo Beoþ God In Trinite.	140
	“ ffor þe Trinite, I þe seye, A is lettre of alle cheef ; þerfore he is in alle weye Put bi-fore : her is good preef !	144
‘ A ’ is the letter of the Trinity, and therefore put first.	þe Trinite þei schal seo wiþ eȝe, Alle Men þat ben him leof ; þen is mon A preised preiȝe, þat to þe Trinite doþ no greef !”	148
The Masters of the Law say	þe Maistres seide of þe lawe, þat deueles tauhte him clergie ; “ A Mayde,” þei seide, “ bi prophetes sawe, Schal bere crist, kyng of glorie.	152
that as Mary was old Jo- seph's wife,	Wel we witen, and wel is knawe, þe Olde Ioseph weddet Marie ;	

- Oper record cunne we non drawe,
He nis not crist bi prophecie." 156 her son can't
be Christ.
- I**hesu spac with Mylde chere
To Iewes þat gonne grede & crie :
"ffareþ feire, ffrendes deore,
3e ffareþ foule wiþ folye. 160
And o þing a-non 3e schul heere :
What seiþ þe prophete Ysaye ?
Heo schal be weddet wiþoute pere,
þe Mylde Mooder of Messye. 164
"Ysaye seiþ a-noþer þing :
Crist in þe lawe schal be bore—
And þat mot ben In weddyng,
And elles cistes lawe is lore. 168
Prophetes speeke of his comyng
At Iesse bi-gon þe more.
3it haþ crist no bi-gynnyng,
Al-þau3 þat crist be mon I-core. 172
Ioseph uirga floruit fatu Ysaye ;
Coniunx, lex ut monuit, mater fit Messye."
þe Maystres And Iewes mo,
Of 3onge Ihesu hedde meruayle,
Hou þat he was comen hem to,
Wiþ wit and clergie to assayle.
Of hem hedde Ihesu mony a fo,
ffor heore wit gon sone fayle ; 180
Monye with-drawe and gonne go,
Whon heore clergie hem nolde vayle.
In-to þe Temple com Marie :
Heo say3 hire sone In see was set,
And tau3te þe peple bi clergie
Of loueli lawe wiþ-oute let.
To him heo seið Riht in hei3e :
"Now is my Bale myd boote I-bet !
þi ffader and I wel sorie
þe haueþ souzt, & nou3wher met. 188
Ego & pater tuus dolentes querebamus te."
Ihesu seið in þat stounde : 192
"Mi ffader wille is þat I do ;
I wol vn-bynde þat was bounde : Jesus tells
her He is
doing His
Father's will.

	Mi ffader wole þat hit beo so.	
	þe peple I preche wiþ facounde	196
	And I teche ffrend and fo ;	
	Mi sarmoun is boþe soþ & sounde ;	
	On me is ffader and sone also.	
Jesus says He was sent to fulfil His Father's Law.	“ Mi ffader lawe I wol fulfelle, þerfore I am hider I-sent ; Douȝter and Moder, to þe I telle, Elles weore þe world I-schent. Mi ffader wol <i>with</i> -oute dwelle, þat I teche ow In present ; þe ffendes fare down to felle þat haþ <i>with</i> wrong þe world went.”	200
Romans there	Romayns þer were wonder won þat cunnyng were of Clergye ; Bi prophecie heo wusten vchon þat he was crist <i>with</i> -outen lye ;	208
knew that He was Christ,	Honoured him for crist anon, ffor his miht & his maistrie. Preye we crist þat we so don, To geten þe gle in his glorie. Amen.	212
and honoured Him.		215

XLV. *I disputiſon by-twene a cristenemon
and a Jew.¹*

[Twenty 16-line stanzas : *aaab, cccb, dddb, eeeb.*]

(1)

	A lle Bliþe mote þei be, þat folyes bleþeliche wole fle. How hit bitidde bi-ȝonde séé, þe soþe I wol ȝow say.	4
Two Clerks of Divinity met in Paris,	In þe Toun of Parys— þat is A Citée of Prys— Twey men mette þat weore wys, And wente bi þe way. þei weore Clerkes of Diuinite,	8

¹ Ed. before in Horstmann's *Sammlung altengl. Leg.*, Heilbronn 1878, p. 204 ff.; three stanzas, vv. 145—192, are printed in *Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, ed. Hazlitt, III, 181-3.

Crafti Men in heore degre.		
Eijer, Maister wolde be,		and each wanted to be Master.
flooden þ 3if þei may.	12	
þus þei desputed so faste,		They dis- puted all day.
While þe day mihte ¹ laste,	¹ MS. mihti	
Nouþer oper couþe caste,		
Beo Rihtwys lay.	16	

(2)

þe ton was of Engelonde,		One Divine was an Eng- lish Chris- tian,
A Cristene Mon, Ich vnderstonde ;		
He hedde I-souht ouer þe sonde,		
Wondres to se ;	20	
He hedde I-lernd of Clergys,		
As Men doþ þat beoþ wys :		
þe mon þat most is of prys,		
Maister moste be.	24	
þe toþer was A Ieuþ riht,		the other was a Jew.
A Mon muchel of his miht ;		
To his trouþe hedde he tiht,		
Trewe as þe tre :—	28	
þat wol I apertly preue :		
þulke lay þat he on leue,		
ffor no gold þat [me] mihte him 3eue,		
Chaunge wolde not he.	32	

(3)

þe Cristene Mon seide as he þouþt :		The Christian said,
“Lo, 3onde vr god þat vs bouþt !		‘Yonder is our God,
Oper trouwe þou hit nouþt,		
Bi daye nor bi niht ?	36	
Certeynliche, 3onde is he		
þat for vs diþede on þe tre,		who died on the Cross for us,
And also bouwed him to be		
In A Buyrde Briht,	40	
As heo wemles was,		and was born of a pure Maiden,
Sepþe cler as þe glas ;		
Bi-twene Oxe and an As		
I-bore was þat kniht,	44	
At þe 3ol ful 3are,		at Yule-tide.’
Al for vr wel-fare.		

Woldest þou leue on my lare,
þi lykyng were liht!" 48

(4)

The Jew said, þe Ieu3 sone seide þare :

"Ar we fforþere fare—

'There is but
one God,

þer is O god, and no mare, 52

Hei3ly in holde,

And, as I trowe, in þe trone,

the Creator,
and He never
had a son.'

He schop þe sonne and þe Moone ;

But he hedde neuer no sone

ffor synful was solde. 56

þe grete god calle we—

þat is semely to se :

Oþer may þer non be,

3onger ne Olde. 60

Wharto makestou þi mone ?

I trouwe, þi wit beo þe wone ;

Al mis artou gone

Heer on þis wolde."¹ 64

¹ r. molde

(5)

The Christian
said,

þe cristen Mon stondeþ stille,

And seþþen he talkeþ him tille

And seiþ : " þat¹ þi wikked wille 1 om. þat ?

Schal worche þe ful wo. 68

'You don't
believe in the
Mass ;

þou leuest not in þe Mes,

þat euer God þer in Is¹ : 1 r. es

ffor-þi lyking is þe les,

And loren artou so, 72

And al þi careful kynde

þat euer bi-com of his strende.

you shall be
beaten,

Men schal in Baret þe bynde,

And bete þe ful blo. 76

Whon þou schalt of þis world wende,

and go to
Hell.

þou schalt be tauzt to þe fende,

And euermore wiþ-outen ende

In-to þe pyne go." 80

(6)

The Jew an-
swerd,

þe Ieu3 bi-gon him to greue :

" þat wol I apertly preue,

XLVI. *A Disputation between a Christian and a Jew.* 487

Boþe of Adam and of Eue

Of hem we weore alle I-wrouht.

84

And I dar wage wiþ þe

Tonnes of wyn þre

þat I schal lete þe him se,

'I'll bet you
3 tuns of
wine that I'll
show you
your Christ

þou seist þat þe bouht,

88

Boþe þe vuel and þe gode :

Hou he was don on þe Roode ;

And alle þat bi him stooode

on the Cross,
with all his
folk round
him.

Whon he to deþe was brouht.

92

So const þou not do

You can't do
that.'

ffor al þi clergeye ; þerto,

As haue I reste oþer Ro,

þi Reson is nouȝt."

96

(7)

þe cristen mon Mildely gon malt :

The Christian
takes the bet,
and says

" I telle þe, truwaunt for-talt :

Men schal in prison þe palt,

And putte þe to pyne ;

100

But ȝif þou lete me him se

þat for vs dyede on þe tre,

Seþþe þe Maystrie ȝeue I þe,

if the Jew
shows him
this,
he'll give him
the mastery.

To þe and alle þyne.

104

Loke þow holde þat we say !

To morwe, set we þat day,

We schal wende on vr way

They'll start
to-morrow.

To winne vs þe wyne.

108

þe Mon þat fayles of his fare,

Al loren is his lare ;

He may droupe and dare

þat schal his troupe tyne."

112

(8)

þus þei woke al þe niht,

Til on þe Morwen at day-liht

þe cristene mon Ros Riht,

Next morn-
ing the Chris-
tian says

And radly gon say

116

His Matyns in þe Mornyg ;

Seþþe his Masse gon he syng ;

Matins,
and sings his
Mass.

He þonked vr lord in alle þing,

As he þat most may.

120

	Soone þei metten, as þei miht. "Haue I-don," he seide, "artou diht ffor to holde þat þou hiht? þis is vr day.	124
	Oper a nay, or A 3a? Soone tel þou me swa!"	
The Jew and he set off.	Him grauntes for-to ga, And went on heore way.	128
	(9)	
	þe Cristen mon seide son, Whon his Masse was don :	
The Chris- tian, after Mass, takes God with him,	"I wol take god me vpon, And bere him wiþ me :	132
	Boþe in lond and in leode, Al þe lasse is my drede :	
	þe mon þat to him takeþ hede, þe better he may be.	136
as every Hell- fiend	þer nis non enemy in helle, Non so fers ne so felle, And he here of vre lord telle, þat on Is in þre :	140
	ffor al þe gold in þe grounde, He wolde not byde him a stounde þat he nolde freschly founde, And a-vey fle."	144
will flee from the Mass- bread.	(10)	
	fforþ heo wenten on þe ffeld To an Hul þei bi-heold. þe eorþe cleuet as a scheld On þe grounde grene.	148
They go to a hill. The earth cleaves.	Sone fond þei a stiþ : þei went þer-on radly ; þe Cristene mon hedde ferly What hit mihte mene.	152
They cross by a path,	After þat stiþ lay a strete, Clene I-pauet wiþ grete. þei fond a maner þat was meete Wiþ Murþes ful schene,	156
to a street,	Wel coruen and wrouht, Wiþ halles heiþe vpon loft.	
and came to a mansion,		
with high halls		

To a place weore þei brouht,
As paradys þe clene. 160 like Paradise,

(11)

þer was foulene song,
Muche Murþes a-mong— with singing
birds,

Hose lenge wolde long,
fful luitel him þouht. 164

On vche a syde of þe halle,
Pourpul, pelure and palle ; purple palls,
Wyndouwes I þe walle, windows,

Was wonderli I-wrouht. 168

þer was dosers on þe dees,
Hose þe cheef wolde ches, dorsers on
the dais,

þat neuere Ricchere wes
In no sale souht. 172

Boþe þe Mot and þe molde

Schon al on red golde.

þe cristen mon hedde ferli on þat folde
þat þider was brouȝt. 176

(12)

þer was Erbes growen grene, green herbs,

Spices springynge bi-twene ;

“Such hedde I non sene,
ffor-soþe, as I say.” 180

þe prestel song ful schille, a thrush
singing,

He newed notes at his wille ;

ffeire ffloures to fille, flowers,

ffeire in þat ffey. 184

And al þe Rounde table good,

Hou Arthur in eorþe ȝod, and all Ar-
thur's Round
Table

Sum sat and sum stod

O þe grounde grey— 188

Hit was a wonderful siht :

.

As þei weore quik men diht,

To seo hou þey play. 192 at play.

(13)

þe Iewȝ sone in þat tyde,

He spak þer a word of pryde :

	Hose wol lenge and abyde	
	May lusten and lere.	196
Then they come to a Nunnery,	Til a Nonnerie þei came ;	
	But I knowe not þe name :	
with dames	þer was mony a derworþe dame	
	In Dyapre dere.	200
and squires.	Squizers in vch a syde	
	In þe wones so wydc.	
	“Heer schul we lenge and abyde,	
	Auntres to heere.”	204
	þenne swiþe spekeþ he	
	Til a ladi so fre	
	And biddeþ : þat he welcome be,	
	“Sire Water, my feere.”	208
	(14)	
Tables were laid ;	þer was Bordes I-cloþed clene	
	Wiþ schire cloþes and schene.	
they washt,	Seppe a wasschen, I weene,	
	And wente to þe sete.	212
and food was brought.	Riche metes was forþ brouht,	
	To alle men þat good þouht ;	
But the Chris- tian wouldn't eat or drink.	þe Cristen mon wolde nouht	
	Drynke nor ete.	216
	þer was wyn ful clere	
	In mony a feir Maseere,	
	And oþer drynkes þat weore dere	
	In Coupes ful gret.	220
Mirth and minstrelsy were there.	Sippe was schewed hem bi,	
	Murþe and Munstralsy,	
	And preyed hem do gladly	
	Wiþ Rial Rehet.	224
	(15)	
They stood up,	By þe Bordes vp þei stode.	
	Or þei forþere 3ode,	
and saw a Cross with	So weore þei war of a Rode	
	fful Raþe, as I Rede,	228
a wounded body on it ;	And a bodi þer-vppon,	
	þat woundes hedde mony on ;	
and by it, Mary, John,	Bi him stod Marie and Ion,	
	Wepynde good spede,	232

Oþur Apostles of prys, Poul and Peter þe wys, And seint Ion þe Baptys, Was douhti of dede.	Paul, Peter, and John the Baptist.	236
Whon he was schewed to þe siht, Boþe of leom and of liht þe Mon þat most was of miht, His woundes gon blede.	The cruci- fied man's wounds bled.	240
(16)		
þe Ieu3, sone seide he : "Holden is þat I hihte þe." þe toþer seide : "þat schal I se, Certeynly, ful sone."	The Jew says he's won his bet.	244
þe Cristen Mon hedde a derworþ þinge, On his Bodi, he gon hit brynge : þat a prest schulde wiþ synge Whon Masse schulde be don.	The Christian	248
"3if þou be god so fre þat for me dized on þe tre, Here þi sone mai þou se," And heold him a-bouen.	shows the Masswafer to the man on the Cross,	252
Whon he was schewed to þe siht, He barst þe Buyldynge so briht. Boþe was derk as þe niht, Heore sonne and heore mone.	and it bursts the whole building.	256
(17)		
Al þe gere þat was gay Was þenne I-wasted a-way. þe Cristene Mon gon say : "Beon þeos þi godes here?" þe Ieuh onswerde him wiþ 'nay' And ofte Merci gon him pray : "I wol leue my lay, And on þi lore lere. Sore I doute me of dred. I haue i-lost my wed : þo þat are forþ fled Was fendes in feere, Non good, but al ille." No more he tented hem tille.	All the show vanishes. The Jew says he'll turn Christian. He's lost his bet. His saints were but fendes.	260 264 268

Heo þo stoden o þe hulle
þer þey furst were. 272

(18)

The Jew
gives in,

þus he 3eldes him 3are,
Al for his wel-fare.

He seide : " of Blisse I haue be bare

Seppen I was furst born. 276

and confesses
that One God
may be in
three persons.

Now knowe I wel þat hit mai be

þat O-fold god Is in þre :

Whuch þat þou brouzt wiþ þe

þis day at Morn. 280

He is vre heuene kyng,

Makere of alle þyng,

And schop þe fruit for to spryng,

Boþe Curnel and Corn." 284

þus he Rapes of his res,

To vre God he him ches,

Let al his lufernes,

Was poynt to be lorn. 288

(19)

He and the
Christian are
both satisfied.

Seppe þei wente to þe Cite,

A-cordet, as þei scholde be.

Who was payed bote he,

And eiþer of oþer ! 292

He þonked god his swete sonde

þat he hedde brouzt out of bonde,

Wel I-wonne to his honde,

Blipely his Broþer. 296

They eat and
drink.

Mete and drynke þei hedde at wille,

Wiþ-uten grucchyng or grille

In troupe tente þei þer tille,

And lafte al þat oþer. 300

þe Mon þat haþ synne I-wrouzt

And siþen repentes him ouzt,

God is a-payed, þat vs bouzt.

Leeue we non oþer. 304

(20)

The Christian
was Sir
Walter of
Berwick.

What was þe Monnes nome I-lyk

But Sir Water of Berewyk ?

He was wonynge I þe Ryk, At Roome was called.	308	
þe pope 3af him pouste— þat mony mon mihte se— Penitauncer for to be		The Pope made Sir Walter a Penitancer.
Of 3onge and of olde, Sepþe to soyle and to schriue	312	
Boþe to Mon and to ¹ wyue, Eke to mende heore lyue		¹ MS. two
And to þe troupe holde.	316	
þenne tok þei þe Ieu3, Anon cristend hym neu3; þus to vre God he hym kneu3		The Jew was baptized.
And 3eþly him 3olde.	320	

[XLVII: *How to hear Mass.*¹]

Her techep þys tretys þenne [Fol. 302 b., col. 1.]
Hou mon scholde here hys masse;
Hit is ful nedful to alle menne,
To more and eke to lasse.

*How a Man
should hear
his Mass.*

3ong & olde, More and lasse, fful god hit is to here a Masse, þat Cristendam haþ tan.	3	The Mass was made for the soul's health.
Hit was mad for soule-hele, þe Pater noster wiþ bedes ² fele,		² MS. dedes
And de profundis Is on.	6	
þe Pater noster Is pris preyere, Wiþ oþer orisons mony and sere.		
Holdeþ ow stille as ston :	9	
And 3e schul here þe beste þing þat euer 3e herde of Olde or 3yng		
As wyde as mon haþ gon.	12	

¹ So the title in Index. The poem was ed. before by Canon Simmons in "The Lay Folks' Mass Book," 1879, E. E. T. S., p. 128 ff. (His sidenotes are reprinted here.) It is a free Midland version of Dan Jeremy's Massbook for Laymen, a northern translation of which was ed., from 4 MSS., by Simmons, l. c. The liturgical prayers are mostly omitted in MS. Vernon, either because prayers of that kind were given before in MS. Vernon, or because the uses were different in different churches.

	Lustneþ here, & 3e wol lype :	
I'll tell you the benefits of the Mass.	Of a talkyng I wol 3ou kipe, Cumfort to al Mon-kynde :	15
	þat is þe Meedes of þe Masse.	
All should know how to take part in common prayer, and use of private devotion ;	Eueri mon boþe more and lasse Schulde haue hit in his mynde, Hou þat 3e scholde 3or seruise seye And priueliche 3or preyers preye To him þat may vn-bynde, In saluyng of 3or synnes seuene, To þe mihtful kyng of heuene, Vr ffader þat we schal fynde.	18 21 24
and how they may turn to God.	And hou vr ffader schal be founde To vche a mon þat is I-bounde In sunne, as I ow say.	27
His long- suffering and readiness to help.	His suffrance we may se, Hou þat he suffreþ þe and me Wiþ miht al þat he may, And euere is redi vr bales to bete, To loke what tyme þat we wol leete, In-to vr laste day ;	30 33
If we haue a good will, he teaches the way to heaven.	3if we ben in wille to leue vr synne, He techet vs wel hou we schal wynne To heuene þe heize way.	36
No man in the like case would be so longsuffer- ing,	What mon wolde now suffre so His sone I-slayen, and hedde no mo, But 3if he miȝte lyue a-ȝeyn ; 3if he for traytrie weore take, Sone he schulde be forsake Or elles sopli slayn.	39 42
and we by sin crucify the Lord afresh,	Whon þou dost a dedly synne, Al þe while þat þou dwellest þer-Inne þou puttest to his payn ; þe same he suffred for vr sake,	45
but His mercy clears us.	þen most merci a-mendes make Boþe wiþ miht and mayn.	48
He grieues for us,	þorw his Merci and his miht He rewet of vs, a-ȝeynes þe riht, As Rihtwysnes wol rede.	51

Rihtwysnes wolde, assone As we dedly synne haue done, To dampne vs to þe dede : þen most Merci be Mayster most þorw þe miht of þe holy gost, And stonde wiþ vs in stede ; And lenge wiþ vs in leo and lede, Til we beo don out of þat dede þorw bone of holy bede.		
Wiþ 3or leue, I wol be-gynne Of a Mater for to mynne, A good þing for to make, On þe hexte þing hit is þat euer was mad : þat is þe Mes, Monnes sunnes to slake.		
Eueri day þou maiȝt se þe same bodi þat dized for þe, Tent 3if þou wolt take, In figure and in fourme of Bred, þat Ihesu dalte, er he weore ded, ffor his disciples sake.		
On þe hexte þing to here, And þe lihtest for to lere, ffor lewed men In lare, Hou þat 3e schul 3or seruise say, And priueliche 3or preyers pray, In churche whon þat 3e are. I do ow wel to witen wiþ-uten drede, þe Masse was mad for monnes nede, ffor al folk lasse and mare.		
As þe prest seiþ his preyere, So schulde vche mon þat him gon here, And þei wuste what hit ware.		
3if I seide þis word wiþ my wit, Wiþ-uten witnesse of holi writ Wisdam weore hit non ; þerfore I wole þat 3e hit witen, Hou þat we fynde hit writen Wiþ Auctours mony on.		
	54	where justice would con- demn us to death. Therefore, mercy, stand us in stead,
	57	and remain with us till prayer has freed us from that sentence of death.
	60	
	63	Now I begin to put you in mind of the Mass, and it is a good subject for my verse- making.
	66	
	69	Thou mayest see the Body of Christ, who died for thee,
	72	in figure, and in form of bread, as He gave it before His death.
		High as it is, it is easy for the unlearned to learn
	75	
	78	when to join in the service, [Fol. 302 b., col. 2] and when to pray by them- selves, for the Mass is for all.
	81	
	84	All ought to pray as the priest, if they knew what he said.
	87	I do not speak of myself, without war- rant of holy writ,
	90	

and so I give the reasons of St Augustine, &c.,	Of Austin, Ambrose, Bernard, and Bede, 3it heore Resons wol I rede	
	A-Mong 3ow euerichon.	93
who put on record the merits of the Mass.	þei make muynde of mony a mede þat we schul haue for vre good dede, To churche whon þat we gon.	96
Every step to and from hearing Mass is noted by the guardian angel.	W hat tyme þat þow biginnest to go Ouþer to þe churche or fro, To here a Masse 3if þou may,	99
	Eueri fote þat þou gas, þyn Angel poyntþ hit vch a pas, þe Prince of heuene to pay.	102
That day a man does not age,	þat day schalt þou elde nougt, 3if þou beo studefast in þi þouht On God þat is verray ;	105
nor become blind:	Not Blynt þat day schalt þou not be þat þou þi sauour hast se, þorw him þat mihtes may.	108
he has God's pardon, if he goes to con- fession ;	A ffair grace God hap þe 3iuen, Of þi sunnes and þou be schriuen þat day þou hast god se :	111
and if he die, it avails as the viaticum.	3if þou be ded þe same day, þou schalt be founden I þe fay, Hoseled as þou hed be.	114
It makes work to be without an- noyance or trouble,	Baldely maiȝt þou swete and swynke ffor to wynne þe Mete and drinke Wip-uten tray or tene ;	117
and helps to cure sharp sorrows.	And 3if þou be in eny drede, Al þe better schalt þou spede To keuere of cares kene.	120
Before a journey hear early Mass,	3if þou haue eny wey to wende, I rede þou here a masse to ende In þe Morennynge 3if þow may ;	123
or <i>ad terti-</i> <i>am</i> , or <i>ad sextam</i> .	And 3if þou may not do so, I rede, beo vnderne ar þou go, Or elles be heiȝ midday.	126
It will not hinder your journey.	Serteynliche wip-uten fayle þou schalt not leose of þi trauayle Not half a foote of way ;	129

- O þi bodi þou schalt be lihtore,
 And þi weyes wende þe Rihtore,
 þorw him þat mihtes may. 132
- Þ**Ouh he be nouȝt at þi lykyngē,
 þe prest þat schal þy masse synge,
 þerfore lette þou nouht : 135
- His Masse schal be as¹ good to heere <sup>*1 altered from a to as
by another hand.*</sup> His unwor-
 As Monk, Chanoun, Hermyte or frere,— thiness can-
 þus þenk hit in þy þouht,— 138 not hinder
 þauȝ his preyere and his bone the Sacra-
 Bi-fore God come not so sone ment;
- As he þat neuer synne wrouȝt : 141
- Ihesu crist, souereyn of al,
 He may deeme boþe gret and smal,
 þus Doctours han I-souht. 144
- Seynt Ambrose seiþ, hose redeþ riht :
 þe Masse Is of so muche miht,
 þer nys no mon þat May, 147
- Wheþer þat he be old or ȝonge,
 þe tenþe part telle wiþ tonge,
 þeiȝ he schulde liue for ay. 150
- þe Exposission is so expres,
 Wip al þe priuete of þe Mes,
 Serteyn wiþ-oute delay, 153
- þat, couþe a mon neuere so muche of art,
 He mihte not telle þe tenþe part,
 þauȝ he hedde þouȝt to say. 156
- Seynt Ierom seiþ : for soules sere,
 þauh a Mon wolde a þousent ȝere
 Do a Masse for to synge, 159
- Hit¹ is nouþer more ne las ^{*1 MS. His*} [Fol. 302^b,
 col. 3]
 But vch a soule schal haue a mas— St Jerome
 cited for
 the necessity for
 a mass for
 every several
 soul.
- Hit is so heiȝ a þinge. 162
- ȝit I Rede ow go to chirche,
 Godes werkes for to worche,
 In-to vr laste endyngē : 165
- Haue we no doute of vr dole,
 Vch soule schal haue a masse al hole,
 þorw help of heuene-kyngē. 168
- Be not kept
 away by any
 priest.
- His unwor-
 thiness can-
 not hinder
 the Sacra-
 ment;
- and his Mas-
 ter, Christ,
 will judge
 him.
- St Ambrose
 says
- the subject is
 inexhaustible
 by time or
 skill.
- Every soul
 shall have
 a separate
 Mass.

Hard to prove all this by all these authors;	fful hard hit were to vre bi-houe Vch a prouerbe for to proue Of þeos Auctours alle ; Serteynliche wiþ-outen lees	171
for I foresee, if I only cited some at length,	Of sum of hem þen wol I sees ffor þing þat may be-falle ; ʒif I drouʒ hem on lengþe,	174
no man could stand it out ;	I trou no mon schulde haue þe strengþe To stonde and heere hem alle.	177
but I shall be glad for you to know when to call on Christ.	Lewed men, and ʒe wol list, fful fayn I wolde þat ʒe hit wist On Crist whon ʒe schulde calle.	180
You are igno- rant, and I will teach you.	To calle on Crist wiþ mylde chere, Lewed Men, I schal ʒou lere. Whon þat þe prest bi-ginnes,	183
When the priest says his Confiteor, bowing be- fore the altar,	Whon he seiþ his Confiteore, ffeire he louteþ þe Auter bi-fore, To schriue him of his synnes.	186
and you pray for him, if he remembers you in the <i>memento</i> , how great is your reward.	Serteynly, wiþ-oute delay And ʒe for þe prest pray, And he atte Masse ʒou mynne, Sikerli I dar wel say, þer nis no tonge þat telle may What Mede þat ʒe may wynne.	189 192
But if you only pray for yourself, it is not half what your fallen nature de- mands from you,	But ʒit I telle ʒou, sikerly : And ʒe preye but only ffor ʒor owne hele, I do ʒow to witen wiþ-outen drede ʒe beo not worþ so muche meede, Not be þe haluendele, As þi kuynde puttes þe to To don vuele he biddes þe do. ʒif þou wol wone in weole,	195 198
since it in- clines you to evil.	Prey for þe prest, and he for þe : þat Is a preyere of charite, þen maiʒt þou synge of loue lele.	201
Where there is this mutual prayer, there is true praise.	Loue is trewe in vche a leede ; ʒif þou do ille, vuel schalt þou spede ffor al þe craftes þat þou con.	204
"Ill deed, ill speed."		207

Whon þat þou comest þe chirche with-Inne		
And þou sest þe prest bi-gynne,		
Take his vestimens on :	210	Whilst the priest is vesting,
Loke þou do as I sey þe,		
Knele a-doun vpon þi kne,		kneel and be still,
Noyse þat þow make non ;	213	
Sepþe stond vp at þi seruise,		then stand and do your service,
And serue god on þis wyse,		
Al folk euerichon :	216	all of you.
þou schalt say : “ þi drihten		
And deore god almihten,		
And In Marie I me a-seure,	219	Say thy <i>Domine in multitude</i> , &c., and place thyself under the safeguard of the Blessed Virgin ;
þat heo saue vs alle,		
Boþe grete and smalle,		
Of sunnes we beþ vn-pure ;	222	
And þat I may me schriue		and pray for shrift of sins
Of al my wikked lyue		
To Prest þat hereþ þe cure,	225	
þat I haue I-wrouȝt		in deed and thought against man's better nature.
And in herte I-þouȝt		
As vnkuynde creature.	228	
“ I was vn-kuynde,		A Form of Confession.
And was þenne blynde,		
To worche a-ȝeynes his wille	231	
þat fust me wrouȝt,		
And sepþe me bouȝt		
ffro peynes he was put to ille.	234	
þer-fore we pray		
To þe to-day,		
þat knowes boþe good and ille :	237	[Fol. 303, col. 1]
Graunt vs lyue,		Prayer to llyve to complete penance.
We may vs schriue,		
Vr penaunce to folfile.”	240	
We schal preyȝe Ihesus		Prayer to Christ for forgiveness,
þat he forȝiue vs		
Vr sunnes, þat we may synge,	243	
þat we may pray		
þe Prince to-day,		
Schop eorþe and alle þinge,	246	

for purity, and for bene- fit from the Mass.	þat in Clannesse We may þe Messe þorw miht of heuene-kyнге, So deorliche to do, To torne þe to Vs alle to good endyнге.	249 252
It is no doubt good to stand and say a word of prayer at the Mass; you may pray for scores,	Certes, sires, ful good hit is To stonde stille at þe Mes, Sum good word for to say; Whuche þat 3e wole preye fore, þauh 3e do for mony a score, At a Masse 3e may;	255 258
either nam- ing them or thinking of them,	Alle þo þat 3e nempne nouȝt, But only þenke in 3or þouȝt þat 3e wolde fore pray,	261
and every soul of them has a Mass, if not lost in hell for ever.	I do ow to wite wiþ-uten doute, þer nis no soule a Masse wiþ-oute, But he haue helle for ay.	264
If my father was in hell,	Wust I my ffader in flesch and felle Weore holliche I-holden in helle, þer weore non hope of hele,	267
I would no more pray for him than for a dead dog;	To preye for him I couþe no Red, No more þen for a Dogge were ded, But let hem wiþ him dele.	270
	3it I rede we go to chirche, Godes werkes for to worche, 3if we wole wone in wele;	273
but still, as this is not known, we pray for all the faithful.	Sepþe hit is vnknowe to vs, We schul preye for alle ffidelibus To Rewe soules þat beþ lele.	276
Now take care you don't talk with any man,	3it I bidde 3ou takeþ good tent þat 3e holde no parlyment Wiþ no cristen mon,	279
after the priest begins to vest,	Whon 3e come þe Churche wiþ-Inne, And 3e seo þe prest bi-ginne Take þe vestimens on :	282
or the Devil will write all you say,	þe foule fend so fel is, He writ 3or wordes I-wis On a Rolle euerichon.	285

Also witness ² seynt Austine, þat furst wit in Engeland gan lene, And preche ¹ þe treuþe bi-gon.	¹ MS. preached	288	as witness Saint Augus- tine of Eng- land.
² Ar seynt Austin In Engeland come, Wiþ pope ³ Gregori of Rome fful long tyme gon he dwelle. Vppon a day for worschupefulnesse þe Pope ³ wolde synge a Messe As him ful fayre bi-felle :	² The Mass-Book does not contain this anecdote. It is in R. Brunne's <i>Handlyng Synne</i> , p. 287-8. ³ pope erased.		When he was at Rome, he was one day called to minister as deacon by Saint Gregory
He made a signe to seynt Austyne, ffor he schulde ben his dekne digne To Rede þe gospelle.		294	
And as he radde, þen sauh he þen Two wyues, as 3e may witen, Tales þen gonne þei telle.		297	
Seynt Austin herde pis wordes alle ; In A wyndow on þe walle þer bi-fore his face		300	the Great, and he saw two women talking to- gether, whilst he read the gospel,
A foul fend he sau3 þer-In, Wiþ penne & enke & parchemin, As God 3af him þe grace ; He wrot so faste til þat he want, ffor his parchemyn-skin was so scant, To speken þei hedde such space ;		303	
Wiþ his teep he gon hit togge, And so radli he gon hit Rogge þat al þe Rolle gon race.		306	and he saw a devil also (so God gave him grace), who wrote what they said,
So harde raced he þat Rolle, þat he chopped his Cholle A3eyn þe Marbel-ston. Al þe folk I þe chirche About Was a-stoneid of þat clout And herden hit euerichone. Seynt Austin sei3 hou faste he drouh : He barst on lauh tre, and loude louh. þe Pope ⁴ ful sore gon grone, ffor serwe nei3 þe Pope ⁴ wept. After masse, Austyn he met, And Mekely made his mone.		309	but soon used his parch- ment,
		312	so he tugged it with his teeth, till it stretched,
		315	and he knocked his head against the wall.
		318	[Fol. 303, col. 2] Every one heard the blow,
		321	and St Aus- tin burst out laughing, to the great grief of the Pope, who remon- strated with him after Mass,
	⁴ Pope erased.	324	

	He made his mone wiþ mylde mod :	
charging him with madness for what he had done;	“ Whi weore þou so wikked and wod ffor to do þat dede ? A worse dede miht þou neuer done.”	327
	Austin onswerde him ful sone— þerof he hedde gret drede :	330
but he asked him not to grieve till he knew all,	“ Lord, greue 3e nouzt til þat 3e wite. A foul fend I say site— Serwe mot ben his mede !—	333
and told him the story of the women and the fiend,	Two wyues sat 3onder langare, Alle heore wordes wrot he þare Vppon a Rolle to rede.	336
	“ þei tok no tent til heore Mas : Al heore wordes more and las, He wrot hem euerichon ; ffor to speke þei hedde such space, þe fend wrot wiþ a foul face Til his Parchemyn was al gon.	339
who wrote all they said,	Whon his parchemyn was al spende, He rauhte þe Rolle bi þe ende, Wiþ his teth a-non	342
and how in stretching the parchment,	He logged, þat al in-synder gon lasch, And wiþ his hed he 3af a dasch A3eyn þe Marbel-ston.	345
he dashed his head against the marble,	“ Lord, greue 3e not for þat dunt ! He stoneyd me, and made me stunt Stille out of my steuene.	348
and that cut the saint short in his reading.	I wol sigge as I se3e, ffor a word wol I not ly3e, Be Mihtful kyng of heuene.”	351
He said as he saw, without a lie,	He ladde him forþ, as I trowe, Til he com to þe wynt-douwe þat I be-fore gon nemene :	354
and led the Pope to the window,	ffoul þei fond þer I-sched, As blac as pich was I-spred Vppon þe Aschelers euene.	357
and there they found black filth on the ashlar.	þis is wonder þing wiþ-uten drede ; þer was neuer fend blod mihte blede, He haþ nouþer flesch ne bon ;	360
This is a miracle, no doubt, for devils have no blood,		363

- But god wolde þat hit were so,
To chastise hem and oþer mo
þat to churche gun gon. 366 but it was
allowed for
correction
sake.
- Til a Masse was seid to ende,
A Mon schulde talke wíth fo nor frende,
But holde him stille as ston ; 369 Till Mass is
ended, a man
should be
stone-still,
- þat hous was mad for preyere
To Ihesu and to his Moder dere,
To þonke hem al heore lon. 372 for it is the
house of
prayer to
Jesus and
His mother.
- A**t þe wyues gon þei witen
What þei seiden whon þei siten 375 The women
had much un-
seemly talk,
- Seynt Austyn hem bi-syde,
Bi heore onswere þei wuste ful wel
þat þei hedde spoken muchel vncel,
And in heore hertes gun hyde. 378 and would
fain have kept
it secret ;
- þerfore, sires, I rede 3e loke,
God tent I wolde 3e toke,
ffor þing þat may bi-tyde, 381 so do you take
care,
- þat 3e mesure 3ou þe mare,
Of speche þat 3e ow spare,
At Masse whon þat 3e byde. 384 and moderate
your loqua-
city at Mass.
- þe Pope¹ greued him wel þe lasse ; 1 Pope erased. 387 The Pope
commanded
that the mira-
cle should
be borne in
mind,
- He let comaunden at þe Masse
Of þat Miracle to mynne,
And also bad wiþ ful good wille
þat eueri Mon schulde stonde stille
Whon he comeþ þe churche wíth-Inne ; 390 and that
every one
should be si-
lent at Mass.
- And þenke² hou wel þat god may wreke 2 MS. þenne 393 Think of
God's anger.
A word might
hinder the
priest in his
Mass,
and the whole
world might
suffer for it.
- Euerich a word þat we speke ;
We do ful muche synne :
A Prest miȝt be let of his mes,
Al þis world miȝt fare þe wers,
Vs alle to wo to wyne.— 396
- “ Vr ffader vre al-weldyng is,
God let vs neuere his murþes mis.
Lord, halwed be þi name. 399 [F. 303, col. 3]
The *Pater-
Noster*.
Here follows
a paraphrase
of the Lord's
Prayer with
a *Farsura*.
- In heuene and eorþe þi wille
Be don, and þat is skille,
Or elles we ben to blame. 402

Give us to-
day our daily
bread.

Vr vche-dayes bred 3if vs to-day.
þat we may trustily whon we schul away

To come to þi kyndame.

405

God kepe vs to vre laste endyng,

Let neuer þe fend wiþ fals fondyng

Cumbre vs in no schame."

408

The Pater-
noster should
be put aside
for no prayer,

þis pater noster schulde ben vsed

And for non orison beo refused,

I schal 3ow telle for whi :

411

for it was He
made it who
redeemed the
world from
woe.

Of his Mouþ hit was maad,

þat al þis world long and braad

Out of Bale gan buy3e.

414

Believe the
Lord's
Prayer,

Leeue hit wel, and not wene hit,

þe pater noster contened

Alle þing hollye

417

as none other
comprises all
we need in
this world
and the next.

þat vs neodeþ, and non oþer,

Boþe for þis world and þat oþer,

Quik whon we schal dye.

420

The Gospel.
Stand at the
gospel;

At þe gospel, were ful good

Studefastliche þat 3e stod,

ffor no þing þat 3e stured hit ;

423

Al 3or lykyng þer-on leip

To wite what þe prest seip,

Holliche þat 3e here hit.

426

you may
understand
none of it,
but it is
what Christ
wrought, and
it is wisdom
in the un-
learned to
honour His
work.
Now learn
that.

þau3 3e vnderstonde hit nou3t,

3e may wel wite þat god hit wrou3t,

And þerfore wisdam were hit

429

ffor to worschupe al godes werkes,

To lewed men þat ben none clerkes.

þis lesson, now go lere it.

432

exemplum.

And whi 3e schulde þis lessun lere,

Herkneþ alle and 3e may here.

And here's a
reason.

þer a Neddre hauntes,

435

3e may wel fynde, and 3e wol seche,

He vnderstond noþing þi speche

The adder
understands
not a word
of thy charm,
but she knows
thy meaning.

Whon þou hire enchauntes,

438

Neuerþeles heo wot ful wel

What is þi menyng eueri-del

Whon þat þou hire endauntes.

441

So fareþ þer vnderstondyng fayles,
þe verrey vertu 3ow alle a-vayles
þorw grace þat god 3ow grauntes.

Whon þe gospel is I-don,
3it wolde I, gode men euerichon,
þat 3e couþe 3or crede;
What tyme þat þe prest say
þat 3e miȝte 3or-self pray,
fforsoþe hit were gret nede;
And seþþe trewely trouwe þer-Inne,
And fullliche out of 3or mouþ hit mynne,
þer-to liht muche mede.
And 3if 3e trowe and wol not telle,
So dude þe fend þat from heuene felle,
And doþ hit nouht in dede,

þou3 þou neuere so trewely trowe,
Wip-oute dede ful luytel hit douwe,

So doþ þe deucl þat dredes.
But seynt Iacob, Iosepes broþer,
Seiþ þat we schal don non oþer,
In his pistel whose redes.

Such þing as þou seyst and doos,
þi Neizebor wol þerof make Roos

What lyf þat þow lede.
Wip-In a storie in þat stede
He seiþ þat trouþe is but dede
But hit be don in dede.

3it beo þer mo men lyuing in lede
þat I wolde couþe heore crede,

And whon þei couþe ken hit.
I haue I-seid as I con :

3if þer beo euer eny mon
þat seiþ he con a-mende hit,
ffaute þer-Inne 3if þat he fynde,
Mak no scornynge mo be-hynde

But aȝeyn to me he sende hit,
Or elles help þat I may here hit.

þus an Englisch as I lerne hit

I haue I-þouht to ende hit.¹ . . .

So, when not
understood,
the power of
God's word
still avails.

444

The Creed.
After the
Gospel

447

comes the
Creed.
Would that
you knew it,
and could say
it with the
priest,

450

and believed
it, as well as
said it, for
therein is
great reward;

453

but believing
without do-
ing is devil's
deed.

456

To believe
without
works is no-
thing; the
devil believes
and trembles;

459

462

and man's
praise is ac-
cording to
the life you
lead.

465

"Faith with-
out works is
dead,"
(Ja. ii. 20.)

468

still I would
more men,
that live in
the world,
knew their
creed.

471

I have done
my best to
English it—
If there is a
fault, do not
turn me into
ridicule be-
hind my
back, but let
me know of
it.

474

477

[Fol. 303 b.,
col. 1.]

¹ The Engl. text is,
however, omitted.

The reason
why day
precedes the
night.

A Resun I schal reden ow riht
Whi þe day bi-fore þe niht
Was ordeynt for to be.

483

Adam sinned.

ffor Adam of þe Appel eete,
Ihesu Crist vr bales con beete,
þat dyed vppon þe Tre ;

486

Adam for his
sin became
the prisoner
of hell,

Out of liht þat he was Inne,
In-to helle for his sinne,
Holliche þer was he ;

489

He was banischt out of blis
In-to helle, boþe he and his,

though at
first so free.

Bi-foren þat was so fre.

492

Another rea-
son—why
night before
day.

3it a Resun I schal 3ou say :
Whi þe niht bi-fore þe day
Was ordeynt, I schal 3ou telle :

495

Christ suf-
fered, and
harrowed
hell, and then
rose again
out of dark-
ness:

ffor Ihesus suffred woundes fyue,
And sippe a-Ros fro deþ to lyue,
And after herwede helle ;
Out of þesternes þorw his miht

498

He restored
Adam to the
light of para-
dise.

A3eyn he put him to þe liht
Whuch þat he fro felle,
And dude him a3eyn in paradis
þat he hedde lost boþe he & his,
Wip speche as I ow spelle.

501

504

Before the
priest washes,
don't wait for
him to ask
for the mass-
penny, but
go up and
offer.

A luytel bi-fore þe prest wasch
Let him not his offryng asch
3if þou þenke for to offre ;

507

Whon he torneþ a-non þe tille,
Go vp to him with ful good wille
And þi peny him profre.

510

Though there
is no obliga-
tion, it is well
bestowed,

þau3 þou be not þer-to in dette,
þou schalt pinke hit ful wel bi-set,
I swere bi seynt Cristofre ;

513

for it will
keep thee
from sin,
and make
thy chattel
increase in
thy strong
box.

Of sinnes hit wol make þe to sese,
And þi catel also encrese
Of seluer in þi Cofre.

516

Devotion to
be said at the
offering to
God,

But fayn I wolde þat þou þus seide
Whon þou in his hond hit leide,
Or þenk hit in þi þouht :

519

- ¹ "God, þat was In Bethleem bore, ¹ Similar prayer in Mass-
þreo kynges kneled þe beo-fore, Book, v. 247. that was born
And heore offryng brouȝt; 522 and accepted
þou tok heore offryng of alle þre: and the gifts of
So receyue þis of me, the Magi to
And forȝete me nouȝt, 525 receive thine,
þat I may euere wiþ þe wone, and that thou
And kuyndelich clepe þe godes sone, mayest dwell
On þe Roode as þou me bouȝt." 528 with Him.
Whon he haþ waschen, þen he walkes,
Priueliche and stille he stalkes
To his Auter aȝeyn. 531 After wash-
þe furste þing he doþ, wiþ-oute doute, ing the priest
To his weuede þen wol he loute, returns to the
þe soþe is nouȝt to leyn; 534 altar,
Seþþe he stondeþ vp-riht,
His hondes heueþ vpon hiht
Him-self for to sayn, 537 and crosses
þenne he torneþ him to ȝow. himself,
Cristene men, herkeneþ now and turns
And preyeþ wiþ al ȝor mayn . . . (Prayer omitted.) 540 towards the
þen he biginnes his secre; people to ask
Adoun þenne knele ȝe their prayers.
A luyte while way, 543 Then he says
Til þat he seþ *per omnia*, his *secreta*,
And seþþe *Sursum corda*.¹ ¹ cf. Mass-Book, v. 306-7. the people
What is þat to say? 546 kneeling,
Hit is a nedful note to nemen: until the *Sur-*
"Hef vp ȝor hertes in to heuen *sum corda*;
To him þat al mihtes may." 549 Heave (lift)
Seþþe schul ȝe þonke him þus up your
Of bodi and soule has ȝiuen vs, hearts.
And þus-maner schul ȝe pray . . . (Prayer omitted.)
Lustneþ alle to þis þing. cf. Mass-Book, v. 314-320.
Bi-twene þe *sanctus* and þe sakeryng
ȝe schal preye stondynge— 555 From the
Hit semes wel in þat whyle *Sanctus* to
þat god in his Exyle the consecra-
In þis world was wonynge. 558 tion, the peo-
VERNON MS. L L ple stand,

- but then
kneel and
meditate of
Christ's pas-
sion,
- Seþþe schul 3e knele a-down
And þenke vppon his passioun
þat he hedde heer suffrande,
Hou þat he suffrede woundes fyue,
And seþþe he ros from deþe to lyue
And nou has heuene in hande.
- 561
- though be-
fore the bell
rings they
may pray as
they will.
- 3it schul 3e preye for eny þing
Bi-twene þe *sanctus* and þe sakeryng
Til þat þe belle knelle.¹
- ¹ The Mass-Book, v. 336-397,
contains the prayer.
- 567
- A warning
against scorn
of the doc-
trine—go
home, ye
scorners!
- Be my troupe, wisdam weore hit
þat he heolde him stille ;
þe same mon 3e lau3whe to scorn
Was of a Mayden in Bethleem born,
Me þinke 3e don ful ille.
Whose has hoker gas hame ;
To telle hit 3ou me þinkes no schame,
I preue hit bi a Bille.
- 570
- 573
- 576
- At the eleva-
tion of the
body and also
of the blood,
- Godes fflesch he reiseth o lofte
And his blod feir and softe
In þe chalis wip-Inne :
- 579
- kneel and say
a prayer.
- þen schul 3e knele a-down
And sey a luyte orisoun,¹
- ¹ cf. Mass-Book, v. 428-436.
- ffor no þing þat 3e blynne.
God þat on þe Rode was slon,
þo two and he beoþ boþe on,
þat dyed for al monnes synne.
After þe prest his Armes spredeþ he,
In toknynghe he dyed vppon þe tre
ffor me and al mon-kunne.
- 582
- 585
- 588
- Both the
species and
the crucified
are but one.
Then the
priest spreads
his arms
cross-wise.
- Whon þe pater noster is don,
To þe Agnus dei he goþ ful son—
Her kneþ hende in halle—
“Godes lomb” hit is to sei,
“þis worldes sinne to don a-wey¹
- ¹ cf. Mass-Book, v. 516 ff.
- And haue merci on vs alle.
þe same lomb hit is to minne,
To don a-wei þis worldes synne,
To þe we crie and calle,
- 591
- 594
- 597
- After the
Lord's prayer
follows the
Agnus Dei.

Thesu, for þi miht and grace A-bate vr synnes In vch a place, þi pes mot on vs falle."	600	A prayer for strength and grace and peace.
Whon he haþ vsed, he walkeþ riht To Lauatorie þer hit is diht, ffor to wassche his hende.	603	After the priest has communi- cated, he washes again, and says the Post- communion,
So gostly he comes a-geyn, Vn-to god for to preyen Sum special grace hym sende,	606	
ffor al þe folk þat þer wore Whuch þat he haþ preyed fore þat a Masse may mende.	609	
þen to knele hit is best, Til hit cum to <i>Ite Missa est</i> Be seid in to þe ende.	612	and the peo- ple are to kneel to the end of the Mass,
þenne schul 3e knele a-doun And sei a luytel Orisoun Riht on þis Maneere—	615	and say a prayer of Saint Am- brose,
þe Orisoun is of seynt Ambrose, þat he properly in prose Made in his preyere ;	618	which he made in Latin prose,
þen to preye is ful good tyme. I con not wonder wel ryme On latin 3ou to lere,	621	
But noþeles I wol assay As neiȝ þe text as euer I may— Herkne and 3e may heere.	624	but I render it into Eng- lish verse, as well as I can.
"God þat diȝed vppon þe tre, þat þe prest receyuede bodile Vppon þe Auter-ston,	627	A prayer to our Lord,
Graunt vs grace, whon we hennes go, þat we may worþily don al so, In vre concience al-on.	630	for inward peace of conscience.
After vr dedes & we be demed, ffrom his blisse we schal be flemed, Out of þat worpli won.	633	If we were judged ac- cording to our works we should be banished from His bliss.
God graunt vs grace In wille & word We may be worpi to his bord, Vr lord leue vs þat lon."	636	

[Fol. 303 b.,
col. 3]

And pray also
to the Virgin,
and don't
forget the
gospel after
the Mass:

an indulgence
to those who
kiss the
ground, when
it is ended.

Now I have
finished,

and well
pleased I am.

I think no-
thing of my
trouble, if
you profit by
it;

but it is good
to know it,
listen who
will.

Still I have
made excep-
tion of three
things in the
mass-book;

but none has
heard tell of
better things
than I have
told,

except the
words of con-
secration,
which are for
a priest alone.

A prayer to
Christ,

3 it prei vr ladi, as I ow telle,
3 bat 3e forȝete not þe god-spelle,
ffor no þing þat may bi-falle;

Tac a good entent þer-to:

Hit is þe *In principio*

On latin þat men calle.

A 3er and fourti dayes atte lest

ffor *verbum caro factum est*

To pardoun haue 3e schalle;

Mon or wommon schul haue þis

þat kneles down þe eorþe to kis—

ffor-þi þenk on hit alle!

Now haue I endet so as is

þe Maner and þe Mede of þe Mes,

þerof I am ful bliþe,

Ne more þerof to mele wiþ mouþe,

I haue seid as I couþe,

I þonke god fele siþe.

Of my trauayle is me nouȝt;

Wolde 3e þenke hit in 3or þouȝt

And in þe chirche hit kiþe,

þen were hit lykyng of 3or mynde,

And gret cumfort to al Monkynde,

Hose wol lusten and lype.

3it is þer þreo þinges on þe Bok,

Sikerly þat I out tok

And neuer dar make in Mynde;

Hit was wel þouȝt at my likyng

I ches hit out bi heuene-kyng,

þe toþer is 3it bi-hynde.

But better þing þen I haue told,

Herde 3e neuere of 3ong ne old,

On ground þat men may fynde;

Saue fyue wordes, wiþ-uten drede,

þat no mon but a prest schulde rede

Is comen of cristen kynde.

God þat dyȝed vppon þe Roode,

þat bouȝt vs wiþ his blessed blode

Vp-on þe harde tre,

639

642

645

648

651

654

657

660

663

666

669

672

675

3iue vs grace, bope more and lasse,		for grace,
þorw þe vertu of þe Masse		
Vr soules mai saued be.	678	unto salva- tion.
ffader & Sone and Holigost,		
As þou art lord of mihtes most		
And sittes In Trinite,	681	A prayer to the holy Tri- nity against hell-torment.
Whon we schal dye, no lengor dwelle,		
Kep vs from þe pyne of helle,		
AMEN ffor charite. ¹	684	

¹ Then follows, fol. 303, þe guldene trentat—Pope Gregory's, p. 260-7 above—repeated, with quite the same text.

[XLVIII. Sayings of St. Bernard:
Man's three Foes.]¹

Her telleþ seynt Bernard
Mon haþ preo enemys hard.

Seint Bernard seiþ in his Bok
þat Mon is worm & wormes Cok,
And wormes he schal feden ;
Whon his lyf is him bi-reued,
In his Rug and in his heued
Wol foule wormes bredden.

St. Bernard
says that man
shall feed and
breed worms.

3

6

¹ Title in Index : þat a man had þre enemys. The same poem is extant in MS. Laud 108 (together with the Vision of St. Paul), ed. by me in Herrig's Archiv 1874, and MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 106, ed. in Wright, Spec. of lyric poetry, p. 101.

MS. Laud 108, fol. 198 a.

MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 106 a.

HErkniez me a luytel þrowe,
3e þat wollez ou-self i-knowe,
Wise þei 3e beo :
Ichulle ou telle, ase ich can,
3wat holie writ spekez of Man,
3if 3e wullez i-heore me.
Seint bernard seith in his bok
þat man is worm and wormes cok,
For he schal wormes fede ;
3wan his lijf him is bi-reued,
In his rug and in his heued
Schullen grisliche wormes brede.

Lustneþ alle a lutel þrowe,
3e þat wollep ou-selue y-knowe,
Vnwys þaþ y be :
Ichulle telle ou ase y con
Hou holy wryt spekeþ of mon—
Herkneþ nou to me.
þe holy mon sayþ in is bok
þat mon is worm & wormes kok,
Ant wormes he shal vede ;
When is lif is hym by-reued,
In is rug & in ys heued
He shal foule wormes brede.

3

6

9

3

6

9

12

Man's flesh
shal melt
from his
bones.

þe fflesch schal melten from þe bon,
þe Senewes sundren euerichon,
þe Bodi schal de-fyen ; 9
And 3e þat wolen þe soþe sen,
Vnder þe graues þer þey ben,
And lokeþ hou þei ly3en. 12

þ^I fflesch fi3teþ a3eyn þi gost.
Whon þou schalt dyen þou hit nost,
Wheþer day or niht ; 15
Woltou niltou, þou schalt dy3en,
Ne may no Raun3oun þe for-buy3en—
þou greiþ þe whil þou miht ! 18

Man must
die.

He has no
sure home.

Mon, þou art of feble fom,
þow ne hast her no siker hom,
3if þow bi-seo þe ariht ; 21
Vre riht wonynge were elles-where.
Lord let vs comen þere
ffor his muchele miht. 24

*MS. Laud 108.**MS. Harl. 2253.*

þi fleschs schal melte fram þe bon, þi senues sundriez euerrech-on, þi bodi schal al to-sie. 15	þe fleyhs shal rotie from þe bon, þe senewes vntuen eueruchon, þe body shal to-fye. 15
3e þat wollez þe soþe i-seo, Vndoz þe burieles þare hi beoz, And lokiez 3wat þare lie. 18	3e þat wollez þat soþe y-suen, Vnder grases, þer hue buen, By-holdeþ whet þer lye. 18

Man, þu art a feble fom ; Here nast þou no siker hom, I segge it þe wel stille. 21	Mon is mad of feble fom, Ne hap he no syker hom To stunte alle-vey stille ; 21
þi rihte hom is elles-3wer— Ihesus us graunti to come þer, 3wan it is his wille. 24	Ys ryhte stude is elles-wher— Ihesu, bring vs alle þer, 3ef hit be þy wille. 24

þi flesch stant a-3ein þi gost ; 3wanne þu schalt deize, þu it nost, Noþur day ne ny3ht. 27	þe fleysh stont a3eyn þe gost When þou shalt deize, ner þou nost, Noþur day ne nyht ; 27
Nedescostes þou most deize, Ne may no raunchoun þe fur-buye— Striue þe 3wile þou miht ! 30	On stede ne sitte þou ner so heze, 3et a-last þou shalt deize— Greyþ þe whil þou myht. 30

Of feble froþ, Mon, is þi lyf,		His life is tūt froth,
Whon deþ draweþ his kene knyf,		
I rede þat þou þe schryue ;	27	
ffor 3if þou be-seo þi-self a-riht,		
ffinstou not her but flit & fliht,		
Whiles þou art in þis lyue.	30	
Vnstable is þi lyf I-diht,		and unstable.
Nou art þou heuy, nou artou liht,		
Sturtynde as a Ro ;	33	
Nou þou richest, & now þou porest,		
Nou art þou sek, now þou rekeuerest,		
In wandreþ and In wo.	36	
þi flesch seiþ Niht and day		The Flesh and the Soul
"I wole haue ese while I may,"		
þi soule seiþ "nay,	39	
Ac 3if þou bere hit to muchel meþ,		
Hit wol þe worchen soule deþ		
And wo þat la[s]teþ ay."	42	

*MS. Laud 108.**MS. Harl. 2253.*

Of feble wynd, man, is þi lijf,		In false wonyng is monnes lyf,	
3wanne dez drawez is scharpe knyf,		When deþ draweþ is sharpe knyf,	
þou do þe sone to schriue ;	33	Do þe sone to shryue ;	33
For, 3if þat þou canst loken ariht,		ffor 3ef þou const loke a-riht,	
Ne hast þou here bote fizht,		Nast þou noþyng bote fyght	
þe 3wile þou ar aliue.	36	Whil þou art a-lyue.	36
[fol. 198 b.]			
Nov þu art wrong, nov þu art ry3ht,		Nou þou hast wrong, & nou ryht,	
Nou þou art heuy, nou þu art ly3ht,		Nou þou art heuy & nou lyht,	
þou lepest also a ro ;	39	þou lepest ase a roo ;	39
Nov þu art sik, nou þou art coueret,		Nou þou art sekest & nou holest,	
Nov þou art riche, nou þu art pouere—		Nou þou art rychest & nou porest—	
Ne is þis muche wo ?	42	Nis þis muche woo ?	42
þi flesch þe seith boþe niht and day :		þy fleysh ne swy[n]keþ nyht ne day,	
"Ichulle habbe ayse þe 3wile i may."		Hit wol han eyse whil hit may,	
þi soule seith a-3ein him "nay !	45	Ant þe soule sayþ : "nay,	45
3if ich am a3ein þe of muche meth,		3ef ich þe buere to muche meþ,	
þou bringust me to helle to þe deth,		þou wolt me bringe to helle-deþ,	
And to wo þat lastez ay."	48	Ant wo þat lasteþ ay."	48

are ever at strife,	þus striueþ euer more þei two, þat on eggeþ to, þat oþur fro, Ne conne þei neuer blynne ;	45
yet the Soul ought to rule.	Ac, wel we mowen vs-seluen i-sen, þe soule ouȝte Maister ben Al þe pris for to wynne.	48
	Mon, I rede þat þou be wys, And ȝif þou falle, sone arys, Ne ligge þou none stounde.	51
	ffor ȝif þou worche wel wiþ þis, þe godspel seiþ, and soþ hit is, þat þou hast blisse I-founde.	54
Look, man, at what comes out of thee.	Mon, beo nouȝt þi-self vn-couþ, Ac loke what comeþ out at þi Mouþ And elles-wher a-bouten ;	57
No so vile dung-heap exists.	And ȝif þou nyme rihtliche keep, ffyndest þou non so vyl donge-hep, Wiþ-Innen no wiþ-owten.	60
But in it is a precious soul.	Ac þou hast in þat vyle hous A þing þat is ful precious, And dere it was I-bouht ;	63

*MS. Laud 108.**MS. Harl. 2253.*

þus it farez bi-twene heom to, þat on seith "let," þat oþur seith "do," Ne connen huy neuere blinne.	51	þus hit geþ bi-tuene hem tuo, þat on seiþ "let," þat oþer seiþ "do." Ne wune hue nout lynne ;"	51
Ake wel ȝe mouwen ov-self i-seo : þe soule ouȝhte maister to beo, þe maistrie for to winne.	54	Wel we mowe alle y-se þe soule shulde maister be, þe pris forte wynne.	54
A, man, ne beo nouȝt þi-sulf vnkouth, Loke ȝwat comez out of þi mouth, And elles-ȝware with-oute.	57	Ne be þe nout þi fleish vncouþ, Loke whet comeþ out of þy mouþ, And elles-wher wyþ-oute ;	57
ȝif þou wolt nime wel guod kepe, þou ne findest bote a foul dounge hepe, þei þou loke þe al a-boute.	60	ȝef þou nymest wel god keep, Ne fyndest þou non so fyl dung-heep, Ant þou loke a-boute.	60
Man, þu hast in þi foule hous A deoreworþe þing and precious, And ful deore it was a-bouȝht.	63	Nou þou hast in þat foul hous A þyng þat is ful precious, iful duere hit ys a-boht ;	63

Ac I þe holde for wylde and wood,
 3if þou 3iue so muchel good
 To þe ffeond for nouht. 66

Mon, þou hast preo luþer fon,
 Heore nomes con I wel vchon
 3if I schal touchen alle : 69
 þyn oune flesch, þe world, þe fend.
 Ac he þat schulde best be þi frend
 Doþ þe rapest to falle, 72

Man's three
foes are

the Flesh, the
World, and
the Fiend.

And þat is þi flesch, þi furste fo,
 þat þou pamprest and seruest so,
 3if ich hit dorste seyen. 75
 þou dost þi soule mucche wrong,
 Whon þou makest his fo so strong
 To fihten him a3eyn. 78

The first is
the Flesh.

You wrong
your soul by
strengthen-
ing its foe.

MS. Laud 108.

MS. Harl. 2253.

Ich holde þe more þane wod,
 3if [þou] letest so mucche guod
 þe feond habbe al for nouȝt. 66

Icholde þe ful wilde & wod,
 3ef þou lesest so mucche god,
 And 3euest hit for noht. 66

Man, beo þou i-war and eke wys :
 3if þou doun fallest, sone aris,
 Ne lie þou none stounde. 69
 With al þi might 3if þou dost þis,
 þi soule þe seyth, and soth it is,
 þat blisse þou hast i-founde. 72

Mon, be war & eke wis
 3ef þou fallest, sone a-rys,
 Ne by þou none stounde ; 69
 Wiþ al þi myhte þou do þis,
 þy soule siþþ, & soþ hit ys
 Blysse ichaue y-founde. 72

Man, þou hauest preo wicke fon.
 Heore names i can nemme echon,
 3if ich schal tellen hem alle : 75
 þin owene flechs, þe world, þe feond.
 And he þat best scholde beo þi freond,
 Maketh þe rapest doun falle. 78

Mon, þou hauest wicked fon,
 þe alre-worst is þat on (!),
 Here nomes y shal telle ; 75
 þyn oune fleysh þy worst is fend (!) ;
 þat best schulde be þy frend,
 þat most doþ þe to quelle. 78

þou clopest him with fair[e] schroud,
 þou makest þi fo fat and proud,
 To fyhte þe a-3ein ; 81
 þou dost þi-sulf wel mucche wronk :
 þou makest þi fo fat and strong,
 3if ich it dorste seyen. 84

þou clopest him in feir[e] shroud,
 Ant makest þy fomon fat & proud,
 3ef y durste seyn ; 81
 þou dest þy-selue mucche wrong,
 þou makest him bo fat & strong,
 To fyhte þe a3eyn. 84

¹Of þe furste fo so fel ¹ From here MS. Vernon differs from the other MSS.

Muche wonder hit is to tel,

Hose schulde riht be-gynne: 81

þat such a foul stinkynde sek

Haþ such a burþen in his nek

Of serwe and of synne. 84

Your carrion
is but worms'
food;

þis Careyn þat þou berest a-bouten,

So vyl wiþ-Innen and wiþ-outen,

A luytel wormes mete; 87

Euer þe bet þat þou him do,

Siker be þou, euer-mo

þe worse he wol þe gete. 90

And ȝif þou þenke her-vppon

Hou vyl a vessel hit is on,

ffor al þe metes and drynkes, 93

it stinks
and tastes
horribly.

Hou hit schal fouloure smelle & smake

þen eny careyne þat is forsake

Of best þat breþe stinkes. 96

ffor hose bi-heolde þi bodi ariht

After þi deþ a fourtene niht,

Neore he þi frend neuer so good, 99

þat he nolde hiȝen him away

And þynken seuen ȝer of a day

þat he bi þe stod.— 102

Man's 2nd
foe is the
World.

þyn oper fo Is a wonder þing,
þis world, wiþ diuerse fondyng

Tempteþ þe more & more; 105

MS. Laud 108.

Man, do þu bi conseil and bi red
And with-drauz þou him of is bred,

And watur ȝif him to drinke; 87

Ne lat him no-þing Idel gon,

Ake do him pines mani on,

And ofte forto swynke. 90

To coueitise of mani þing

þe world þe drawez a misliking;

A-ȝeynes þe more and more. 93

MS. Harl. 2253.

Do my counsail & my reed:

Wiþ-drah hym ofte of is breed,

Ant ȝef him water drynke; 87

Ne let hym noþing ydel go,

Bote pyne do hym & wo,

Ant ofte let hym swynke. 90

Coueytise of mony þing

þe world þe bringeþ in fleish lykyng,

Ant ȝeueþ þe more & more; 93

ffals hit is and feir hit semeþ,		The world is false.
And whon hit aller best þe qwemeþ,		
Hit greueþ þe ful sore.	108	
þis ffo hap so ablendet þe		
þat þou miȝt nouȝt bi-fore þe se		
How vyl þou art and pore,	111	
Hou bare in to þis world þou come,		
Ne hou bare þou wendest home		
In to þi puttes ore.	114	
He scheweþ þe wele & worldes wyȝne		It tempts you with pleasures.
And dilyces so mony kinne,		
And eggeþ þe þer-to ;	117	
He reueþ þe mony a nihtes rest.		
fforsake schuldestou such a gest		
þat þe con seruen so.	120	
ffor whon þou hast gedred al þi pride,		
Comeþ deþ on þat oþer syde		But Death robs you of them,
And reueþ þe al I-feere.	123	
And whon he hap þe doun I-cast,		
He wol deceyuen þe atte last,		
As hit þin neuer nere.	126	
Ac to þi put he wol þe leden,		
And leue þe þere wormes to feden—		
Loke whuch a seruise !	129	
He serueþ þe of & of no more ;		
þat al þi lyue lustnest his lore,		
He quyteþ þe on þis wyse.	132	
And riȝt so schaltou go þi wey		and leaves you naked and bare.
Naked and bare—weylawey !		
Wrecche, hou hastou sped !	135	

MS. Laud 108.

Fals he is and fayr he semeȝ ;
 Alre best ȝwane he þe quemeȝ,
 He þe bindez sore. 96
 þou wost þis world schal gon to nouȝt ;
 Ne hast þou no þing hidere i-brouȝt,
 Ne nouȝt ne schalt here with þe.
 þou schalt al one gon þi wey, 100
 With-uten stede and palefrey,
 With-oute gold and feo. 102

MS. Harl. 2253.

ffals he is & feyr he semeþ,
 Alre-best when he þe quemeþ
 He byndeþ þe fol sore. 96
 þenne shal he go to noht :
 Nast þou noþing hyder y-broht,
 Ne nout shalt buere wyþ þe ; 99
 þou shalt al one go þy wey,
 Wiþ-oute stede & palefrey,
 Wiþ-oute gold & fee. 102

And ȝif þou haue eny good wrouȝt
In word, in werk or in þouȝt,
þat berest þou to þi bed. 138

Man's 3rd foe
is the foul
Fiend of Hell.

þE þridde fo, I may þe telle,
þat is þe foule fend of helle,
þe worste fo of alle. 141

Vnderstonde, he loueþ þe nouȝt,
He wol chaungen al þi þouȝt
And maken þe foule to falle. 144

Vnderstonde, he noldē þe no good,
He wolde marren al þi mood—
þow war þe from his hok ! 147

Beware of
his hook

And ȝif þou do as I þe seye,
Al his wrenches miht þou leye

and crook !

Al mid his oune crok.* 150

MS. Laud 108.

þi þridde fo is þe foule wight,
þat fondeth boþe day and nyȝt
With his guyles alle. 105

Wel þou wost he ne louez þe nouȝt,
He fondeȝ ay to chaungen þi þouȝt,
And makeȝ þe forto falle. 108

þou wost wel he nele þe no guod,
He wolde hauen þin herte-blod—
Beo iwar of his hok ! 111

Ake do ase ich þe habbe i-seid,
And þine þreo fon worþez a-leyd
With heore owene Crok.* 114

ȝif þu seist "þis spel is hard,
I ne may nouȝt holde þis foreward,
Holde ne wel it driȝe," 117

A luytel þing ich axi þe—
þou seie it me par charite—
þat þou me nouȝt ne lye ! 120

ȝware beoth nou þei þat bi-fore us
weren,

þat houndes ladden and hauekes beren
And hadden field and wode ? 123

þis riche leuedies in heore bour,
þet wereden gold on heore tressour,
With heore briȝhte rode ? 126

MS. Harl. 2253.

Lucifer, þat foule wyht,
þat wes him-selue so feyr & bryht,
þurh prude fel to helle ; 105

Wiþ foule wille & foul þoht
He fondeþ bringe þe to noht,
Ant þe forte quelle. 108

þenç þat he þe nes nout god,
He wolde haue þyn huerte-blod—
War þe for his hokes ! 111

Do nou ase ichaue þe seyð,
Ant alle þre shule ben a-leyd
Wiþ huere foule crokes.* 114

ȝef þou seist "my spel ys hard,"
þat þou ne miht þis foreward
Holde ne dreȝe, 117

A lutel þyng y aske þe—
Sey me soþ, par charite,
þer-of þat þou ne leȝe ! 120

Wher beþ hue þat by-foren vs
were,

Lordes, ledyes, þat hauekes bere,
Haden feld & wode ? 123

þe ryche ledies is huere bour
þat wereden gold on huere tressour,
Wiþ huere bryhte rode ? 126

MS. Laud 108. (*fol.* 199 a).

Huy eten and dronken and maden
hem glad,
Here lyf was al in Ioye a-lad,
Men knevleden hem bi-fore ; 129
Huy beren heom here so swiþe heyþe
þat þoruþ twinklingues of heore eyzen
Heore soules beon alle for-lore. 132

þware beoz þulke þat couþen so wel
With vnriþhte and wrongliche echdel
Winne rentes and londes, 135
And nolden nouþht here beon aknowe
þat it was unriþhtfulliche heore owe,
For þe worldes schonde? 138

þulke þat deiden on vrþe here
And wonnen ouþht in swuch manere,
Londes oþur rente, 141
For soþe i segge it eou to-wisse,
Huy ne comiez neuere in heuene-
b[*l*isse,
Ake in helle huy schullen stunte.

þei huy ligge sike longue
And in heore dez-bedde þienchez "mid
wronge
To þulke þing we come," 147
Fain huy wolden, hadden huy space,
Ake manie nabbez þer-to no grace,
To ȝelden a-ȝein eft-sone. 150

þare seith þe bok a-pliþht
þat eorl ne baroun cler[c] ne knyþht,
Bachelere ne sweyn, 153
Noþing ne mouwe huy with onriþht.
In þis manere habbe no wiþht,
Bote huy it ȝelden aȝein. 156

þware is þis hoppingue and þis song,
þis ridingue and þis proute zong,
þis hauekes and þis houndes? 159
Al þat weole is went awey ;
þat Joyþe is come to weilawey,
And to mani harde stoundes. 162

þole þou, man, ȝif þat þou miþht,
A luyte pine þat man þe bit ;
With-draugh pine ayses ofte. 165
þei pine pines þe þinchen on-lede,
þou þench opon þe muclele mede :
Hit schal þe liken softe. 168

MS. Harl. 2253.

Hue eten & dronken & maden huem
glad,
Huere lyf al wiþ ioie y-lad,
Me knelede huem by-fore ; 129
Hue beren huem so swyþe heþe,
And in a twynglyng of an eþe
So hue weren for-lore. 132

Wher bueþ hue, þy wedes longe?
þis muclele murþe, ioie, & songe?
þis hauekes & þis houndes? 135
Al þat weole is wend a-way,
Ant al is turnd to weylaway,
To monye harde stoundes. 138

Huere paraís hue maden here
Ant nou hue liggeþ in helle yfere,
þat fur huem berneþ euer ; 141
Stronge y-pyne & stronge in wo,
Longe is ay & longe ys o,
Out ne comeþ hue neuer. 144

If the Fiend
tempts thee
into sin,

3if þe fend þorw his fondyng
Or for defaute of wiþ-stondyng
In eny synne haþ þe cast, 153
A-Rys vp as a Champioun,
Stond stif and fal no more a-doun
ffor such a wyndes blast. 156

take Christ
as thy shield,

þow go In to þe feire feld
And tak vr lord to þi scheld,
þin hond þou strecche and fonde, 159
And þenk vpon him wiþ mylde mod
þat for þe 3af his herte-blod
And get þat lyflich londe. 162

the Cross as
thy staff,

þow take þe crois to þi staf
And þenk on him þat þeron 3af
His lyf þat was so lef; 165
Wite wel þi fot wiþ stauens ord
And mak þe traytur speke þe word
And wreke þe on þat þef. 168

and fight for
heaven's
bliss.

ffliht faste for þyn owne riht
And get þe heuene-blisse briht,
While þou hast tyme þer-to; 171
þin owne heritage hit is,
And þerof schaltou neuer mis
But 3if þou hit fordo. 174

MS. Laud 108.

MS. Harl. 2253.

3if þe feond, þat foule þing,
With wicke roun oþur vuel egging
Hauez þe ene a-kast, 171
Op stond and beo guod Chaumpiun,
And ne fal þou non more a-doun
For a luytel blast. 174

þou tak þe rode to þi staf,
And þenk on him þat þaron 3af
His lif þat was so leof; 177
He 3af it for þe, þou zeld it him;
A-3ein is fo a staf þu nim
And awreke him on þat þeof! 180

3ef þe feond, þe foule þyng,
þourh wycked werk oþer eggyng
A-doun haþ þe y-cast, 147
Vp, & be god champioun,
Stond & fal no more a-doun
For a lutel blast, 150

Tac þe rode to þy staf,
Ant þenke on him þat for þe 3af
His lyf þat was so luef; 153
He hit 3ef, þou þonke hym;
A-3eyn þy fo such staf þou nym,
Ant wreke þe on þat þuef. 156

Ac 3if þow haue wel in muynde		Remember thy coming death!
Hou feble þat þou art of kuynde,		
And hou þou gost to nouȝt,	177	
Hit mihte wel þin herte whetten		
And of flesches lustes letten,		
Weore þou wel bi-þouȝt.	180	
Where ben heo þat bi-foren vs weren,		Thy foregoers
þat houndes ladden & haukes beeren		
And hedden feld and wode ;	183	
þis Riche ladys in heore bour,		
þat wereden gold in heore tressour,		
Wiþ heore brihte rode ?	186	
þei eeten and dronken & maden hem glad,		ate, drank, and made glad,
In Ioye was al heore lyf I-lad,		
Men knelede hem bi-foren :	189	
þei beren hem here so stout and hiȝe,		
Ac in twynklyng of an eiȝe		
Heore soules were for-loren.	192	but lost their souls.
Wher is þat gomen and þat song,		
þat traylyng & þat comelich ȝong,		
þo haukes and þe houndes ?	195	
Al þat Ioye is went a-wey,		
Heore weole is comen to weilaweī,		
To monye harde stoundes.	198	
Heore paradys þei hedden hyr, ¹	¹ r. her	Their Para- dise was here. Now they are in Hell,
And now þei liggen in helle-fyr, ²	² r. fer	
þer pit and peyne is euere ;	201	
Strong is þere in peyne and wo,		
Ac hopen þar hem neuer-mo,		
ffor out ne comen þei neuere.	204	
Allas, þat þei euere were boren or bred		
þat heer on eorþe such lyf han led		
And deserued such meedes,	207	
To brennen in þe fuir of helle,		burning for ever.
Euer-more þer-Inne to dwelle		
And glowen in þo gledes !	210	

Mary, help	Ac Moder & Mayden, heuene-Qween, As we hopen þat þou wol ben Vr warant from þe fende :	213
us to flee sin and live with Christ!	þou help vs dedly synne to fleen, And þat we mote þi sone seen World wip-uten ende. AMEN. ¹	216

MS. Laud 108.

Marie, moder, houene-quen, þou canst, and might, and owest to ben Ore help aȝein þe feonde :	183
Help us sunnes forto fleon, þat we moten þi sone i-seon In Joye with-uten ende. Amen.	186

[XLIX. *Proverbes of diuerse profetes and
of poetes and of opur seyntes.*]²

I send you a present of good teach- ing,	<i>C</i> her amys, receuez de moy Vn ben present ke vous enuoy, Nunpas de or ne de Argent, Mes de bon enseignement ; Ki en escripture ai troue E de latin translate En comun langage pur amis Ke de clergie ne ount a-pris. Trestut est sen e verite Ke issi trouerez en Romaunce.	[fol. ccvi.] 5 10
translated from Latin into		
French (and English).		

¹ Then follows 'Kyng of Thars,' ed., with MS. Auchinl., in *Engl. Stud.*

² So the title in Index. Similar collections of sayings of famous men, in prose, are frequent in northern MSS. (f. i. Rawl. A, Bodl. 938). A collection, comprising all the sayings of 'Philosophers' under each name, is Caxton's 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,' fol. (1st ed. Westm., 1477, 2nd ed. Westm., 1480?, 3rd ed. Westm., 1490?—the 1st ed. being the 1st book printed in England; it was reproduced from Christie Miller's perfect copy by W. Blades, London 1877). These were originally compiled in Latin ab. 1350, and in 1410 translated into French by Guillaume de Tignonville, from which version Earl Rivers made the English transl. ed. by Caxton: (it contains Sayings of Sedechias, Hermes, Tac, Zalquinus, Omer, Solon, Sabyon, Ypocras, Pitagoras, Dyogenes, Socrates, Platon, Aristotle, Alexander Tholome, Assaron, Legmon, Anese, Sacdarge, Thesille, S. Gregorie, Galyen). Lord Tollemache has a varying MS of the *Dictes*.

Ki ben len entent e souent list, [Fol. 307, col. 2] (11)
Prou en auera e delist ;
Dount cely seit de dieu benet
Ki sa entente bien i mest.

DAUID.

I*ncium sapiencie timor domini.*
Li sages dit en soun lyuere (15)
Ke comencement de bien viure
Sour tote rien est de doter
Dampne dieu e honourer.
 þe wyse mon in his bok hap þis seying 15
 þat þe biginnyng of good liuyng
 Ouer alle þing is God to drede
 And him to worschupe wiþ al vr spede. 18

The fear of
God is the
beginning of
good living.

SALOMON.

I*n bonis sit cor tuum in diebus iuuentutis tue.*
Le Auctor dit ke vostre entente (19)
Deuez mettre en ta iuente
De touzt pecches vous retrere,
E bones heueres¹ user e fere.
 þis Auctor seiþ verreyment 19
 þat in þi zouþe þou schalt do þin entent
 To wiþ-drawe þe fro sinnes euer-mo,
 And goode werkes vse and do. 22

¹ = oeuvres

Do good
works in thy
youth.

A*udendo crescit virtus, tardando timor.*
Cum plus targeþ de bien ouerer (23)
Plus serrez pourous de comencer ;
Par comencement vertu acrest,
E par targer retret est.

þe lattor pou art of good worching 23
 þe more feruol þou schalt be of bi-ginnyng ;
 ffor þorw bi-ginnyng vertu encreseþ,
 And þorw latschipe hit is wiþ-drawe & ceseþ. 26

Virtue grows
by early
action, but
dwindles by
delay.

ISAYAS.

S*ola vexacio dabit intellectum.*
En trauaile mettez cors e quer (27)
Pur la parole dieu oyer ;
Kar par parole len quert sen,
E par sen se garde len. (30)

VERNON MS.

M M

Give body and
soul to hear-
ing God's
word.

In trauayle set bodi and herte i-fere 27
Godes word ay wel to here ;
ffor þorw word lernen wit men,
And be wit Men kepen hem þen. 30

SALAMON.

*Qui odit correpcionem insipiens erit ; melius est
enim a sapiente corripì quam a stulto adulari.*
Si vous hayez de estre reprys, (31)
Ne serrez iammes ben a-pris ;
Meuz vaut tenson de veir disour
Ke deceyte de lonsengour.

Don't despise
the reproof
of a truth-
teller.

3if þou hate to be repreyuet auht, 31
Schalt þou neuer be wel I-tauht ;
Bette is chidyng of a soþ seyere
þen deceyuyng of a losyngere. 34

IEREMIAS.

Confessori monstra delictum.
Si vous auez de ren mesfet (35)
E puis defendez vostre fest,
Pluis est dieu de ceo greue
Ke eynz ne fust del pecche.

Defending a
sin is worse
than sinning.

3if þou hast don azeyn god auis 35
And after defendest hit I-wis,
God is more greuet of þat defendyng
þen of þe furste sungyng. 38

IACOB.

Non est hic aliud nisi domus dei & porta celi.
Souent hauntez les mosters (39)
E la dieu priez volunters ;
la porte de ciel oy nomer,
par ou vus couent le cel entrer.

Go oft to
Church,
the Gate of
Heaven.

Ofte to churche loke þow sterte 39
And prei þer to god wiþ al þin herte ;
þe 3ate of heuene I haue herd hit cald,
Be þe w3uche in to heuene entre þou schalt. 42

SALAMON.

Vis habere imperium, impera tibi.
Si vous desirez graunt honour, (43)
Ieo vous fray Emperour :

*Emperour le dey nomer**Ki sei meymes set Iusticer.*

3if þou desyre gretliche honour,
 I schal þe make an Emperour ;
 An Emperour I schal him calle
 þat con him-self Iustifie (!) ouer alle.

43 He who can
 judge himself
 is an Em-
 peror.

46

Noli¹ auertere faciem tuam ab illo paupere.

Si vus desirez de dieu la grace, ¹ MS. Volo

(47)

De nuly poure turneþ la face,

Ke dieu ne turne sa face de vous—

Si dit le sage a nous tous.

3if þou desyre of god to haue grace,
 ffrom no pore mon turne þi face,
 Leste god turne his face ffrom þe—
 þe wise mon techeth alle þus, parde.

47 Turn not thy
 face from the
 poor!

50

TOBIAS.

Si multum tibi fuerit, habundanter tribue.

Si poy as, poy durras,

(51)

E durras mout si mout as ;

Si rien ne as mout durras

Quaunt de doner la volunte as.

3if þou haue luytel, luitel 3iue and do ;
 3if þou haue muchel, muche 3iue also ;
 3if þou haue nouzt, muche þou schalt 3iue
 And þi wille be to 3iue 3if þou were I-þriue.

51 If thou hast
 little, give
 little ;
 if nothing,
 have the will
 to give.

54

RAPHAEL.

Elemosina purgat peccata & facit inueniri vitam eternam.

Bon est estre augmoners ;

(55)

Deuz bens est pur ce apparaylers :

De ces pecches remissioun,

E vye perdurable en guerdoun.

Hit is good to don almes-dede,
 ffor twei godes ben crdeynt to þi mede :
 On is of þi sunnes remission,
 þat toþur euer-lastinge lyf to þi gerdon.

55 Almsgiving
 wins thee re-
 mission of
 sins, and
 everlasting
 life.

58

SENECA.

Auarus nullis est bonus, in se pessimus.

Mal est estre trop auers,

(59)

Deu3 mauls est pur ce aparrayles :
De sa malice longe record,
E peyne horrible a-pres la mort.

Avarice
brings pun-
ishment after
death.

Hit is eucl to ben auerous, 59
 Tweyn eucl þingus þefore ben ordeynt to vs :
 Long record of þat malice,
 And horrible peyne for suche vice. 62

SENECA.

*Conscienciam potius quam famam time; nullum
 magis time quam te ipsum: alium effugere
 potes, te ipsum numquam.*

Plus dote3 ta conscience (63)

Ke de nul autre la presence ;

Ta conscience ne eschaperez,

Autri presence bien porrez.

Fear thy con-
science more
than men.

Loke þou doute more þi concience 63
 þen oþer mennes presence ;
 þin oune concience mai3t þou not skap,
 Oþur mennes presence þou mai3t in hap. 66

SENECA.

Non viuas aliter in solitudine quam in foro.
Vsez de fere priuement (67)

Cum fere vole3 de-vaunt la gent,

Ou par cas vous eschapera

ffet ou dit ke mes auendra.

Act in private
as you do in
public.

Vse þe to do priueliche 67
 As þou wolt do to-fore men openliche,
 Or elles paraunter þe may askap
 Word or dede or sum mis hap. 70

SENECA.

Quid communicabit cacabus ad ollam.
Ne vous bote3 trop auaunt (71)

De quere greuaunce al puissaunt ;

Rien ne vaut au pot de tere

Countre le Caudron tener quere.

Don't annoy
a powerful
man.
An earthen
pot can't
fight with a
caldron.

Put þe not to ferforþ, I rede now, 71
 To greue him þat is mihtyore þen þow ;
 Hit nis not worþ an old Botoun
 An eorþene pot to fihte wiþ a Caudroun. 74

SERAFYN.

Pondus super se tollit qui diciori se socius fuerit.

Ne trop ne querez especiaute (75)

De homme ki est en dignete ;

Vos beaus presens receiuera,

Si rien ne ly donez il vous greuera,

Si poure deuenez il vous mokera—

De autre bounte ne esperez ia. (80)

Drau3 vppon þe no specialte 75

Of Mon þat is of gret dignite ;

þi feire presentes he wole receue,

3if þou 3iue nouzt he wole þe greue,

3if þou waxe pore he wol skorne þe—

Wayte of him neuere oþer bounte. 80

Don't seek
after great
folk.

They'll take
your gifts,
and scorn
you.

SALOMON.

Melius est vicinus iuxta quam f[r]ater procul.

De vostre veisyn pres de vous (81)

Seyez tendre e gelous ;

Kar meu3 vaut bon veisyn

Ke ne fet frere loyn3 tain.

Of þi neiȝebor þat neiȝ is to þe 81

Be þou tendre and haue him in cherte ;

ffor bettre is a neiȝebore neiȝe

þen a broþur fer fro þin eiȝe. 84

Be kind to
your neigh-
bour.

SENECA.

A cceptum beneficium eterne memorie est inserendum.

Ne metez iammes en obly (85)

Vn bien-fet de vostre amy ;

En quer vus soit tut-Iours tenu

Le bien ke auez vne feȝ receu.

ffor-ȝete þou neuere out of þi mynde 85

A benfet don of þi frende ;

In herte loke þou holde stedefast

þe benfet þat þou ones hast. 88

Never forget
a benefit.

SERAFYN.

Stude meditari, si bene velis fari.

Si vne pense vous saut enquer, (89)

Ne seȝez pas primesauter

*De fere ou dyre ceke pensez,**De-vaunt ceke vus seiez bien auysez.*Think well
before you
speak.

3if in þin herte falle a þouȝt, 89

To hasti loke þat þou be nouȝt

To do oper speke þin entent,

Til þou haue take good auysement. 92

SENECA.

*Ne petas quod negaturus es,**Nec neges quod petiturus es.**Ne priez iammes a vostre amy* (93)*Chose ke vus ne frez a ly ;**Ne vus ne deuez pas nyer,*¹ ^{1 MS. nyer}*Ce ke est a demaunder.*Don't ask
your friend
for a thing
that you'd
deny him.

Prei not þi frend to bisilye 93

Of þing þat þou woldes him denye ;

Ne denye þou not þat is asked þe,

3if hit^t be couenable asked to be. 96

SENECA.

*Qui beneficium dare nescit in-iuste petit.**Ki mout ad e rien ne doyne,* (97)*Pur demaunder mot ne soyne ;**En demaundaunt quert hountage**Ki ne jet a autres nul auauntage.*If you'll not
give, don't
ask for any-
thing.

Hose hap muche and nul not 3iue, 97

Ouȝt to aske he nis not þriue ;

In his askyng he geteþ hountage

þat to non opur wole do auauntage. 100

SENECA.

*Beneficium accipere est libertatem vendere.**Cil est franc pur fere dreyt* (101)*Ki doun ne present ne receyt ;**Ky doun receit sanz soun desert,**Sa fraunchise vent e pert.*Gifts pervert
the judgment.

ffreo he is to do men riht 101

þat ȝift ne present takeþ of no wiht ;

He þat ȝiftes [takeþ] wiþ-ouen decert,

His freodam he sulleþ & leoseþ apert. 104

SALOMON.

Multi quasi inuencionem estimant fenus et prestiterunt molestiam hijs qui se adiuuerunt; dum accipiunt manus osculantur, & in tempore redicionis loquuntur verba tediij.

Pernez garde en vostre a-prest (105)

A ky vous prestez queus il est;

*Tels se fet auant amy*¹ ¹ Thus far the poem is in the Simeon MS.

Ki par toun prest tei ert enemy.

Quant il receyt yl beise ta meyn,

Quant rendre deit tei apele vileyn,

E vo3 rent pur vos ben-fez

Vile represes alaautre mez.

Whon þou lenest þi þing, tak hede of þis 105 Mind whom you lend to,

To whom þou lenest and what he is;

Such mon to-fore scheweþ him þi frende,

þat schal be þin enemy at þe ende; 108

Whon he receyueþ he wol cusse þin honde,

Whon he schulde paie he wol cal þe cherl bonde; or you'll get abuse with repayment.

He wol þe 3elde for þi gode dede

ffoul repreyunge to þi mede. 112

SENECA.

Amici quidem graues sunt, inimici leues.

Vous poyez auer tel amy (113)

Ke plus vou3 vaudreit vn enemy;

De vo3 deuers lun nad cure,

Lautre ne seit poynt de mesure

De a-prompter ne de venir,

De soiourner a soun pleiser;

Dount plus vous greuera tel ameste

Ke de lautre le enemiste. (120)

Such a frend þou miht haue sikerli 113 Some friends are worse than foes.

þat þou were better haue an enemy;

þat on of þi moneye hap hede ne cure,

þat oþur naþ wiþ hym no mesure 116

To Borwe of þe ne of ofte comyng

Ne to soiourne at his likyng.

Such frendschupe þe greue schal more parde

þen þat oþeres enemizte. 120

SAULUS.

*Admone illos non litigiosos esse, set mansuetos ad omnes.*Don't scold
bad servants.

*Si vous auez vos seruauns
 Ki vous sount contrariauns,
 Ne les tensesz pas souent—
 Seint Eglise le defent ;—
 Mes ki ne cert a soun auenaunt,
 Prenge conge e vous auaunt.*

Get rid of em.

SAMUEL.

*Loquere domine quia audit seruus tuus.*He's a bad
servant who
can't put up
with his
lord's word
that doesn't
hurt him.

*Mout est li seruaunt de mal escole (121)
 Ki soffri ne peut la parole
 Soun seignour a ky il sert,
 Quant par sa parole rien ne pert.*

He is vuel worpi Cloþ or bord 121
 þat may not suffre a luytel word
 Of his lord þat he serueþ to,
 Whon for such a word leoseþ neuur þe mo. 124

SERAFYN.

*A zelantibus te absconde consilium.*Don't tell
your secrets
to a servant
who may
leave you,
and blab
them.

*Ne moustrez pas tut vostre quer (125)
 A vostre seruaunt ; kar de leger
 Ky ore est prest, ert loyns de vous ;
 Ke auaunt set vn, donke sauerunt tous.*

Schewe not þin herte outerliche 125
 To þi seruaunt. for-whi lihtliche
 To-day he is wiþ þe, to-morwe he flit ;
 þat tofore wuste but on, þen moni schul wit. 128

SENECA.

*Quod uis esse tacitum nemini dixeris.*Don't blame
others for
not keeping
your counsel:
blame your-
self.

*Si vus blamez petit ou graunt (129)
 Ki vostre conseil est mys auaunt,
 Ki ne blamez vous vostre quer,
 Ki vostre counseil ne set celer.*

3if þou blame luitel or muche 129
 ffor þi counseil is outet openliche,
 Blame þou maizt þin ounne herte wel,
 þat coupe not hele þin ounne counseil. 132

SALOMON.

*Sicut sagitta in femore canis, sic verbum in corde stulti.**Sete e counseil a-cordent bien* (133)*En quer de fol e en guise de chen ;**Leun e lautre fount courte soïour,**Par bouche pasent saunz restour.*

An arwe in an houndes buttoke 133

And counseil in a foles herte istoke

A-cordeþ wel, for nouþur makeþ soïourning ;

þorw mouþ þei passen wiþ-uten restreyning. 136

An arrow in
a dog's rump
is like counsel
in a fool's
heart.

IOB.

**Noli de servis querelam facientibus credere priusquam
facti veritas aperte discernatur.**Si vous oyez encusement* (137)*De akun de vostre gent,**En querez prymes la verite,**De-vaunt ke en seyez trop greue.*

3if þou here eni accusacioun 137

Of eni of þy peple in feld or toun,

Enquere furst þerof þe verite

Or þou þerfore in herte greue þe. 140

Don't believe
your folk's
complaints
without en-
quiry,

AUGUSTIN[us].

*Qui enim credit verba loquencium, cum ceteri per risus
gaudent decorem, per doloris cruciabitur merorem.**Souent auent de meynste bon fet* (141)*Par medisaunz bestorne est ;**Kyke tut creyt quant-ke homme li dist,**Il ert mournez quant autre rist.*

Ofte hit falleþ þat mony good ded 141

Wiþ euel-siggers is ouer-torned ;

Hose leeueþ vche monnes seying,

Whon oþur lau3when, he schal make murning. 144

or you'll
mourn when
others laugh.

JEREMIAS.

*Erubescere nescierunt, propterea cadent inter ruentes.**Si vous perde3 curtesye [g] bounte,* (145)*Vous cheyerez tut en vyle hounte ;**Hounte, curteisye e seyntete**Par a-cord sount freres iure.*

Don't cease to
be courteous
and generous,
or you'll be
shund.

3if þou lese curtesye and bounte 145
To falle in foul schame hit bi-houep þe ;
Good schame, holynesse, & curtesye
As Brepuren ben sworn, witterlye. 148

SENECA.

Enormiter petit qui se beneficium dedisse dicit.
Vileynement quert il louer (149)
Ky sei auaunte de soun doner ;
Ky a prodomme doyne doun,
Assez receyt saunz autre guerdoun.
In foul maner he askep a louwaunce 149
þat of his 3ifte makeþ bobaunce ;
Hose 3iueþ a 3ift to a good man,
I-nouh he takeþ wiþ-oute reward þan. 152

Don't brag
about what
you give
away.

IPOCRAS.

Cui non videtur bona sua esse amplissima, miser est,
quamuis sit dominus totius mundi.
Yl est bien cheytif apelez (153)
Ky se pleynt e ad a-sez :
Mes ky tut le mond fust le suen,
Yl vus dirroyt ki il nust ren.
A wrecche forsoþe me may hym cal 153
þat pleyneþ him and haþ i-nou3 at al ;
ffor þou3 al þe world were only his,
He wolde seie he hedde nou3t, i-wis. 156

He is a
wretch who
has enough
and yet
grumbles.

SERAFYN.

Non credas inimico tuo in eternum, & si inimicus tuus
uadat tibi obuiam, firma animum tuum & custodi te
ab illo.
Vostre enymi ne creiez ia (157)
De nuyl ren ke il vus dirra ;
Cum plus vus mostre bien sembla[n]t,
Plus dotez le fet suauent.
Leef neuer þin enemi, ho-so hit be, 157
Of no þing þat he spekep to þe ;
Whon he þe makeþ fe[i]rest spekyng
þen drede þou most his dedes suwyng. 160

Never trust
your foe :
foul deed 'll
follow fair
word.

SENECA.

*ffrequencia peragit deesse locum remedio dum vicia
mores sunt.*

Si vous bye3 de estre prodomme, (161)

Retree3 vus de mal custume ;

Kar par custume de mes-fere

Maueyse tecche comense plere.

3if þou caste þe good mon to be, 161 If you want
ffrom euel custom euer drawe þe ; to be good,
ffor bi wone of vuel doying give up evil
habits.

Vuel tecches turneþ in to plesyng ;

And whon þing pleseþ þe þat þou scholdest hat,

Better þe hedde ben to-fore forsaken þat. 166

SALOMON.

*Honor est homini cum separat se a contencionibus, stulti
autem miscentur contumelijs.*

Mout est honeste vileynye (167)

Estre vencu en tenserye,

E mout est vileyne curteysye

Empromter de yleke la Mestrye.

Hit is a wel honeste vileynye 167 It's honour-
able to lose
in chiding ;

In chydyng to be ouercomen, sikerlye,

But hit is a vileyn curtesye

þerof to bere a-vey þe maystrie. 170 dishonour-
able to win.

SENECA.

*Cum inferiori contendere sordidum est, cum superiori
furiosum.*

Si vous tense3 vostre soget, (171)

Ceo est graunt vileynye e led ;

Si vqus tense3 ton cumpaymon,

Par tant fre3 discencion ;

Si vous tense3 ton souereyn,

Se est deuerye tut pleyn.

3if þat þou chyde þi soget, 171 To chide an
inferior is
base ;
Hit is to þe vileynye gret ;
Wiþ þi felawe 3if þou chyde,
an equal,
quarrelsome ;

Discencion þou schalt make þat tyde ;

And 3if þou chyde þi souereyn,

Men mow seye þou art wod, certeyn. 176 a lord, mad-
ness.

SERAFFYN.

*Risus dencium & incessus hominis enunciant de illo.**Seyez tu3 iours de beau semblaunt,* (177)*Me3 ne mye trop haut ryaunt ;**Lij fous est conu par sa rise,**E ly sages par sa meurte.*Don't laugh
too much,

Loke þou euere be of feir chere,

177

Lauhwe not to muche as nyce of geere ;

as a fool does.

þe fol is knowen bi his lauhwhing,

And þe wyse bi his sad beryng. 180

SENECA.

*Remedium iniurie est obliuio, ingenuitas non recipit contumeliam.**Si nully fous vous sourdye,* (181)*Vous ne auez meyllour remedye**Ke de mettre en oblyaunce**Les soties de sa parlaunce ;**Kar si vous vole3 mettre a uoyr* (185)*Au Matin ceoke yl dist al seir,**Vous procure3 par tel espreue**A vous meymes hounte neuue.*Forgetting
is the best
remedy for
abuse.

3if a fol speke to þe vilenye,

181

þen is þe beste remedye

ffor to for3ete alle-maner wreche

Of þe folyes of his speche ;

184

ffor 3if þou woldest hit putte to soping

þat he seyde ouur nizt vppon þe morwening,

þou mi3test procure wiþ such prouyng

To þi-self newe schamyng. 188

ECCLESIASTES.

*Melior est canis viuus leone mortuo.**Meuz vaut vn chyen seyn e fort* (189)*Ke vn leon tut freyt mort,**E meuz vaut pouerte od bounte**Ke ne fet richesse od maueysete.*A live dog is
better than a
dead lion.

Better is a quik and an hol hounde

189

þen a ded lyon liggyng on grounde,

And better is pouert wiþ godnes

þen richesse wiþ wikkednes.

192

SALOMON.

Melius est vocari ad olera cum caritate quam ad vitulum saginatum cum odio.

Meuz vaut potage saunz autre mes (193)

Od charite e od bone pes,

Ke graunt delyces od tensoun—

Ceo dist ly sages en sa resoun.

Betre is potage wiþ-uten oþur mes

193 Potage with
peace is
better than
delicacies
with chiding.

Wiþ charite and good[e] pes,

þen mony delyces wiþ chydyng—

þis is þe wyse monnes seying.

196

ECCLESIASTES.

Melius est ire ad domum luctus quam ad domum conuiuij.

Meuz vaudreit ver homme mort (197)

Ke noble feste de Iolyf port ;

Le vn rus presente vostre fyn,

Le autre vous fest a folye enclyn.

Betre hit were a ded mon to se

197 It's better to
see a corpse
than a feast.

þen a feste of gret noblete ;

þat on presentþ þi laste dawe,

þat oþer þe makeþ to folye drawe.

200

SENECA.

Optimum est obliuisci quod non potest recuperari, & sine murmure pati quod non potest emendari.

Graunt sen est de oblyer (201)

Chose perdu saunz recouerer,

E de soffrer saunz groundiler

Ceo ke vous ne poyes amender.

Hit is wisdam to putte in forþetyng

201 Forget losses
that you can't
recover.

þing þat is lost wiþ-uten rekeueryng,

And to suffre not grucchinde

þing þat þou maiȝt not amende.

204

RUBEN.

Puer non comparet & ego quo ibo ? puer, id est innocencia, non comparet.

Les fous se pleyment de lour estat, (205)

Ke il par tut sount greuez e mat ;

*Quident bien fere de chaunger luy**E par tut treuen[t] ennuy.*Fools gamble,
and change,

ffoles playnen hem of here astat,

205

þat þei ben greuet and al mat ;

but don't
mend.

Hit to chaunge þei wene be wel,

After is a-nuy eueridel.

208

ECCLESIASTES.

*Omnis animus deponendus est, non ante placebit tibi
vllus locus.**Ky male tecche en ly a,*

(209)

*Chaunger lu ne ly vaudra ia ;**Sa vye amende e ly vaudra**En checun lu la ou il demora.*Change won't
help a bad
man.

þat in him-self hap eny chalaunge,

209

Hit nul not profyte ofte to chaunge ;

Amende þi lyf & profyte hit wole wel,

ffor in eueri place þen þou mayzt dwel.

212

SERAFFYN.

*Non des filio nec fratri tuo potestatem super te in vita tua ;
nec des alijs possessionem tuam, ne forte peniteat te.**Taunt cum poyez aleyne trere,*

(213)

*Ne vus demettez de vostre tere,**Pur vous mettre en autri garde ;**Meuz vaut ke toun fiz seit garde**Ke vus seyez en soun daunger,**A ky vous solyez comaunder.*Don't give up
your land,
so long as
you can hold
it.

As longe as þou mayzt holde in honde,

213

Dismette þe nouzt of þi londe

To ben opur mennes vnderlyng ;

Hit is better hit be in þin owne kepyng

þen to ben in his daunger

Whom þou were wont bidde go fer or ner.

218

SENECA.

*Non propter amorem fac tibi executorem heredem
essendum nec medicum viuendum.**Ne fetez ia pur nuyt amour*

(219)

*De vostre heyr executour,**Ne vostre heyr ficiscien,**En esperaunce de viure seyn.*

ffor loue ne nouper for honour	219	Don't make
Mak not pin heir pin executour,		your heir,
Ne mak pin heir no ficscian, ¹	¹ orig. ficscien, as on p. 533.	your executor
In hope to liue euer hol man.	222	or your doctor.

SAMPSON.

*Abij in terram philistini, videns-que mulierem hanc
assumpsi michi, quia placuit oculis meis.*

Sy vous byes femme prendre, (223)

Nest pas bon loyns enprendre,

De prendre femme desconue

Ne touzt a-fermer a la premere vue.

3if þow þenke a wyf to take,

223 When you
want a wife,
don't take a
strange
woman.

Of ferre cuntre wommon forsake ;

An vnknownen to take anon-riht

Is nouzt to Aferme at þe furste siht.

226

SALOMON.

*Non sis zelotes, hoc est dictu : non zeles mulierem
sinus tui.*

Si vous auez femme bele (227)

E la desirez¹ auer lele, ¹ orig. disirez

Ne la reprouez de cumpaygnye

De nul autre par gelosye ;

Kar vous la frez partaunt amer

Cely ke auaunt ne voit² regarder. ² r. vout

3if þou haue a feir wyf

227 If you've a
pretty wife,

And wolt þat heo be trewe of lyf,

Repreue hire for no Cumpaygnye

Of no mon for gelesye ;

don't bother
her with
jealousy.

Him to loue so þou maizt make hire bolde

On whom to-fore heo nolde be-holde.

232

SYRAC.

*Qui parcit virge, odit filium ; si non percusserit eum
virga, morietur.*

Si vus amez vostre enfaunt, (233)

A-sez ly donez de verge silaunt,

E ly frez conquere los

Saunz de bruser en ly nul os.

3if þi child be not a-fert,

233 Spare the rod
and spoil the
child.

3if him i-nouh of þe 3erd ;

pou schalt him so make a good mon
Wip-outen brekyng of eny bon. 236

SYRAK.

filie tibi sunt : serua corpus earum & ne ostendas hilarem faciem ad illas.

Ne mustrez pas especiaute (237)

A vostre file desmarie ;

Plus serreyt baut de mes-fere,

Si ele¹ quidast ta grace conquere. ^{1 MS. eole}

Don't be too
kind to your
spinster
daughter, or
she'll go
wrong.

Schewh pou nouzt to muchel specialte 237

To pi douzter, 3if heo vn-maried be,

Leste heo waxe to bold of face

Vuel to do in hope of grace. 240

SALOMON.

Trade filiam tuam & grande opus feceris.

Si ta file mesface, vous tenez perdu (241)

Quant-ke auez en ly despendu ;

Dount bone bosoygne frez

Si par tens la mariez.

Lest she
should,

3if pi douhter falle in mis-doyng, 241

þen holdest pou lost al pi spendyng ;

marry her
early.

A good dede þefore hit were

Be tyme for to marie hire.¹ ^{1 r. here = hire} 244

SENECA.

Crudelem medicum facit intemperans.

Si vous hauntez beueries, (245)

Vous en prendres maladies ;

Rettez donke a vostre meyn

La duresce del ficiscien.

If you drink
much, and
get ill, blame
yourself.

3if pou be wont drynke muche wip-alle, 245

In to gret seknesse pou maizt falle ;

pou maizt wyte pin oune hond þen

þe hardnesse of pi ficiscien. 248

SYRAC.

Noli pro amico inimicus fieri proximo.

Si veysyn autre me3-dit de bouche, (249)

Et la chose ne vous touche,

Ne vous facez ia partye. . .

- Od le vn od lautre saunz mester,
Ky par cas vus puet greuer.*
- 3if þat neiþebors to-gedere chyde 249
And þat þing touche not þe þat tyde,
Loke þou make þe no partye
Wiþ on ne oþur for heore folye; 252
ffor cuntek comeþ to acord,
And þenne scholdestou be at discord
Wiþ on or oþur and haue repreue
Of him par cas þat mihte þe greue. 256

SYRAC.

- Odia multorum sub osculo latent.*
- Ne eyez ia trop affiaunce* (257)
En belez paroles ne en contynaunce;
Tel se profre de vous beyser
Ke vous het formen[t] de quer.
- Loke þou haue nouzt to gret affiaunce 257
In feire wordes and in cuntinaunce;
Such mon parauntre profreþ þe to kis
þat in herte ha[te]þe¹ þe, I-wis. ¹ r. hateþ 260

SENECA.

- Odia que latuerunt panduntur si titubaueris.*
- Ceo troueres bien: si vous cheyez* (261)
En angusse de aduersitez,
De qy vous quydez auer amy,
Lors vous serra fort enemy.
- 3if þou falle in aduersite, 261
þou schal fynde and wite, parde,
Of whom þou wendest a frend haue had,
þen wole to þe be enemy sad. 264

SALOMO

- Non omnem² hominem inducas in domum tuam ad
secretum cordis tui.* ² MS. omni
- ffort serreyt a homne sey garder* (265)
De touz ke ly sount contre quer;
Pur ce ne seyez trop apert
De mustrer conseil a descouert.
- Hard hit were to mon him kepe or asterte 265
ffrom al þing þat is aþeynes his herte;
VERNON MS.

Don't inter-
fere in your
neighbours'
quarrels.

Don't trust
to fair words
and looks.

In adversity
friends turn
foes.

Don't tell
your secrets
openly.

Be þou nouȝt þefore to redy
þi counseyl to schewe openly. 268

SYRAC.

Multi interierunt per linguas suas.

Meynt homme chet en graunt damage (269)

Ke ia ne vendreit a tel ryuage

Ne fust sa lange demeyne

Ke ly chace a tele peyne.

Many men
are harmd
by their
tongues.

Mony mon falleþ in gret damage 269

ffor of his speche he is outrage,

His owne tonge he may hit wyte

þat driueþ him to such dispyte. 272

IACOBUS.

Nullus hominum linguas domare potest.

Lange est norice de hounte e blame, (273)

Ke met plusours en male fame ;

De touz mals est Reyngne e dame,

Kar souent honist cors e alme.

The tongue
destroys body
and soul.

þe tonge is noryce of alle blame 273

And mony mon putteþ in vuel fame ;

Of al eueles hit is queene & ladi

And fordopþ boþe soule and bodi. 276

SENECA.

*Quietissime viuerent homines si tollerent ista duo verba :
meum et tuum.*

Si deuȝ mos neeȝ ne fusent, (277)

Bone pes trestous vssent ;

Meen e vostre, ces deuȝ mos

ffount entre plusours graunt descors.

Two words,
'mine' and
'thine,' breed
many quar-
rels.

ȝif twey wordes neuer hedde be mad, 277

Eueri mon good pes miȝt ha had ;

Myn and þyn, heore eiþer word

Bi-twene mony men makeþ discord. 280

AZARYAS.

*Non est officij tui, sed illorum qui constituti sunt ad
huiusmodi misterium.¹*

¹ ? ministerium

Si vous estes en cumpaygnye (281)

Ou checun ad sa Baylye,

*Ne seyez ia entremettour
De lour offys maugre lour.*

3if þou be in cumpaignye 281
Wher vche mon haþ his baylye,
Maugre of hem be not so nyce
To entremete þe of heore offyce. 284

Don't interfere in other folk's business.

IERONIMUS.

frustra niti & nichil aliud querere nisi odium, extreme demencie est.

*De quere maugre sanz nul pru (285)
haute deuerie est tenu ;*

*Si vous ne poyez ambedeu3 fere,
Le sages dist qe vous deuez tere.*

To gete þe maugre wiþ-outen prou, 285
A wood mon I-holde be schaltou ;
3if þou mai3t not geten boþe at on res,
þe wyse mon biddeþ þe holde þi pes. 288

It's folly to offend folk for nothing.

IHESUS CRISTUS.

Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis alijs, remecietur vobis ; dimitt[it]e & dimittetur vobis.

*Si nuli mesfe3 vous eit, (289)
E puis par autre greue seit ;
Si tele greuaunce bien vous plest,
Pur vous abesser dieu est prest.*

3if eny mon haþ þe misdo, 289
And a-nopur haue greued him also :
þerof 3if þou be proud and fayn,
God wol þe meke, in certayn. 292

Don't chuckle over a foe's disaster.

SAULUS.

Omnem¹ filium quem recipit deus corripit & castigat.

Pensez touziours ke dieu rus cleyme (293)

Pur le sen, e vous eyne, ¹ MS. omnium

Si vous avez vn² greuaunce, ² MS. in

Pur auer aylours alleggaunce.

þenk euere, god cleymeþ þe his to be, 293
And þat for loue he visyteþ þe,
Whon he þe seendeþ eny greuaunce,
Elleswher hit is to haue alleggaunce. 296

If God chastises you, it is for love.

IHESUS CRISTUS.

*fili, recordare quia recepisti bona in vita tua.*¹ ¹ MS. sua

Tou3 Iours eye3 pour en quer (297)

Ke dieu vous voylle en fyn dampner

Si vous auez saun3 contredist

En ceste secle tut vostre delist.

Fear eternal
damnation.

Eueriday ha þou in herte dredyng 297

Leste god þe dampne at þe endyng

3if þow haue al þe world at wille

Wiþ-oute wiþ-stondyng loud or stille. 300

IUDYTH.

*Omnes qui placuerunt deo, per multas tribulaciones
transierunt.*

E tou3 les sein3 passez sount (301)

Par dure greuaunce de ceste mound :

E vous, ky estes peccheur,

Quidez passer saun3 nul estur ?

As the Saints
died in
trouble, so
shall sinners.

Sipen þeos seyntes ben passed euerichon 301

Out of þis world wiþ tribulacion,

þou, þat art a sinful man,

Wenest þow wiþ-uten to passen þan ? 304

NABUGODONOSOR.

*Contra omnes precipue qui contempserunt me egredere,
nec parcet oculus tuus.*

Cum plus vous a-forcez de bien fere, (305)

De le maufe auerez plus forte quere ;

Mes len ne scet en a-saut

Ki chet bas ne ky mounte haut.

The more you
try to do well,
the harder
will the Devil
assail you.

þe more þou peynest þe wel to do, 305

þe strengor werre þe fend meueþ þe to ;

But in a-saut men wite not wel-neih

Ho falleþ doun, ho clymbeþ an heih. 308

LABAN.

Quare abiiecisti me, & me ignorante fugere voluisti ?

Ky se retret de vanite (309)

E ce doyne a bounte,

De male gent serra mesdit,

Mes a deu ert le plus parfit.

Whose ¹ him wiþ-draweþ from vanite	309	Bad men blame all who turn good ; but God is pleasid.
And ȝiueþ him-self to bounte, ¹ whoso: see 'Hose,' l. 437.		
Euel men him wole edwyt,		
But to god he schal be þe more parfyt.	312	

SENECA.

O quam magnum est non laudari & esse laudabilem !
A bone houre fut il ne (313)
Ky est preysable e poy preyse ;
Cum meyns receit ici de honour,
Plus ly vaudra a chef detour.
 In good tyme he was boren, I-wis, 313 It's better to
 þat preisable is and not preised is ; be praise-
 þe lasse he takeþ her of honour, worthy than
 þe more parfyt is at þe chef doctour. 316 praised.

IHESUS.

Maledicam benedictionibus vestris.
Icil est dist¹ malure ^{1 r. dit} (317)
Ky est maueys e mout preyse ;
De tel honour vent hountage,
Ou paruler en graunt damage.
 He is called corsed verreyliche 317 He is cald
 þat euel is and preised is muche ; 'curst,' who
 Of such worschupe comeþ hountage, is bad and
 And also spekyng of gret damage. 320 yet praised.

OLYUA.

*Nunquid possum deserere dulcedinem meam quam diu
 homines vtuntur.*
Homme ke ad a-seȝ dount viure (321)
E de charge est delyuere,
Merueyle est ke yl veut guerper
Soun repos pur homme seruer.
 þe mon þat haþ i-nouh to his liuyng 321 It's odd that
 And delyuered is of gret charyng, folk who've
 Wonder hit is he wole forsake enough, will
 His rest, & to monnes seruyse him take. 324 give up their
 quiet to serve
 others.

FICUS.

*Nunquid possum deserere dulcedinem meam, ut nec
 lingua promouear ?*

Plus est merueyle del encloysterer, (325)

Ky taunt de douceour put embracer,

Ke desyre forayne prelacie

Ke peut toler sa¹ douce vye. ^{1 MS. sy}

Cil ke meyns vaut plus desyre

Prelacye, de estre vn syre ;

Rien ne pense de ceo ke apent

ffors soul de quere honour de gent.

And it's
odder that
men of the
Cloister will
desert it for
Prelacy,

Hit is merueyle of þe cloysterer, 325

þat so gret swetnesse may fynde þer,

þat desyreþ outward prelacie

þe whuche his swete lyf mai distruye. 328

He þat is lest worþ most wole desyre

Of prelacie, to ben a syre ;

and worldly
honour.

No þing he þenkeþ to good profyt,

But honour of þe world is his delyt. 332

AMALEK.

Conduxit sibi viros inopes et vagos ad interficiendum.

Par la Meynee put len conustre (333)

De quele tecches est lour dustre ;

Le sage tret a ly les sages,

E ly volage² les volages. ^{2 MS. vologe}

A guide's
shortcomings
are known by
his guiding.

Be þe ledyng a mon may knowe, i-wis, 333

Of what tecches his leder is ;

þe wyse mon draweþ to him þe wyse, ^{3 om. to 4 r. men}

And þe wilful mon to³ mon⁴ of his gyse. 336

SENECA.

Quantum aleator est doctior in arte, tantum est nequior.

Cil ke meuz scet iuer a des, (337)

ffet a preiser le meyns de ase3 ;

Cum plus est sotil en cel art,

Plus est tenu de mal part.

The skilfuller
a dice-player,
the worse he
is.

He þat pleyeþ best at þe des, 337

Preyseþ faste þe hondes of hasarderes ;

þe more sotil he is of þat art,

þe more he stont on euel part. 340

SENECA.

Nocet bonis qui parcit malis.

Cil ke maueys sauue de hounte, (341)

Les bone gens de bonte afrounte ;

Quant ly leres passe quyte,

Ly leaus ad hounte, quant homme len dyte.

He þat saueþ a schrewe from schame, 341

To gode men he scheweþ blame ;

Whon þe þef passeþ quyt a-way,

þe trewe mon haþ schome, what-euer men sai. 344

SENECA.

Parcit pecunie qui non parcit mense.

Ki sauuer veut soun doner, (345)

Corteis seit de soun manger ;

Ou il li [c]ustra a-sez plus,

Si de sa table seit gelous.

He may saue moneye and gete 345

þat wol be curteys of his mete ;

After gret spendyng he may wayt

þat of mete & drink is to strayt. 348

IONAS.

Qui custodit vanitates, frustra misericordiam dei querit.

Ky en pecche sa vye meyne (349)

E de ben fere a ceo se peyne,

La merci deu demaund en veyn,

Si yl de pecche ne eit de-deyn.

Hose ledeþ his lyf in sinne 349

And of euel dedes wol not blinne,

Godes merci he askeþ in veyn,

But he forsake his synne, certeyn. 352

SYRAK.

Non te pigeat visitare infirmos, quia proinde dilectione dei amaberis.

Ne lessez pas de visiter (353)

Le malades de bon quer ;

Par taunt serrez le plus parfit

En lamour douce Ihesu crist.

Loke to visyte þat þou be smert 353

þe seke folk wiþ gode hert ;

þerfore þou maiȝt be þe more parfyt

In þe loue of Ihesu crist. 356

He who
spares the ill,
harms the
good.

He saves
money who
is hospitable.

Whoever will
not forsake
his sins, asks
God's mercy
in vain.

Gladly visit
the sick.

SALOMON.

Sine consilio nichil facito graue, et post factum non penitebis.

Saun3 counseil ne facez ren : (357)

E a-pres le fet vous sauerez ben

Ky bon counseil vous valut,

Meske il auant vous desplut.

Do nothing
without ad-
vice.

Wip-uten counseil do no gret þing ; 357

Aftur þat dede þou schal haue good knowing

þat gode counseyl dude þe profyte, [¹ = ha had]

Wip-uten whuche þou scholdest had¹ lyte. 360

ECCLESIASTES.

Per tristiciam vultus corrigitur animus delinquentis.

Si parler oyez le destretour, (361)

Mustrez semblaunt de tristour ;

Quaunt lautre verra ke il vous desplet,

Il se retrera de parler si led.

Frown at a
backbiter,
and he'll hold
his tongue.

3if þou herest speke a bachitour, 361

Contenaunce to him mak of irroure ;

Whon he seop hit likeþ not þe,

Cece of his speche anon wol he. 364

SENECA.

Amicis prestabis fidem, subditis pietatem, omnibus equitatem.

A vos amys donez fey, (365)

A tote gent dreiture en sey,

plyaunce a vos souereyns,

E mesure a vos vileyns.

Trust you,
friends,
do right,
be just to
your depend-
ants.

To þi frendes tak þou credence, 365

Do vche mon riht be concience,

Be meke to hym þat aboute þe is set,

And haue mesure to þi soget. 368

SENECA.

Priusquam promittas delibera, ut quod promiseris facias.

De-vaunt ke vus promettez ren, (369)

Si fere le volez auisez vous bien ;

Kar mout promettere e ren doner

ffet meynt homme a chalanger.

- Or þou bi-hote enydel, 369 Think well
 Wher þou wolt do so, bi-þenk þe wel ; before you
 ffor muche to bi-hote & ȝiue but softe, promise.
 Makeþ mon to be chalanged ofte. 372

SENECA.

Qui cito dat, mutuum recipit.

- Meynt homme tent de greinour fes (373)*
Vn petit doun saunz promes,
Ke grant chose, quaunt il le prent
A-pres promes de long atent.

- Mon holdeþ a luite ȝift more dere 373 Speedy gifts
 Wip-uten be-heste wip gode chere, please best.
 þen he wolde of a gret þinge
 Of bi-heste wip long tariinge. 376

SALOMON.

In multiloquio non deest peccatum ; qui custodit linguam suam custodit animam suam.

- En mout desparoles sourt folye ; (377)*
Ky gard sa lange gard sa vye ;
Ky sa lange ne scet tener,
En cumpaygnye se fet hayer.

- Muche speche nis not wip-uten strif ; 377 Much talk
 Hose kepeþ his tonge kepeþ his lyf ; breeds strife.
 He þat his tonge con not holde,
 In cumpaygnye a schrewe is tolde. 380

GREGORIUS.

Cum venter reficitur, lingua relaxabitur.

- Large table e plentiuousse (381)*
Norist Iangle sourfetouse ;
Quaunt la cors ben refest est,
De mesparler la lange est prest.

- Large table and plentiuousse 381 Much feast-
 Makeþ men of Ianglyng surfetouse ; ing makes
 Whon þe bodi I-fuld is, misspeaking.
 þe tonge is redi to speke amis. 384

SALOMON.

Stultus si tacuerit, sapiens erit.

- Si vn fol ne parlat ren, (385)*
Len quideroyt ke il scet graunt ben ;

*Mes quant il comence a Iangler,
Arere tourne il cel quider.*

If a fool says
nothing, he's
thought wise.

A fol 3if he speke no þing, 385

Men wene he beo wys in doying ;

Whon he bi-gynneþ to Iangle fast,

þen men knowen wel his cast. 388

SENECA.

Anus cum nubit, morti delicias facit.

Quant femme se marie en graunt age, (389)

A soun estat fet hountage,

E soun cors ad oblyge

ffere vn present a pecche.

If an old wo-
man marries,
she shames
herself.

An old wommon þat takeþ hosebonde, 389

Heo worcheþ hir-self schome and schonde

To hire a-stat, & hire bodi bounde is wiþ-Inne

A present for to bere to synne. 392

SYRAK.

*Quanto maior es humilia te in omnibus, et coram deo
inuenies gratiam.*

Cum plus vous sentez meuz valer (393)

*Plus vous devez humilier ;*¹ ^{1 MS. humilie3}

E cum plus vous humilie3

Vostre bounte plus enhauce3.

The higher
set you are,
the meeker
you should
be.

þe herre of stat þat þou be 393

þe more meke haue þou þe ;

þe more þou hast of mekenesse

þe fastore þou encresest of goodnesse. 396

SENECA.

Miserum te iudico qui nunquam fuisti miser.

Cyl est cheitij3 a droyt nome (397)

Ke vnke ne soffri cheytiucte ;

Ia ne vendrez a bon los

Si vous ne perdez souent repos.

He is miser-
able who has
never sufferd
misery.

A Caytif forsoþe he i-called may be 397

þat neuer soffred caytyfte ;

Good los neuer þou gest

But 3if þou leose oftesyþe þi rest. 400

SAULUS.

Ad magna premia non poteris venire nisi per magnos labores.

Repos e los, cum il me semble, (401)

Ne a-cordent pas bien'en-semble ;

Ou yl vous couent perdre los

Ou souent lesser vostre repos.

Gret los & reste, me pinkep wel, 401

A-corden to-gedere neuer a del ;

Oþur þou most þi loos lese

Or ofte-tymen for-go þyn ese. 404

If you want
renown, you
must work
hard for it.

IOSEPH.

Cum dixit mulier : dormi mecum ; qui non adquiescens relicto pallio fugit.

Ne entrez iammes sanz cumpaygnye (405)

Ou femme est soule de male vye ;

Si vous ne a-cordez a sa luxure,

Ele vous mettra la rage sure.

Entre þou neuere wiþ-uten conpaygnie 405

þer wommon al-one is of vilenye ;

ffor 3if þow parfourne not lecherye,

On þe heo wol þenne sette a crie. 408

Never be
alone with a
naughty
woman.

SENECA.

Laus & lasciuia non habent concordiam.

Envye destruit bone vye, (409)

E los est perdu par lecherie ;

Lecherie & bon los

Ne serrount Iammes ensemble clos.

Envye good lyf wol distruye, 409

And loos is lost þorw lecherye ;

Lecherye and good loos

Ne mowe not euere to-geder be clos. 412

Esteem is lost
by lechery.

SENECA.

Miserrima est fortuna que caret inimico.

Dure cheaunce vent a cely (413)

Ky est de tut sanz enemy ;

Kar si eust grace de byen vyuere,

De enemiste ne serroyt delyuere.

He's badly
off who has
no foe.

Harde chaunce is hym be-fal 413
þat haþ non enemy at al ;
ffor 3if grace of good lyf hedde he,
He nere not dilyuered of enemyte. 416

SENECA.

P[r]incipium discordie est ex com[m]u[n]i suum facere.
Enchesun est de bon acord (417)
Quant checun se paye de soun sort ;
Induccion est a discord
A-proprier comoune atort.

Taking com-
mon property
causes dis-
cord.

þe cause of acord is, god hit wot, 417
Whon vche mon is payed of his lot ;
But of discord þe cause nou is
Whon mon wol make comun þing his. 420

SALOMON.

Melior est vir paciens viro forti, et qui dominatur
animo suo expugnatore vrbium.

Meuz vaut celi ky fet destresse (421)
A ly meymes en hastiuesse,
Ke cely ky peut conquere
Tut vn pays par force de guere.

He who con-
quers himself
is greater
than he who
conquers a
country.

He is more worþ þat con distresse 421
Him-self, and refreyne in hastinesse,
þen he þat may fulli conquerre
Al a cuntre bi strengþe of werre. 424

CONSTANTINUS.

Vicisse naciones est virtus populorum, vincere autem
vicia est virtus¹ morum.

¹ MS. est v. est

Ky tere ou cite en quere prent, (425)
Par force le fest de sa gent ;
Mes cyl qui amestrie soun quer demeyne,
Soul deit auer los souereyne.
Sages est tenu ky scet fere mal,
Sen ne symplesse ne ount poynt degal ;
La meyn senestre est mys a destre,
E tort en dreyt pur gayn a crestre.

He who con-
quers a land,
does it by his
folk.

He þat bi werre takeþ lond or cite, 425
Be strengþe of his peple þat doþ he ;

But he þat hap maystred his owne herte clos,
 He hap onliche a souereyn los. 428
 He þat con euel is holde wys and worþ,
 Symplesse & wit ne mowe not forþ;
 þe lufthalf is put vpon þe riht,
 And wrong for wynnyng ouur riȝt hap miht. 432

He who
masters his
heart, wins
praise him-
self.

SYRAC.

*Melior est vir simplex in simplicitate sua ambulans,
 quam diues in vijs prauis.*

Meuȝ vaut folye de symplesse, (433)

Ou nule cautele le alme blesse,

Ke les grauns senz de cest mound,

Ky la lei deu souent defount.

Better is folye þat falleþ of symplesse, 433

þer as cautel in soule nis more ne lesse,

þen of þis world al þe wit,

ffor ofte-tyme þe lawe of god distruieþ hit. 436

Better is folly
than godless
wit.

SALOMON.

*Qui calumpniatur pauperem ut arguatur¹ diuicias,
 dabit ipse diciori se & egebit.* ¹ MS. arguatur

Ky fet a pours duresce ou peyne, (437)

pur encrestre ces biens demeyne,

Il durra a-ceȝ plus a souereyns

E de touȝ biens il auera le meyns.

Hose doþ to pore duresse or peyne, 437

To encrese his richesse, certeyne,

An herre mon schal parte wiþ his riches,

And of alle godes he schal haue þe les. 440

He who
grinds the
poor,
shall lose by
it.

SALOMON.¹

¹ Follows after the 2nd Fr. v.

Omnia mea mecum sunt, Iusticia et prudencia &c.

Ne quideȝ ia ke chose seit uostre (441)

Dont autres dyent cest la nost[re];

Vostre est ou mal ou ben

Ke fet auez, saunȝ autre rien.

Trouwe þou neuere þat þing be þin

þat opur mon seiþ 'þis is myn;'

þyn is þyn euel opur good doying

þat þou hast wrouȝt, wiþ-uten opur monnus þing. 444

441 Nothing is
yours but
your ill or
good deeds.

SENECA.

*Bona mea intacta fero.**Si vus auez tere e meson,* (445)*Ceo ne dure fors ke vne seson ;**Od vous irrount voz ben-fes,**Mes la meson demert en pes.*Property
perishes,
good deeds
live.

3if þou haue lond, hous or yle, 445

þelke nul dure but a while ;

Wiþ þe schal go þi gode dede,

þin hous abit, wiþ-oute drede. 448

ECCLESIASTES.

*Breuis oracio penetrat celum.**Mout escrire e nent lyre* (449)*Poy uant, pour veyr dyre ;**De touz orisons le alme est pure**Ke par delyt sount conseuwe.*

Muche to write & no þing rede, 449

Luitel is worth, wiþ-uten drede ;

Real prayers
help men's
souls.

Orisouns helpen soules of men

þat wiþ delyt conseued hem. 452

CATO.

*Legere & non intelligere est negligere.**En teu manere la lettre lysez* (453)*Ke la sentence entendre sachez ;**Kar nent entendre e mout lyre,**Ceo dit Caton, fet a despyre.**Purce voyl ieo ici lesser**De plus prouerbes translater,**Ke ceus ky lysent cest escrit**En countre¹ parole eyent delyst.* [1 ? courte]

Lettres þou schalt rede on such manere 453

þat þou vnderstonde þe sentence clere ;

Muche to rede wiþ-uten vnderstanding,

To read with-
out under-
standing is
folly.
So I'll stop
my transla-
tion.

Caton seiþ hit is a dispysyng. 456

þerfore I wole after þis resoun

Of þes prouerbes cesse of þe translacioun ;

ffor he þat wol rede þis wrytyng,

In schorte wordes may haue lykyng. 460

AUGUSTINUS.

Qui pro alijs orat, pro se ipso laborat.

Ore priez tous pur le houn (461)

Ke vus presente ceste lessoun,

Ke il par vostre oreisoun

Vygne a bone sauuacioun.

Ore deu, ky est pleyne de cen,

Nous doyne bone fyn, Amen.

Nou preyeþ alle wiþ deuocion

461 Pray for me,
who englisht
this.

ffor hym þat made pis lesson,

þat he þorw ȝoure orisoun

463

Mouwe come to sauacion.

And god, þat made alle þing,

ȝif vs alle good endyng.

466

A. M. E. N. Amen.

L. *Her bi-ginneþ luytel Cato.*¹**A**lmihti god in Trinite
leeue vs wel to spede,*English
Prologue.*

Send vs of his holy grace

And help vs at vr nede.

4

Now hose wole, he may here

Who will,
may hear

In Englisch langage

¹ The Engl. text was ed. by Goldberg, *Anglia* 1884, VII, p. 165 ff. It is a translation of Monk Everard's French transl., extant in MS. Arund. 292, f. 88-105, ca. 1250 (ed. by Stengel, *Ausg. und Abh. d. Roman. Phil.* XLVII, Marburg 1886); MS. Paris Bibl. Nat. 477 (ed. by Le Roux de Lincy, *Livre des Prov. Franc.*, 2nd ed. 1859, II, p. 439 ff.; readings given by Stengel l. c.), and MSS. Vernon and Simeon. [Other, perhaps earlier, Fr. translations are that by Elie de Winestre in MSS. St. John's Coll. Oxford 178, 13th cent., Corp. C. C. Cbr. 405, Harl. 4388, ed. by Stengel l. c., and that of an anonymous in MS. Harl. 4657, ed. by Stengel l. c.; cf. P. Meyer, *Romania* VI, 20.] Everard le moine is most likely the one mentioned by Tanner: "Everardus, Scotus, in canonicatu Kirkham (Yorkshire) socius primusque abbas Monasterii de Holme Cultram in Cumbria: scripsit Vitam S. Adamnani lib. 1, Vit. S. Cumenei Albi lib. 1, Vit. S. Waltheni lib. I; claruit A. MCXLV; Dempster" (see, however, Wright, *Biogr. Brit.* II, 123 ff., who rejects this identity).—Other Engl. translations are that in MS. Arund. 168, in royal stanzas, and that ed. by Caxton: *Parvus Cato*, *Magnus Cato* (a transl. by Benedict Burgh, undertaken on behalf of Will. Bouchier, son of the Earl of Essex), 1st ed. Westminster? ante 1479? (unique in Cambr. Univ. Lib.), 2nd ed. Westm.? ante 1479? (unique at Chatsworth), 3rd ed. fol. Westm.? 1481? (The same Caxton ed. an elaborate commentary on Cato's Distichs, translated by him from the Fr. in 1483, Westm. 1484?).

How the Wise
man taught
his Son.

How þe wyse mon tauhte his sone,
þat was of tendere age.

8

*French
Prologue.*

1. *C*atun estoyt payen

(9)

E ne sauoyt rien

De cristiene ley,

E ne-pur-quaunt ne dist

Riens¹ en soun escrist²

¹ MS. Biens

² MS. estriat

En-countre nostre fey.

Tho Cato was
a heathen, he
taught no-
thing against
our Faith.

Catun was an heþene mon,

9

Cristned was he nouht :

In word ne in werk aþeynes vr fey

No techyng he non tauht.

12

2. *Kar tut se encord,¹*

¹ *al. concorde*

(13)

E ren ne se descord,

Al¹ seynt escripture ;

¹ S A, P A la

Amender len porrat

Cely qui vodrat,

Mettre [i] sa cure.

He agreed
with the
Bible :

To holy writ al in his bok

13

A-cordyng was he euere ;

Of god of heuene com his wit,

Of oper com hit neuere.

16

God gave him
his sense.

3. *Issi cum ieo quit,*

(17)

Del seynt espirit

La grace en ly estoyt ;

Kar ne sen ne sauere

Nul nest pur veir

Ky de deu ne seyt.

4. *Kar¹ len-seignement*

¹ *al. Par*

Ke danz Catun despent

En soun fiz aprendre,

Me semble ke il aprent

Moy e tote gent,

Si le volum entendre.¹

¹ 2 st. om.

Si oir le volez,

Ver mei escutez

Amiablement.

Priez sanz essoine

Pur auerard le moine

Ki cest ouuraige enprent.

Priez pur le moine

Ke deu sun quer aluine

De mal e de peche,

E ke li doint sa grace

Ke ceste chose face

Selung la uerite.

- þe lore þat he tauȝte his sone, 17 Cato's teach-
 Is needful to vs alle; ing is needful
 Vnderstond¹ hose wole, ¹ MS. Vnderstonstond for us all,
 ffor caas þat may be-falle. 20
¹ Whon þat he sauȝ eny mon ¹ 21-8 = Fr. 5 & 6.
 Out of rihtful weye,
 Hem to teche as hit was best
 He letted for non eiȝe, 24
 þat þei mihte lerne and here
 Siker heore lyf to lede
 And gedre wit in heore ȝouþe to gather wit
 And God to loue and drede.— 28 and fear God.

Cum animaduverterem quam-plurimos homines graui- *Latin*
 ter errare in via morum, succurrendum opinioni *Prologue.*
 eorum & consulendum forte existimaui,¹ maxime
 ut gloriose uiuerent et honorem contingerent.

- 5 (7). Cum ie moy a-parceuoie ¹ existinaui When I
 plusours de la voye saw folk go
 de mours forueyer, astray,
 Auis pur voyr mestoyt
 I resolved to
 Ie graunt ben serroyt advise them
 de eus conseyley,
 6. Pur ce nomement¹ ¹ al. memement how to live
 Ie glorieusement with glory,
 en le¹ mound vesquisent ¹ al. el
 E par tel affere
 dignetez en tere
 E honour conquisent. and gain
 honour.

Nunc te, fili carissime, docebo quo pacto animi tui
 morem¹ componas. ¹ al. mores

7. Ore, beu fiȝ trescher, (29)
 Te voyl enseigner,
 Ke vous¹ seyes sage, ¹ al. tu en
 Par quel couenaunt
 Tu purras eneuauunt¹ ¹ al. en auant
 Aorner toun corage.

- Deore sone, I schal þe teche 29 Son, I'll teach
 þe maners of my wille, you how to

fulfil God's
law.

Hou pou schat hem ordeyne
And godes lawe to folfille. 32

*Igitur mea precepta [ita] legito, vt intelligas: legere &
non intelligere est negligere.*

8. *Pur ces enchesons,* (33)

Beu3 f3, tey somons

Ke tu me preceps lyce3;

Mes nent entendre e lyre

Ceo fet a despire,

Si voyl ke tei en chastiez.

Take heed to
me in your
heart.

Mi biddying and my teching 33

In herte hem vnderstonde;

Ofte to here & nou3t lerne

Hit is bope schame & schonde. 36

Parvus Cato. Ideoque deo supplica. parentes ama. cognatos cole.

9 (11). *Deu aore3,*¹ ^{1 A. ameras, P. amez} (37)

A ly requere3

Dount as mester.

Pere e Mere ame3,

Vos parens honoures,

E mout les eizes cher.

Worship God.

Worscheupe god, & him biseche 37

Of ping pou hast mestere.

Love your
Father and
Mother.

ffader & Moder loue pou wel

And hold hem leoue and dere. 40

Datum serua. foro te para.

10. *Mout seit ben garde* (41)

Chose ke tey est done

Par deu ou par gent.

Al marche quant ale3,

Ben¹ vous atorne3

^{1 al. Bel}

E enseygnement.¹

^{1 A. acemement, P. ascemeement}Keep what's
given you.

Keep pat ping pat pe is 3iuen 41

þorw God or þorw mon.

Dress for
market.

Whon pou schalt to market,

A-tyre pe as pou con. 44

Mutuū da. cum bonis ambula.

*Cui des videto. ad consilium ne accesseris antequam
voceris.*

11. *A leaus preste3.* (45)

Od les bons ale3.
Sy veye3 a ky face3 douns.
A counseyl ne aproche3,
Avaunt-ke vous seye3
Apelez ou somouns.

Lene þi good to trewe men,	45	Lend to true men.
þat þer-of falle no wrake.		
Loke þat þou go wiþ þe goode,		Go with good men.
And wikked men forsake.	48	
To hem also þou 3iue þi þing		Give to those who beg of you.
þerof þe wole bi-seke.		
Neuer to counseyl þat þou come,		
But 3if þou cleped be eke.	52	

*Conuiuia raro. mundus esto.**Quod satis est dormi. saluta libenter.*12 (14). *Relement¹ geste3,* ^{1 r. Rerement} (53)*E chaste² seie3.* ^{2 al. Net e ch.}*Dorme3 use3 saun3 plus.**Volunters les¹ salue3,* ^{1 om. les}*Ces ke vous veyes**Vener a-countre vous.*

Mak þi gestnyng seldene,	53	Have few guests.
And be chast and clene.		Be chaste.
3if i-nouh with-oute more.		
Grete men feire by-dene.	56	Be courteous.

*Coniugem ama. cede maiori.*13. *Ta femme par amour* (57)*Amez. a greynour**Tut tens done3 lu ;**Kar quant nas le pouer**Ke puisse3 encountrer¹* ^{1 A. Quel pusses cuntre ester}*Cum il vous seyt tenu.²* ^{2 Nest pas bel le giu.}

Loue þi wyf, and 3if stude to þe grete	57	Love your wife.
Whon þi pouwer is lesse ;		Give way to the great.
And whon þou metest hem in þe wey,		
þou drede of heore distresse.	60	

Magistrum metue. vino te tempora. verecundiam serua.

14. *Toun mestre chescun vre* (61)
Dotez sy eiez mesure
Quant beyure vyn deuras.
Gardez ke tu seyez
Hountous a la feez,¹ ¹ *al. tute veies*
E donke ben le fras.
- Drink moderately. A-Mesure þe in drynkyng; 61
 To fleo folye be snelle.
- Get wit of wise men. Gedere wit of wyse men,
 And let hit wip þe dwelle. 64
- Libros lege; quod legeris memento. rem tuam custodi.*
15. *Lyùeres enlisez¹;* ¹ *A. Tes livres lirrass,* (65)
E ceo ke lu auerez, *P. Livres lisez*
Ne mettez en obly.
Gardez ben ta chose:
Ceo est fest¹ en poy de pose ¹ *al. Ceo faut*
Ke long tens est quili.¹ ¹ *al. cuilli*
- Recollect what you read. Bokes lere; þat þou hast herd, 65
 And hold hem in þi þouht.
- Save your money. Keep þi þing, & sone hit not spende
 In long tyme deore was boult. 68
- Lib[e]ros erudi. diligenciam adhibe.*
Blandus esto. iusiurandum serua.
- 16 (18). *Tes enfaunz apren* (68)
Ben sauer e sen.¹ ¹ *MS. seen*
Si seiez diligent.
Seies douce e suef,
E ne mye gref.
Gardez toun serment.
- Teach your children. Wit & wisdom, blepeliche 69
 þi children pat þou teche!
- Swear only truth. Swere þou not but hit be soþ,
 ffor drede of godes wreche. 72
- ffamiliam cura. irasci ab re noli.*
Neminem irriseris.¹ meretricem fuge. ¹ *MS. irascertis.*
17. *Ta meyne chastie,* (73)
E ne seyez mye
Pur petist irrez.
Ne-scharmyez nulli—

*Ceo vous comaunt e pri.*¹¹ MS. epri*La puteyme fuez.**C[h]astise¹ feire þi seruauuns.
ffor luitel beo not wroþ.*¹ MS. Castise73 Punish serv-
ants fairly.*Hordam þou forsake,*

Don't whore.

And scornynge be þe loþ.

76

*In iudicium adesto ; ad pretorium stato.*18. *Volunters eydez*

(77)

*A tuens, quant¹ poyes,*¹ al. A cens ke vus p.*Quant es¹ al Iugement ;*¹ A. uent, P. estes*A lu prouosterie**Esteyes, e ne flecchez mye**Pur Or ne pur Argent.**Blepeliche þou hem helpe*77 Help the con-
demnd.*þat stonden in Iugement ;**fflecche not for no bi-hestes,*Don't take
bribes.*ffor 3ifte ne for rent.*

80

*Literas disce. consultus esto.*19 (21). *Par escripture*

(81)

*Tut tens a-seure**Tes di3 e tes fe3.**E counsayl pernez,**Nent sages enseigne3,¹*¹ A. A sages e a senez,
P. Des s. e des s.*Quant il tent ple3.²* ² A P. Quant deis tenir les (P tes) plez.*Let holy writ beo þi mirour*81 Follow Holy
Writ.*In word and eke in dede.**Of wyse men tak þi counseyl,*Take counsel
of the wise.*þat con þe wisse and rede.*

84

*Bonis benefacito. virtute vtere.**Tutis¹ consule. maledicus ne esto.*¹ r. tute20. *ffetes bens¹ a bons,*¹ al. ben

(85)

*E nomement a tuens.**E vse3 tes vertuz.**Seur counsayl done3.**Maudyt ne seyez,**Ne maudiez nuls.**Bere þe wel to alle gode men ;*85 Behave well
to good men,*And schrewes, forsake hem alle.*

and do good
works.
Curse no one.

Haunte gode werkes & warie not,
þat hit not on þe falle.

88

Troco lude; aleas fuge.

21. *Si Iuer volez,*

(89)

Al tupet iuez,

E nent ala¹ hasard;

¹ A. al, P. a

Le tables fuez,

Ke tenu ne seyez

Ne fol ne¹ musard.

¹ A. Na fous na, P. A fol ne a

Don't
gamble.

Tak a Toppe, 3if þou wolt pleye,
And not at þe hasardrye.

89

Flee fools.

fleo þou foles in alle wyse,
And vse no vileynye.

.92

Existimacionem retine.

If you're not
sure of your
opinion, keep
it to yourself.

22. *Si vous quidez ren*

De mal ou de ben

Dount tu nes mye cert,

Donkes fetes come sage,

Le retenez en toun corage,

Ke ne seit descouvert.

[The Engl. transl. wanting.]

In the MS. v. 81-4 follow here,
but belong to the next proverb.

Patere legem quam ipse tuleris.

Equ[u]m iudica. nil mentire.

23 (25). *Soffrez en dreit de tei*

(93)

Meymes cele ley

Ke tu as done.

Dreyt tut tens iuggez,

E rien ne mentez,

Kar ceo ert equite.¹

¹ A. est hunte, P. est vice

Abide by your
own laws,

Such lawe as þou hast brouzt
And haunted hast bi-fore,

93

whether you
win or lose.

þou most hit mekely suffre,
ffor winnyng or for lore.

96

Beneficij accepti memor esto.

Pauca in conuiuio¹ loquere. minime iudica.

¹ MS. conuiuio

24. *Benefice ke as resceu*

(97)

En remembrer eiez deu,

Pur fere en guerdon.

E[n] comune¹ poy parlez.

¹ A. conuiuie, P. feste

Homme pur nent¹ iugez, ¹ A. Hume nul ne

Kar ce[o] est trayson.² ² al. detrasciun

þe godnesse þat men do þe, 97 Remember
þou haue hit ofte in mynde; benefits done
to you.

Riȝt skile hit wole eke, 100
Or elles þou art vn-kynde.

Illud stude agere quod iustum est. pugna pro patria.

25. *Taunt cum es en vye,* (101)

De fere estudyē

Ceo ke a dreȝt apent.

E si tu veyes la guere,

Cumbateȝ pur la¹ tere ¹ r. ta

E toun pays defent.

þenk þou euere in þi lyue 101 Try to do
þing þat falleþ to riht. what's right.

ȝif þat Batayle come in to londe, Defend your
Defende hit faste wiþ fiht. 104 country.

Aliena noli concupiscere. parem pacienter vince.

26. *Ne voyles¹ en toun quer* ¹ or. voylles (105)

Autri ben coueyter

Pur nul auenture.

Veindre e sormounter¹ ¹ MS. e esorm.

Voylez uostre per

Par soffraunce e mesure.

Oper mennes þing with wronge 105 Covet not
Coueyte hit nouȝt in herte. other men's
things.

Haue mesure al of þi-self, 108
þat wrong þe not smerte.

Minorem ne contemseris.

Noli confidere in tua fortitudine.

27 (29). *Ky est meyndre de tey,* (109)

Tut¹ seȝez vous rey, ¹ al. Me(s) ke

Vnkes ne despiseȝ.

E si tu force ne¹ as, ¹ al. om.

En tey ne affyeȝ pas,

Ne trop ne [te] preyseȝ.

ȝif þou beo a strong mon 109 Let not the
And riche of worldes good, rich despise
the poor.

Dispyse þou no luytel mon,
Ne hate hym in þy mod.

112

Don't yield
to force, but
to love.

Nichil arbitrio uirium feceris,

[*Libenter amorem ferto.*]¹

¹ MS. *Noli confidere in tua fortitudine.*

28. *Par propre volunte
Ren ne seit ouere
De quant ke tu fras.
Volunters e de gre
Suffrez amiste
Quaunt purchase le as.*

. [English wanting].

Here endet petyt caton.

*Magnus
Cato:
Cato's
Distichs.
Book I.*

Incipit liber catonis.

S*i deus est animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt,
Hic tibi precipue sit pura mente colendus.*

29. *Si deu a cultifier*

(113)

*Est od pure pencer,
Cum dient les dytez,
E seit toun corage
fferm en son estage,
Saunz estre remuez.*

As God is a
spirit, wor-
ship him
with pure
thoughts.

ffor god is lord of alle þing,
As prophetes tellen i-mene,
þou schalt him in werk honoure,
And wiþ pi pouȝtes cleie.

113

116

*Plus uigila semper : ne sompno deditus esto :
Nam diuturna quies uicijs alimenta ministrat.*

30. *Tut tens gardez vous*

(117)

*Ke tu veylez plus
Ke ne prengez sompne ;
Kar par trop dormer
Veum souent cheir
En vices meynt homme.*

Wake more
than you
sleep.

Loke þou wake more þen slepe,¹
And god in alle þing drede ;
Long rest and luitel swynk
To vices hit wol þe lede.

¹ 2 slepe

117

Little work
leads to vice.

120

*Virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam :
Proximus ille deo est qui scit ratione tacere.*

31. *La vertu premere* (121) The first
Ke a tey seit chere,
Est lange refreyner ;
A deu est procheyn
Ke par reson certeyn
Sceet tere e parler.
 121 to restrain
 your tongue.

Kep þi tonge skilfulliche :
 þe furste vertu forsoþe hit is ;
 He is next vnto god
 þat kepeþ hit wel i-wis.

*Sperne repugnando tibi tu contrarius esse :
Conueniet nulli qui secum desidet ipse.*

32. *A sey meymes nul ne seyt* (125)
Contrarius en soun dreyt
Ne endist ne enfance ;
Kar ky ke descorde a sey,
Od nul autre, cum ieo crey,
Ne auera concordaunce.

Be not frouward to þi-self
 In word ne in werk :
 Wip such a mon may non acord—
 So telleþ þe wyse clerk.

*Si uitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,
Cum culpas alios nemo sine crimine viuít.*

33. *Quaunt autre blameras,* (129)
Tey meymes Iugeras
Tut premerement ;
Kar nul nest ke vit,
Ne graunt ne petit,
Ke mout ne mesprent.

Whon þou blamest oper men,
 þyn oun Iuge þou ne be !
 þer nis no mon with-outen lak,
 As men may wel ofte i-se.

*Que nocturna tenes, quamuis sint cara, relinque :
Vtilitas opibus preponi tempore debet.*

34. *Ceo qe vous auez cher,* (133)
Dount quidez enpeirer,
De tey osteras ;
Kar il est profyt
Richesse en despyt
Luer deueras.

Get rid of
 whatever 'll
 harm you,
 however
 much you
 like it.

- þing þat wole apeire þi stat, 133
 Beo hit þe neuer so lef,
 Hastiliche do hit þe fro,
 Or þou þole þe gref. 136

Constans & lenis ut res expostulat esto :
Temporibus mores sapiens sine crimine mutat.

35. *Red e suef seyez* (137)
Solum ce ke tu veyez
Cum les choses ount ;
Ly sages saunz blamer
Ces mours fet atemprer
Solum ke les choses sount.

Be steadfast
 and calm, as
 your condi-
 tion requires.

- Studefast & stille þou be, 137
 As þi catel wol aske :
 þe wyse mon liueþ withouten blame,
 ffor he con wel hym taske. 140

Nil temere uxori de seruis crede querenti :
Sepe etenim mulier quem coniux diligit odit.

36. *Ne errez folement* (141)
Ta femme, quaunt souent
De tes serucauns se cleyme :
Kar souent eschet
Ke la dame het
Ceus ky ly syre eyme.

Don't believe
 all your wife's
 complaints
 of your
 servants.

- Leeue not þi wyf fulliche 141
 Of þi seruans pleynande :
 Ofte falleþ, þe wyf hit hateþ
 þat loueþ þe goode hosebande. 144

Cumque mones aliquem nec se uelit ipse moneri, . (145)
Si tibi sit carus, noli desistere ceptis.

37. *Si de ces folies*
A kuns chasties

*E il ne voyl entendre,
Ne deyez pur ceo cescer,
Pur quey le eyez cher,
Mes plus eplus reprendre.*

3if þou wolt chastise eny mon, 145
þouh he loue not þi lore ;
3if he be dere, leue him nouȝt,
But vndertake hym more. 148

If you have
to punish a
man, don't
hesitate be-
cause he's
dear to you.

*Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis :
Sermo datur multis, animi sapientia paucis.*

38. *En-countre ianglour,* (149)
Ke ne eyez deshonor,
Ne voylles estriuer :
Kar meynt homme ad iangle
En vertu de sa lange,
Est poy de sauer.

A3eynes men ful of wordes 149
Stryue þow riht nouht :
Wordes is ȝiuen to alle men,
And wisdam selden brouht. 152

Don't strive
with wordful
folk. Every
one can talk.
Few are wise.

*Dilige sic alios ut sis tibi carus amicus ;
Sit bonus esto bonis ne te mala dampna sequantur.*

39. *Les autres issi amez* (153)
Ke tu a tey meymes seyez
Cheir a-mys ;
Si seyes bon a bons
E taunt donez a tuens,
Ke tey ne seyt le pys.

Loue so wel opure men, 153
þin oune frend þat þou be ;
Beo so good to alle men,
þat harm from þe fle. 156

So love others
that you
befriend
yourself.

*Rumores fuge, ne incipias nouus auctor haberi :
Nam nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.*

40. *Noueles fuez,* (157)
Ke troue ne seyes
Blaundour ne tenu ;
Tere ne muist pas,

De parler haut ou bas

Mal vener ay veu.

Don't set evil
reports
going.
They kill
men's love
for you.

Of newe tales þou ne be
ffurst makere I-founde :

157

Wikked tales a-mong men

Bringeþ loue to grounde.

160

Rem tibi promissam certam promittere noli :

Rara fides ideo quia multi multa locuntur.

41. *Chose a tey promise,* (161)

A autre en nule guise

Ne le promettez auaunt :

En le mound y ad poy de fey,

Meynt homme est dreyt en sey

ffiauours e blaundiaunt.

Don't pro-
mise to
others, what
is promist to
you.

þing þat þe by-hoten is,

161

Loke on none wyse

þat þou bi-hote hit to non oþer,

ffor þer mihte strif aryse.

164

Cum te aliquis laudat iudex tuus esse memento :

Plus alijs de te quam tu tibi credere noli.

42. *Quaunt tu tey orras loyer,* (165)

Juggez en toun quer

Lj quel est veir ou noun,

Eia autre ne creyez

De vertu ke tu eyez.

Plus ke ta resoun.

If men praise
you for a
virtue, search
whether you
have it.

þif men preise þe for godnesse,

165

þin oune herte þou tast ;

Leeue non better þen þi self,

Wheþer þou þat vertu hast.

168

Officium alterius multis narrare memento,

Atque alijs cum tu benefeceris ipse sileto :

43. *A autri seruisez* (169)

Voyl ke tu preysez

De-uaunt tote gent ;

Mes quant tu bien fras,

Ia nent enparleras

Par moun loement.

- pou maiȝt opur mennes goodnesse 169 Praise other
 Preisen wiȝ-outen blame, men's good-
 But not pin owne be-fore men, ness, but not
 ffor hit were but a schame. 172 your own.

*Multorum cum facta senex & dicta recenses,
 ffac tibi succurrant iuuenisque feceris ipse.*

44. *Seiez en ta iuente* (173)

*E metez vostre entente
 De ben dyre e fere ;
 Kar quaunt veyllard regeies
 En ces fez e diz,
 Le tuen puissez retrere.*

- Sun, do her in pi ȝouȝe 173 In youth, do
 ping ȝat ȝe mouwe helpe ; what 'll help
 Whon ȝou art an old mon aftur, you.
 perof ȝenne maiȝt ȝou ȝelpe. 176 In age, you
 may boast of
 it.

*Ne cures siquis tacito sermone loquatur :
 Consciens ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.*

45. *Si homme nul ren* (177)

*A vous parout ben,
 Ia ne eizes enui ;
 Ky ke mauueis se sent,
 Il quide ke tote gent
 Parlent de ly.*

- ȝif ȝou seo men speke stille, 177 Don't mind
 A-Meoued beo ȝou nouȝt : folks' secret
 ȝe wikked mon weneȝ ȝat alle men talk.
 Haue him in heore ȝouht. 180 Bad men al-
 ways believe
 others are
 thinking of
 them.

*Cum fueris felixque sunt aduersa caueto :
 Non eodem cursu respondent (ultima) primis.*

46. *Taunt cum es benure,* (181)

*En-countre aduersyte
 Deuez vous eschure ;
 Kar le comencement
 E le defynement
 Ne sont pas de vne mesure.*

- ȝif ȝou, mon, be meke and mylde, 181 If you'd be
 ffileo al frouward ping ; happy, avoid
 adversity.

The end
differs from
the begin-
ning.

þe laste tale to þe furste
3if non onsweryng. 184

*Cum dubia & fragilis sit nobis uita tributa,
In mortem alterius spem tu tibi ponere noli.*

47. *Kant si est dotouse* (185)

E freille e perilouse

Vostre vye ici,

Mout est graunt enfance

Pur mettre sei en esperance

En la mort de autri.

As your own
life is frail,
don't trust to
another
man's death.

¶ Sipeþ þat vre lyf is frele 185

þat to vs alle is 3iuen,

In non oþur monnes dep

Hope þou nouȝt to liuen. 188

¶ *Exiguum munus cum det tibi pauper amicus,
Accipito placide, plene laudare memento.*

48. *Kant vn petit doun* (189)

Tei ad en baundoun

De toun poure amy,

Reseez le bonement,

E plenerement

Tenez par tut dely.

If a poor
friend gives
you a small
gift, thank
him kindly
for it.

3if eny of pi pore frendes 189

3iue þe a 3ift smal,

Receyue þou hit bleþeliche,

And þonk him feire þou schal. 192

¶ *Infantem nudum cum te natura creauit,
Paupertatis onus paciēter ferre memento.*

49. *Kant en le mound venistis viȝ,* (193)

Poure e cheytif,

E nu e dolent,

Le charge de pouerte,

De meseyse e de pite

Suffrez le bonement.

As you were
born naked,
bear the
burden of
poverty
meekly.

¶ Sipeþ þat kynde haþ þe formed 193

A luytel naked chylde,

þe charge of pouert loke þou bere,

And beo boþe meke & mylde. 196

¶ *Ne timeas illam que uite est ultima finis :
Qui mortem metuit amittit gaudia uite.*

50. *Kant tei estut morir* (197)

*E a ta fyn vener,
Ne deyez la mort doter ;
Kar ky doute la mort,
Ia ioye ne desport
Ne put en le mound auer.*

¶ Whon þou schalt nedelich ones dye

197 Because you
have to die,
don't be
afraid, and
lose life's
pleasures.

And heþene away to wende,
Doute hit not, for þouȝt þer-of
Mihte þe fulliche schende.

200

¶ *Si tibi pro meritis nemo respondet amicus,
Incusare deum noli, set te ipse coerce.*

51. *Si nul amy en fei* (201)

*Ne respoygne a tey
De bens ke fet li as,
Ne uoylleȝ deu blamer ;
Tei deuez refrener,
E ly ne blameras.*

¶ Ȝif no mon onswere to þe
ffor þi goddede bi nome,
Wrappe þe not þerfore wiþ god,
Bote þi-seluen blame.

201 If a man is
ungrateful to
you, don't
blame God.

204

¶ *Ne tibi quid desit quesitis, vtere parce ;
Vt-que quod est serues, semper tibi deesse putato.*

52. *Le tuen purchas despent* (205)

*Esparniablement
Solum ceo qe vous veyeȝ mester ;
E quydeȝ tote veys,
Ke tu ren ne eyeȝ,
Pur ben le meuz garder.*

¶ Spene þi good mesurabliche,
Purchased þauȝ þei be ;
And hope alle þinges þat þou hast
Away mihte falle from þe.

205 Spend moder-
ately.

208 You may
lose your
property.

¶ *Quod prestare potes, ne bis promiseris vlli,
Ne sis uentosus dum vis bonus esse videri.*

53. *Ne promettez pas souent,* (209)
Donez mout doucement
Ceo ke volez doner,
Kar ne seyez auauntour
Dount vous voyllez honour
E los epris auer.

Give presents
 promptly.
 Don't pro-
 mise 'em
 twice.

- ¶ *Þing also þat þou may 3iue,* 209
Twyes bi-hote hit nouzt ;
Beo not ful of wikked wynt
And leose not þi fore þouzt. 212

¶ *Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus ;*
Tu quoque fac simile : sic ars deluditur arte.

54. *Si acuns par parler,* (213)
E ne mye de quer,
Se feyne toun amy,
Deceyuez art par art,
E de la tue part
ffacez a-taunt dely.

Treat deceiv-
 ers deceit-
 fully, and
 gammon 'em.

- ¶ *Hose feyneþ him frend with word* 213
And not wiþ herte stable,
With such a seruyse serue þou him,
And telle him tale of fable. 216

¶ *Noli homines blando nimium sermone probare :*
ffistula dulce canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.

55. *Ne voylles losenger* (217)
Ne homme trop loer,
ffors ke solum le dreit ;
Doucement chaunte le frestel,
Quant le oysellour le oysel
Trait a deceit.

Don't praise
 men lyingly.

- ¶ *Preyse no mon but in his riht* 217
With no losengerye ;

Fowlers catch
 birds with
 melody.

- ¶ *þe foulere chaccheþ briddes feole*
Wiþ swete melodye. 220

¶ *Cum tibi sint nati nec opes, tunc artibus illos*
Instrue, quo possint inopem defendere vitam.

56. *Si vous ne eyes manans* (221)
E auez mout enfauns,

*ffetes les aprendre
Acune menestraucie,
Par vnt ke il pussent la vye
de pouerte defendere.*

¶ 3if þou haue children monye
And goodes none bute smale,
Sone þou hem to craft sette,
þer-wiþ to beeten heore bale.

221 If you've
many chil-
dren, and
are poor,
teach 'em a
Craft.

224

¶ *Quod vile est, carum ; quod carum, vile putato :
Sic tibi nec cupidus, nec auarus nosceris vlli.*

I. 29.

57. *Dount autres vnt cherte*

(225)

*Ceo eye3 en vilte,
E le vil eye3 cher :
E ia nyers blame
Pur escharcete
Ne pur coueyter.*

¶ þat is good chep may beo dere,
And deore good chep also ;
Loke þou beo not coueytous
Ne gredi ek þer-to.

225 Good bar-
gains may
be dear ;
and dear
things may
be a good
bargain.

228

¶ *Que culpāre soles, ea tu ne feceris ipse :
Turpe est doctori, cum culpa redarguit ipsum.*

I. 30.

58. *Ceo ke tu veus blamer,*

(229)

*Ne voyllez pas amer
Ne fere pur nul plet :
Il ne auent a nuly
De blamer autry
De ceo ke il meymes fet.*

¶ þing þat þou art wont to blame,
Loke þou do hit nouht !
Schome hit is a mon to blame
þing þat he haþ wrouht.

229 Don't do
what you
blame in
others.

232

¶ *Quod iustum est, petito, vel quod videatur honestum :
Nam stultum est petere, quod possit iure negari.*

I. 31.

59. *Si fere veus requeste,*

(233)

*Pense3 come honeste
Tu le pussez fere ;
Kar ceo ke len pardreyt*

En-countre dyre deit,

Ne fet pas a requere.

Ask what
is right,
not what can
be rightfully
denied you.

¶ Aske þing þat rihtful is 233

Or honest in þi siht :

ffolye hit is to aske þe good

þat is to werne wiþ riht. 236

I. 32. ¶ *Ignotum tibi tu noli preponere notis :*
Cognita iudicio constant[i], incognita casu.

60. *Tut tens eyez tu* (237)

Plus priue le conou

Ke le trespassaunt ;

Ta chose ne querez

Quant auer le devez

Purueyez tei ben auaunt.

Love friends
better than
strangers.

¶ Loue bettre a knowen frend 237

þen mon of fer cuntre :

þorw de-faute of knoweleching

þou maiȝt i-greued be. 240

[Lines 245-8, 'Sum tyme . . . in riht' follow wrongly here in the MS.]

I. 33. ¶ *Cum dubia in certis uersetur vita periculis,¹*
Pro lucro tibi pone diem, ²quocumque laboras.

61. *Quant vie est en peril* [¹ periculis, V. R.] (241)

En I-cest exil [² MS. qui . . .]

Ce est dolour a pert,

Ki ke vnkes es en labour

ffacet ke checun iour

de gayner seies cert.

As Death is
to be dreaded,
work daily to
earn gain.

¶ Sipeñ dredful is deþ, diliueret 241

In eorþe to al monkunne,

Do þi labour eueri day

Sum good forte winne. [¹ cede sodali, V. R.] 244

I. 34. ¶ *Vincere cum possis, interdum vince ferendo ;¹*
Obsequio quoniam dulces retinentur amici.

62. ¶ *Quant veindre en puras,* (245)

Souent len durras

A toun cher cumpaynoun ;

Kar nyert la mort parfyt

Si renes est fet ou dyt

Ki de-plese a hom.

- ¶ Sum tyme spare þi felawe¹ 245 Don't push
þouȝ þou ouercome him miht ; your victories
Parfyt loue is þer non [¹ The MS. has l. 245-8 after l. 240.] too far.
- Whon ȝe striue in riht. 248
[Lines 249-252, 'To ȝeue luitel . . . lete,' wrongly follow here in the MS.,
and are also repeated in their proper place.]
- ¶ *Ne dubites, cum magna petas, impendere parua :* I. 35.
Hiis etenim rebus coniungit gracia caros.
63. ¶ *Ne doteȝ pas ou tu oses,* (249)
Ou tu requers graunt choses
Le petis doner ;
Kar veises amis
Solum ce ke mest auis
Par taunt entre amer.
- To ȝeue luitel, dred þe nouȝt, [See note above.] 249 Don't grudge
þer þou askest grete a small gift
Of þi frendes and neihebors— when you ask
þat costum wol not lete. 252 for a great
one.
- ¶ *Litem inferre caue, cum quo tibi gracia iuncta est :* I. 36.
Ira odium generat, concordia nutrit amorem.
64. *Ne moueȝ ia toun corn* (253)
En-vers toun compaynon
Ne en-vers toun bien veilaunt ;
Kar Ire engendre haiour,
E concorde amour—
Gardeȝ vous partaunt.
- ¶ To þi felawe wel willynge 253 Don't quarrel
Sture þou no chidyng ; with those
Wrappe gedereþ gret hate, who wish
Loue norisscheþ sauȝtynge. 256 you well.
- ¶ *Seruorum ob culpam¹ cum te dolor vrget in Iram,* I. 37.
Ipse tibi moderare, tuis ut parcere possis.
65. *Si tu pur mesfet,* [¹ Servorum culpa, V. R.] (257)
Ki toun seruaunt ad fet,
As del Ire al quer,
Tei meymes a-mesure,
Ki puisset a cel houre
A tuens esparnier.
- ¶ Ȝif serwe of gult of seruauns 257 Don't punish
Wol þe bringe in care, servants' faults

too sharply.

I rede þou tempre þe so wel
þat tyme þat þou hem spare. 260

- I. 38. ¶ *Quem superare potes, interdum vince ferendo ;*
*Maxima etenim morum est*¹ *semper paciencia virtus.*

66. *Quaunt tu aueras pouer* (261)

De autre sourmounter, [1 Maxima enim morum, V. R.]

Donke vendras par suffraunce ;

Kar estre pacient

Est graunt a-faitement,

E meynt homme auauunce.

Prevail by
patience and
meekness.

þe mon þat þou maiȝt ouergo, 261

Wiþ suffrance him ouercome ;

Meknes is vertu gret

Wiþ pure riht of dome. 264

- I. 39. ¶ *Conserua pocius, que sunt iam parta labore :*
Cum labor in dampno est, crescit mortalis egestas.

67. *Ce gardez sagement* (265)

Ki tu nomement

As conquis par labour ;

Quant est en perte,

Donke crest mortele pouerte

E anguisse e dolour.

Spend wisely
your hard-
won earnings.

¶ þinges þat þou hast gederet 265

Wiþ gret bisynesse,

Wysliche þou hem spene,

ffor pereles more and lesse. 268

- I. 40. ¶ *Dapsilis interdum notis & carus amicis ;*
Cum fueris felix, semper tibi proximus esto.

68. *A tei conuȝ dieȝ*

Seieȝ a tote feeȝ

Large a Mesure ;

Mes plus seieȝ amy

A tei ke a autri,

Tant cum ben tei dure.

[four English lines omitted : also out of Addit. 22,283.]

Book II.

Prolog.

[² *Telluris si forte u*]elis cognoscere cultus, [² Harl. MS. 4657]

[² *Virgilium le*]gito ; quod si mage nosse laboras

69. [*Si tu*³] voles sauer, (269)

[*Dois ta t*]eres cultifier [³ Addit. 22,283, lf. 120, col. 3.]

[*Ke*] *ble ne fayle mye,*

Virgile lisetz,

En sauer enpurrez

A-sez de gramarie.

Book II.

Prolog.

¶ 3if þou wolt knowe þe tilþe of eorþe,

þat þe fayle corn none,

Go and red virgiles bok—

þe craft he tauȝte vchone.

269 To know
agriculture,
read Virgil.

272

¶ ¹ *Herbarum vires, Macer tibi carmine dicet.*

70. *Si vous volez fñsicien*

(273)

Estre e sauer bien

Doner les medicines,

Macer, ke ne ment,

Les grauns vertues aprent

De herbes ede Racynes.

3if þou wolt ben a fñsicien,

273 To be a
Doctor, and
know the
powers of
herbs, read
Macer.

ffor vueles to ȝiuen bote,

Macer þe strengþe of grasas telles,

Boþe of crop and Rote.

276

¶ *Si roma[na] cupis & punica noscere bella,*

*Lucanum queras, qui martis prelia dicet.*² [² dixit, V. R.]

71. *Si voil ke tu ne fayles,*

(277)

De sauer les bataȝles

De Aufrike e de Rome,

Lucan apernez,

Kar i-leok troueres

De Batayle la somme.

3if þou wolt knowe þe Batayle

277 To know the
Wars of
Rome and
Carthage,
read Lucan.

Of Aufrik or of Rome,

Red a Bok þat hette Lucan,

He wol þe telle vchone.

280

¶ *Si quid amare libet, uel discere amare legendo,*

Nasonem petito: [sin autem tibi cura³ hec est, (Harl. MS. 116, lf. 107)] [³ cura tibi, V. R., and Addit. MS. 22,283.]

72. *Si volez sauer amours,*

(281)

Come ly plusours,

¹ Harl. MS. 4657, leaf 40 back, at foot, prefixes this spurious line: 'Humanos si forte uelis depellere morbos;' but MS. Harl. 116, leaf 106 back, of B. Burgh's *Cato*, has, rightly, only the one line of the text above.

*Book II.**Prolog.*

*Lisez les Ouides,
 Et tost saueras amer,
 E plus des amiz aueres
 Ki tu ne guides.*

To know
 about Love,
 read Ovid.

3if þou wolt witen of derne loue 281
 And haue þi fflessches wille,
 Sech Ouide : he con þe telle
 þe Maners loude and stille. 284

¶ ¹*Sin autem cura tibi hec est,¹ ut sapiens uiuas, audi,
 que discere possis.* [¹—¹ This belongs metrically to the last couplet,
 as in Addit. 22,283: see p. 575.]
Per que semotum uicii deducitur eu[u]m.

73. *E si de cest nas cure,* (285)

*Mes sen e mesure,
 Voylez aprendre
 Par ount come sage
 Puisse toun corage
 De uices defendre.*

To live
 wisely, be
 steady in
 youth.

3if þou wolt liue wisliche, 285
 In zoupe þi lyf amende ;
 In þin elde þow maiȝt betere
 ffrom vices þe defende. 288

*II. End of
 Prolog.*

Come and
 learn what
 Wisdom is.

¶ *Ergo ades ; & que sit sapiencia, disce legendo.*

74. *Veriez¹ donke auant,* [¶ Venez]

*Si orras en lisaunt,
 Si voilez entendre,
 Syre, coynteyse,
 Ben e bone a-prise
 Voyl en tei despendre.*

. . . [English wanting, as in Addit. 22,283.]

II. 1. ¶ *Si potes, ignotis eciam prodesse memento :
 Vtilius regno est, meritis adquirere amicos.*

75. *Si vous poyez, a touz
 A cuns e meylours
 Pensez de profiter ;
 Kar ben e honour frez
 E les amis conquerez,
 Ke uaut meuz qe regner.*

. . . [English wanting, as in Addit. 22,283.]

Mitte archana dei, celum¹ inquirere quit sit ;

II. 2.

Cum sis mortalis, que sunt mortalia, cura.

76. Quant tu es mortel, [¹ coelumque, V. R.] (289)

Les estres de ciel

Ne deuez vous enquerre ;

A dampne deu lesses

Auer les priuities

De ciel e de tere.

¶ Enquerre not of priuities

289

As you are mortal, let God's secrets be ; care for mortal things.

Of God ne eke of heuene ;

Sipen þat þou art dedliche,

Keep þe in þi weies euene.

292

¶ *Lingue metum leti ; nam, stultum est tempore in omni ;*

II. 3.

Dum mortem metuis, amittis² gaudia vite.

77. Ne dotes pas la mort, [² amittere, V. R.] (293)

Quant ceo est nostre sort ;

Kar mout serreit folye

Pur pour de la mort

De perdre le desport

Ki est en ceste vye.

¶ fforsak þow þe drede of deþ,

293

Don't fear Death so much as to lose Life's joys.

Sipen hit þin Auntur is ;

He leoseþ þe Ioye of his lyf

þat douteþ hit, I-wis.

296

¶ *Iratus de re incerta contendere noli :*

II. 4.

Impedit ira animum, ne possit cernere uerum.

78. Quant tu es irrez, (297)

De chose ne estriuez

Dount nestes certifie ;

Kar Ire le corage

Desturbe, ke il ne seit sage

De entendre verite.

¶ Striue no þing in þi wrappe

297

Don't strive in rage for uncertainties.

ffor þing vn-certeyne ;

Wrappe destruyep monnes wit,

Whon soþ may not beo seizene.

300

[³ Dandum etenim est aliquid, V. R.]

ffac sumptum propere, cum res desiderat ipsa ;

II. 5.

Dapsilis interdum,³ cum tempus postulat aut res.

79. *Tes despenses despent* (301)

Mout cortisement

En beyuere e en viaunde,

Kar tei estot despendre

Solum ke poyez entendre

Ke le tens demaunde.

Be liberal in
hospitality
when the
time calls
for it.

Sum-while spend Mete and drink

301

Hastiliche, I rede;

Hit falleþ mon to spende his good

Whon tyme hit wole in stede.

304

II. 6. ¶ *Quod nimium est, fugito, paruo gaudere memento ;*
Tuta magis¹ puppis, modico que flumine fertur.

80. *De Mesure hayes,* [¹ mage est, V. R.] (305)

De petit sieiez lees,

Kar ceo est mesure ;

La nef ke veut sor le vnde

Ke guerres nest parfounde,

Plus est enseure.

Enjoy little
things; avoid
too large
ones.
Shallow
water is safer
than the deep
sea.

¶ To make murþe of luitel ping ;

305

To muche, þou hit fleo ;

Schip is more siker in luitel water

þen in þe deope séé.

308

II. 7. ¶ *Quod pudeat, socios prudens celare memento :*
Ne plures culpent id, quod tibi displicet uni.

81. *Coyntement celez* (309)

Ke ne seit vergondez

Les fez ton compaynoun ;

Kar plusours partey

Blamerunt en dreit de sei

Ces mesfez en comun.

Hide other
men's dis-
graces, and
they'll hide
yours.

¶ Hele ping þat schameþ men,

309

Qweynte mon 3if þou beo,

þat oper men blame not

þing þat greueþ þe.

312

[³ Harl. MS. 4657, lf. 91 bk.]

II. 8. ¶ *Nolo putes, prauos homines peccata lucrari :*

Temporibus peccata latent, &² tempore parent. [² sed, V. R.]

82. *Ne voyl qe vous guidez⁴* [³ Ne dais quider (313)

Ke homme par pecches

[⁴ quidez. Addit. 22,283.]

[*Puisse ren*] *gayner*[*Kar pecche*]*s escapisent*[*E en tens*] *arere issent*[*E renden*]*t mal louer.*ke pecche aiment, e le funt
suuent,

ke pru emporterunt;

Ne pot ester ke tus pecches

ke or suzt cuuers, e celées;

En aucun tens se mustrunt.]

[¹ MS. torn away. Supplied
from Addit. MS. 22,253.]

[I nul n]ot þat þou hope

Wicked men sunnes winne;

Sunnes askapen ofte in tounes,

And schewen In tyme and blinne.

313

Don't try to
gain by bad
men's sins.
They'll come
to light some
day.

316

Corporis² exigui vires contempnere noli :

II. 9.

*Consilio pollet, cui uim natura negauit.*83. *Ne eiez en despit*[² MS. corpus]

(317)

*La force del petit,**Kar se ne uaut quere ;**Kar la ou force faut,**Bon counseil vaut,**Quant homme ad a fere.*¶ *Ne haue þou not in dispit*

317

*þe bodi of luitel mon :**In pes and werre þer strengþe is wone,**Good wisdam ofte he con.*

320

Don't despise
little men's
power :
they're often
clever.¶ *Quem³ scieris non esse parem [te⁴] tempore cede :*

II. 10.

Victorem a uicto superari sepe videmus.[³ Cui, V. R.]84. *Souent desporteras*[⁴ tibi, Addit. 22,253.]

(321)

*Cely ke puis bas**De tei est, e mynour :**Kar nous aoums veu**Souent le vencu**Reueyndre le vencour.*¶ *þouh a mon be not þi peere,*

321

*ffor-bere þou him in cas :**Ofte we seon þe strengor falle**þorw him þat feblore was.*

324

Yield occa-
sionally to
your in-
feriors : the
weak often
cast down
the strong.¶ *Aduersus⁵ notum noli contendere verbis :*

II. 11.

*Lis minimis verbis interdum maxima cressit.*85. *A conu ne od pier*[⁵ MS. Aduersum]

(325)

*Ne voiles estriuer,**Ne en Ieu ne adecertes ;**Kar graunt cuntel souent*

	<i>De poy sourt entre gent, Dount venent graunt pertes.</i>	
Don't strive against friends.	¶ Azeines knowen mon ne frend, Loke þat þou ne striue ;	325
Small words make big troubles.	Gret contek of smale wordes Waxeþ ofte ful ryue.	328

- II. 12. *Quod¹ deus intendat, noli perquirere sorte ;* [¹ Quid, V. R.]
Quod¹ statuit² de te, sine te deliberat ipse. [² statuatur, V. R.]

86. *Ne voiez pas enquire* (329)
Par sort ke deu voyl fere
De tei ne de autri ;
Mes serf tei facez
Souent les saluez,
E tut tei mettes en ly.

Don't fash about God's intentions,	¶ Aske not what god wol do Of þe world bi cas ;	329
He'll act without asking you.	Wiþ-outen þe and oþur alle He mai worche wiþ his gras.	332

- II. 13. ¶ *Inuidiam nimio cultu uitare memento ;*
Que si non ledat,³ tamen hanc sufferre molestum est.

87. *Pur eschure envye,* [³ ledit, V. R.] (333)
Gardez ke ne seyes mye
Trop noble de vesture ;
Si homme ne nust grauntment,
ffolye fust ne quident
E envye sa porture.

Avoid Envy,	¶ Envye, wiþ gret bisnesse Beo-þenk þe forte fleo ;	333
which chuck- les over other folk's ills.	Of oþer mennes euel fare, Envye makeþ him gleo.	336

- II. 14. ¶ *Esto forti animo,⁴ cum sis dampnatus inique ;*
Nemo diu gaudet, qui iudice uincit iniquo.

88. *Si dampne es a tort,* [⁴ animo forti, V. R.] (337)
Gardez ke sieiez fort
E ferm en toun corage ;
Nuil homme sen Ioyet longement
Ky par mal Iugement
Vit e par outrage.

- ¶ 3if þou be dampned falsliche, 337 Under false
Loke þou beo of wille strong ; blame, be
No mon Ioyeþ long aftur, strong of
þat ouer-comeþ wiþ wrong. 340 will.
- ¶ *Litis preterite, noli maledicta referre ;* II. 15.
Post inimicicias iram meminisse, malorum est.
89. *De tensoun trespassez,* (341)
Puis ke il est pardonez,
Ne deiþ le diteþ retrere ;
A pre amistes
Nest Ire acordes
Par homme debonere.
- ¶ Of Contek ones forziuen, 341 Don't revive
Reherce no wikkednesse ; forgiven
þe wikked mon þe wikked dedes disputes.
Recordet, boþe more and lasse. 344
- ¶ *Nec te collaudes, nec te culpaueris ipse :* II. 16.
Hoc faciunt stulti, quos gloria vexat inanis.
90. *Tei ne deuez loyer* (345)
Ne tei meymes blamer,
Ceo eyeþ en memorie ;
Kar se fount i ceus
Ke sount bricons e fous
E pleyne de veyne glorie.
- ¶ Preise no mon him-seluen, 345 Don't praise
Ne blame him-self also ; or blame
So don foles, þat veyn glorie yourself.
Trauayleþ euer-mo. 348 Fools do that.
- ¶ *Vtere quesitis modice : cum sumptus abundat,* II. 17.
Labitur exiguo, quod partum est tempore longo.
91. *Doneþ e dispent* (349)
Mesurablement,
Si cum la chose est ;
Kar il est fest en poy detens,
Quant nest garde par sens,
Ke long tens quili est.
- ¶ 3if and spend a-tempreliche 349 Give and
þe good þat þou may winne ; spend moder-
ately.

Money is
slow to get,
quick to go.

Catel is long in gederyng,
And sone a-wei wol renne.

352

- II. 18. ¶ *Insipiens esto, cum tempus postulat, aut res :
Stulticiam simulare loco prudentia summa est.*

92. *ffol voil qe tu sieiez, (353)*
Solum ceo ke tu veiez
Coment la chose vet ;
Kar cointise est graunt
Defendre sei noun-sauaunt
Pur soun esplet.

With fools,
pretend to
be a fool.

¶ ffeyne þe fol, þei þou be wys, 353
þer fooles aren beo-deene ;
A Mon to feynen him on þat wyse
Is wismon, als I wene. 356

- II. 19. ¶ *Luxuriam fugito, simul & vitare memento
Crimen Auaricie ; nam sunt contraria fame.*

93. *ffuez lecherie (357)*
E ne amez mye
Nuil de ces delyces ;
E Auarice ausy ;
Kar ce sachez de fy,
Ke ceus doynent graunt vices.

Flee Lechery
and Gluttony.

¶ Lecherie and Glotenie, 357
ffleo hem boþe bi name ;
þei ben two wikked vices,
And bringe men ofte in fame. 360

- II. 20. ¶ *Noli tu quedam referenti credere semper :
Exigua est tribuenda fides, quia multa locuntur.*¹

94. *A ces counteous [1 loquantur] (361)*
Ne creyez mye a tous
Ke countent meynt a fere ;
Kar mout I ad paroles
ffaues e foles,
E poi de fei entere.

Don't believe
every one's
tales.

¶ Leeue þou not alle mennes tales, 361
Deceyuet þat þou ne beo ;
Mon þat telleþ mony þinges,
ffals most nede sum beo. 364

¶ *Quod potu¹ peccas, ignoscere tu tibi noli ;* II. 21.
Nam nullum crimen uini est, set culpa bibentis.

95. *A tey ne seit il pardone* [¹ *Quae potus, V. R.*] (365)

Quant tu es en-yuere
De beiuere ke mout vaut ;
Kar en le vyn neizt il pas
Ne en la coupe le trespas,
Mes en le trop beuaunt.

¶ *3if þou sunge in drinkyng,* 365 *If you get*
Bi-þenk þe of þat cas ; *drunk, the*
þe gult is not in þe ale ne wyn, *fault is yours,*
But is þyn oune trespas. 368 *not the*
liquor's.

¶ *Concilium archanum tacito committe² sodali :* II. 22.
Corporis auxilium medico committe fideli.

96. *De ta priuite* [² *MS. committere.*] (369)

A cumpaynoun cele
Dyez, e ueyez ke il ne seit volage ;
Toun cors a mediciner
A Mire deuez bayler
Ke seit lel e sage.

¶ *Counseil þer no foly is,* 369 *Keep counsel.*
Of þi felawe þou hele ;
Put þi body, whon þou art seek,
To leche þat is lele. 372 *When ill, go*
to a trusty
doctor.

¶ *Successus dignos noli tu³ ferre moleste :* II. 23.
Indulget fortuna malis, ut ledere possit.

97. *Si par ta deserte* [³ *Noli successus indignos, V. R.*] *Take adverse*
Tei auygne mal ou perte, *fortune*
Nel preygnez trop ases ; *calmly.*
Kar fortune esleue
Les maucis, qe ele les greue
Plus apren lent apres.

. [No English given.]

[*Lines 373-6, p. 584, 'To suffre . . . drude,' wrongly follow here in the Vernon MS., and in the Simeon, Addit. MS. 22,283, leaf 121, col. 2.*]

¶ *Prospice, qui ueniunt, hos casus esse ferendo[s] :* II. 24.
Nam leuius ledit, quicquid preuidimus ante.

98. *Les mals pur meuz suffer* (373)
Ke poyent auener,
Coyntement puruei ;

*De taunt purrount le meyns
Quant il sount priue dens
Greuer a tei.*

Provide for
coming ills.

¶ To suffre wo þat is to comen,¹ 373

Porueye þe for nede ; [¹ Lines 373-6 are a repetition of those on
page 583, after no. 97 of the French.]

Hap þat we han seiȝen ar þis,
Doþ us more to drede. 376

II. 25. ¶ *Rebus in aduersis animum submittere noli ;
Spem retine : spes una hominem nec morte relinquit.*

99. *Ne seiȝ sourmounete* (377)

*Par nul aduersite,
Ke vous neieȝ tort,
Mes de bone cheuaunce,
E eies en esperaunce
Quant es al poynt de mort.*

Fear no
disaster
when you're
in the right.
Always be of
good hope.

¶ Dred no tribulacion, 377

þer þou hast þe riht ;
Of good hope euer þou be,
And stonde with al þi miht. 380

II. 26. ¶ *Rem, tibi quam noscis aptam, dimittere noli ;
ffronte capillata, post est occasio calua.*

100. *Chose profitable—* (381)

*Kar fortune est changable—
Ne seit de tei lesse ;
Le frount od peil est bel
Quant le hatirel
Chauf y ert epele.
Par la frount pelu
De vous seit entendu
De riche comensail ;
E par la chef de riers
Ke tot est auf eres
Le poure defynail.*

Where
there's profit,
go for it at
once.

¶ Profitable þing to þe, 381

Leeue hit not to ȝare ;
þat forehed is lodly
þat is calouh and bare. [² *specta : quodque, V. R.*] 384

II. 27. ¶ *Quod sequitur specta : que quod¹ imminet ante, videto ;
Illum imitare deum, partem qui spectat vtramque.*

101. *I ceo qe pert deuaunt* (385)

*Seiez entendaunt,
E ceo ke suyt apres ;
E li deu tot dreit,
Ke le vn e lautre veyt,
en suez a des.*

¶ Ende and beginnyng of þi werk 385 Look both at
Boþe þou hem bi-holde ; the end and
þulke god folewe bisiliche beginning of
þat alle þing hap in wolde. your work.

388

¶ *fforcius¹ ut ualeas, interdum parciore esto :* II. 28.

Pauca uoluptati debentur, plura saluti. [1 Fortior, V. R.]

102. *Mesurable deyes* (389)

*Estre a cune feyez,
Tut seiez Mout pussaunt ;
Mout deynt homme a sante,
E poy a Iolifte,
Estre entendaunt.*

¶ þe hardiore þou holde þi good, 389 The more
þe strengore þat þou be ; boldly you
Mony þing to hele² falle, ² MS. helle. keep your
And fewe to Iolyte. goods, the
stronger
you'll be.

392

¶ *Iudicium populi numquam contempseris vnus :* II. 29.

Ne nulli placeas, dum uis contempnere multos.

103. *Iammes Iugement* (393)

*Ou le peple se consent,
Ne despisez soul ;
Kar ky mout despit
Par fet ou par dit,
Ne ert ame de nul.*

¶ To Iugement of þe peple 393 Don't despise
Dispise þou neuere al-one ; other folk's
He þat dispiseþ mony men, judgment,
He is loued of none. or you'll be
hated.

396

¶ *Sit tibi precipue, quod primum est, cura salutis ;* II. 30.

Tempora ne culpes, cum sit³ tibi causa do[lo]ris.

104. *Tut premerement* [3 sis, V. R.] (397)

A ta sancte entent,

Quant feiztes toun labour ;
 Le heure ne blamez,
 Kar deu par uos pecche3
 Le chaunge tot en iour.

If mishap
 befall you,
 don't blame
 Time. God
 is punishing
 your sin.

¶ 3if þe bi-fallen serwe on honde, 397
 þe tyme ne blame þou nouht ;
 God, for vre sunnes alle,
 Chaunged werk and þou3t. 400

II. 31. ¶ *Sompnia ne cures ; nam mens humana quod optat,¹
 Dum vigilat, sperat, per sompnum cernit id Ipsum.*

105. *De songe ke vous songez, [1 optans, V. R.] (401)*
 Counte ne countez ;
 Kar quant homme est veilaunt,
 Ce ke il coueit e espeir,
 E puis le veut auer
 Cel meimes en dormaunt.

Don't tell
 others your
 dream ;
 for it's what
 you've been
 wishing for.

¶ þing þat þe mette in sweuene, 401
 Telle hit not wakand ;
 Hit is þing þat þou coueyted
 Er longe bi-fore-hand. 404

Book III.

Prolog.

[³ *Commoda
 multa feres :
 sin autem
 spreueris
 illud,
 Non me
 scriptorem,
 sed te neg-
 lexeris ipse.*]

¶ *Hoc quicumque uelis carmen cognoscere lector,
 Hec precepta feras² que sunt gratissima uite,³*

106. *Kar ki ke vnkes serras [2 Quum p. ferat, V. R.] (405)*
 Ki cest dit vodras
 En lysaunt entendre,
 Veiez toun corage
 A tei ke sieiez sage
 E coueitez a prendre.

R Edere, who-so þat hit be, 405
 þe Comaundement with him bere
 And nou3t to hy3e ne lowe. 408

III. 1. ¶ *Instrue preceptis animum, ne⁴ discere cesses ;
 Nam sine doctrina uita est quasi mortis ymago.*

107. *Ne cesses en toun corage [4 nec, V. R.] (409)*
 De aprendre ke sieiez sage
 Mout amyablement ;
 Kar si cum morte ymage

*Est homme en checun age**Ky nul ben a prent.*

¶ fforþure þi wille wiþ wisdom

409 Learn
wisdom.

And sese not for to lere ;

Monnes lyf is lyk a ded ymage,

Witles ȝif hit were.

412 Life without
learning is a
dead image.¶ *Commoda multa feres ; sin autem spreueris illud,*

End of
Prolog.

*Non me scriptorem, sed te neglexeris ipsum.*108. *Mout aueras profit,*

(413)

*Si tu a cet escrit**A prendre met ta peyne ;**E si tu ne les lysez**Pas ne dispisez**E ffras toun prou demeyne.*

¶ ȝif þou wolt don aftur me,

413 You'll gain
by following
my advice.

Proffyt þou schalt haue ;

ȝif þow wolt dispise me not,

þin ounne worschupe þou saue.

416

¶ *Cum recte uiuas, ne cures verba malorum ;*

III. 2.

*Arbitrii nostri non est quod quisque loquatur.*109. *Cum vous uiuez dreit e ben,*

(417)

*Ne tei seit de ren**Ky ly mauais dient ;**Kar nad nul de pouwer**Les bouches estoper**A ceuz ke mal vous leyent.*

¶ Mekeliche þou suffre chidyng

417 Suffer meekly
fools' chid-
ing.

Of fool oþer of moppe ;

Hit is not in vre pouwer

Vehe monnes mouþ to stoppe.

420 You can't
stop men's
mouths.¶ *Productus testis, saluo tamen ante pudore,*

III. 3.

*Quantumcumque potes, celato crimen amici.*110. *Quant es auant mene**Testemonier verite,**Sauuez le tuen honour**Toun amy sauueras,**Quant qi tu purras,*When cald on
as a witness,
hide your
friend's
crime, so far
as honour
allows.

De blame de soun seynnour.

. [English wanting, space left.]

- III. 4. ¶ *Sermones blandos blesosque cauere memento :
Simplicitas veri fama est, fraus ficta loquendi.*

111. *Paroles bleysautes* (421)
E les blandiautes
Deuez vous despire ;
Kar nuil homme ne deit
A nuly par dreit
ffeyntement verite dire.
Dyre verite
En simplicité,
Ceo est bone fame ;
ffeyntement parler
E verite celer
Ceo est boydie e blame.

Beware of
honied
words : they
are false.

¶ *Swete wordes of losengri,* 421
pou3 þei beo likande,
Eueriche mon ouzte hem to fle,
And fals hem vnderstande. 424

- III. 5. ¶ *Segniciem fugito, que uite ignauia fertur ;
Nam cum animus languet, consumit inercia corpus.*

112. *Si tu ne fue3 peresse* (425)
Par dreite destresse,
Maueis ert ta vye ;
Kar ly quer languurat
Par taunt cum peresce ad
Le cors en sa bailye

Avoid sloth.

¶ *3if þou ne wolt sleuþe forsake* 425
Wip ful gret bisynesse,
þi lyf is badde, þi bodi sone
Schal falle in seknesse. 428

It hurts both
soul and
body.

- III. 6. ¶ *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
Vt possis animo quemuis sufferre laborem.*

113. *Entermettre deuez* (429)
De Ioyous estre a la fe3
E heiter ta nature,
Ke puisses saun3 damage

*Suffrir en toun corage
Le trauayl ke vous vent sure.*

- ¶ Sum tyme to þi studiing 429 Mix pleasure
þou puit Ioye euere among ; with study ;
þou schalt betere afturward
Suffre trauayle strong. 432 you'll work
the better.
for it.

¶ *Alterius dictum aut factum ne carpseris unquam,* III. 7.
Exemplo simili ne te derideat alter.

114. *Autri dyt ne fet* (433)
Ne voylles par nul plet
Reprendre ne blamer ;
Kar si autre de tey
Le face en dreyt de cey,
Il te veut peiser.

- ¶ Opur monnes word ne werk 433 Don't blame
Loke þat þou ne blame, another's
þat he ne mouwe in such a caas word or
Scorne þe bi þe same. 436 work ;
then he'll not
scorn yours.

¶ *Quod tibi sors dederit tabulis suprema notato,* III. 8.
Augendo serua, ne sis, quem fama loquatur.

115. *Ce ke tei chet en sort* (437)
Quant toun Ancestre est mort,
Entenk le pur ben garder ;
E pur sauuer ta fame,
Ke tu ne eyez blame,
Pensez de ceo anoyter.

- ¶ þing þat Aunter haþ þe 3iuen 437 What is left
Aftur þi frend is ded, you, keep,
Kep, and saue þi gode los, and don't in-
And beo I-holden no qued. 440 cur reproach.

¶ *Cum tibi diuicie superant in fine senecte,* III. 9.
Munificus facito uiuas, nec parcus amicus.

116. *Si a la fyn de ta veillesse* (441)
Tei abounde ta richesse,
Escars ne seies pas,
Mes en tens despent
E dones largement,
Taunt cum tu purras.

If riches
come to you
when old,

give them
away freely.

¶ 3if in þin ende of þin elde 441
þe falle richesse strong,
Beo not to scars, freliche dispende
þer neod is euer among. 444

III. 10. ¶ *Vtile consilium dominus ne despice serui ;
Nullius sensum, si prodest, temporis vnquam.*

117. *Ne seiez despisaunt* (445)
Le conseil toun seruaunt,
Si il est profitable ;
Ne lessez le sen de nuly
Quant tu veiez desi
Ke il seit couenable.

Don't despise
the counsel of
servants and
others when
it's sensible.

¶ Dispise no conseil of þi mon, 445
3if he beo profitable ;
Ne þe wit of oþur men,
3if hit beo resonable. 448

III. 11. ¶ *Rebus & in censu si non est, quod fuit ante,
ffac viuas contentus eo, quod postulat vsus.*¹

118. *Si tu ne seiez manaunt* (449)
Cum as este deuaunt, [1 q. tempora praebeant, V. R.]
Cum ly plusours sount,
A tei seit suffisaunt
Le petit e le graunt,
Solum ke le tens respount.

If you lose
property,

be content,
and don't
grumble.

¶ 3if hit beo not in þi catel 449
As sum-tyme was bi-fore,
Hold þe payed of þin hap
And haue non herte sore 452

III. 12. ¶ *Vxorem fuge ne ducas sub nomine dotis,
Nec retinere velis, si ceperit esse molesta.*

Don't marry
a wife for her
money.

And don't
keep her if
she's a
nuisance.

119. *femme prendre ne deiez*
Pur bien ke seit, mes veies
Ke ele te seit honeste ;
Ne pur nuil desyr
Ke volez reteyner
Si ele te seit moleste

. [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Multorum disce exemplo, que facta sequaris,* III. 13.
Que fugias ; uita est nobis aliena magistra.

120. *Le ensaumple receyuez* (453)

*De mouz, ke vous sachez
 gey fere e quey lesser ;
 Kar quel ke il seit,
 Autri sauer vous deit
 A prendre ou chastier.*

¶ *Ensaumple tak of mony men* 453 *Take example*
What werkes þe folewe schal ; *by other men.*

þe lyf of opure goode men *Their lives*
Is Maistres to us alle. 456 *are our*
guides.

¶ *Quod potes, id temptes,¹ operis ne pondere pressus* III. 14.
Succumbat labor, & frustra temptata relinquis.

121. *Ce ke tu poyes fere,* [¹ *tenta, V. R.*] (457)

*Dount quides a chef trere
 Asaiez en meymte guise,
 Ke tey ne tut a pres
 Pur le anuy del fes
 Guerper la tue aprise.*

¶ *þat þou may assaye wel,* 457 *Don't at-*
I rede, no more, þou bere ; *tempt more*
þif þou dost, þou lest þi swik, *than you can*
And ouer cark wol þe dere. *bear.*

460

¶ *Quod nosti factum non recte, noli silere,²* III. 15.
Ne videare malos imitari uelle tacendo. [² *haud recte factum,*
nolito tacere, V. R.]

122. *Ce ke toun cen veit* (461)

*Ouerer en-countre dreit,
 Tere pas ne deies ;
 Ke homme ne seit quidaunt
 Ke voyles enteysaunt,
 En suere le mauais.*

¶ *þat þou wost is euel wrappe,* 461 *Don't hide*
ffor-hele þou hit nouzt, *evil deeds,*

þat þou suwe no wikked mon *or follow the*
In wille nouþer in þouht. 464 *wicked in*
will or
thought.

¶ *Iudicis auxilium sub iniqua lege rogato ;* III. 16.
Ipse etiam¹ leges cupiunt, ut iure regantur. ¹ MS. enlam

123. *Elisez Iuge a tei,* (465)
Quant tu veyez ke la ley
Passe outre gre ;
Kar les dreite leis
Voylent tote feis
A dreit estre gouverne.
- Ask the Judge's help against wicked laws. ¶ Aske to þe help of Iuge, 465
 Vnder wikked lawes ;
 þei wol be gouernet al with riht,
 Beo nihtes and bi dawes. 468
- III. 17. ¶ *Quod merito pateris, patienter ferre memento,*
Cumque reus tibi¹ sis, ipsum te iudice dampna.
124. *Seiez pacient,* [¹ tibi reus, MS.] (469)
Suffres bonement
Ceo ke as deserui ;
Si tu tei veies coupable,
Iuges tei a dampnable,
Nel le metez a autri.
- What you suffer right-fully, bear patiently. ¶ þin harme suffre mildeliche 469
 þat þou serued wiþ riht,
 And þou gulti deme þi-self
 And non oþer wiht. 472
- III. 18. ¶ *Multa legas fac[i]to : perlectis, perlege² multa ;*
Nam miranda canunt, sed non credenda, poete.
125. *Lysez mout de dytes* [² negligé, V. R.] (473)
E plus relisez
Autres mout auere ;
Merueiles dyent grauns
Lij poyetes en lour chauns,
Si len les peut crere.
- Read helpful books. ¶ Gedere þinges in þin herte 473
 þat beon to þin biheue ;
 þis poete telleþ of merueyles
 þat aren not alle to leue. 476
- Poets' wonders are not all truths.
- III. 19. ¶ *Inter conuiuas fac sis sermone modesta,³*
Ne dicare loquax dum vis vrbani haberi.
126. *Gard tei tote feeþ* [³ modestus, V. R.] (477)
Ke tu a get ne seyez

*fforjetous in parole,
Ke pur Iangleour
Ne tey tignent ly plusour,
Enent pur enseigne.*

- ¶ Among þi gistes alle 477 Be courte-
A-tempre be of word, ous to your
Beo corteis and Iangle not guests,
per þou art set at bord. 480 and don't
wrangle.

Coniugis irate noli tu uerba timere ; f [¹ Nam str. ins. lacr., III. 20.
Nam lacrimis struit insidias, dum¹ femina plorat. quum, V. R.]

127. Quant *ta* [femme] *est yree* (481)

*E dit sa rampone,
Ne tenez vers ly plet ;
Mes quant ele ploure,
Gard tei a cel houre,
Kar donke est en get.*

- ¶ Drede not þi wyf whon heo is wroþ, 481 Don't fear
Mak heo hit neuer so stoute ; your wife
Whon heo weopeþ and makeþ deol, when she's
Of hire þenne is more doute. 484 angry ; but
do when she
cries.

¶ *Vtere quesitis, sed ne uidearis abuti ;* III. 21.
Qui sua consumunt, cum deest, aliena secuntur.

128. *Ta chose despent* Spend moder-
Mesurablement, ately,
Ke ele ne tei fayle ;
Kar kike liseon gaste,
De autri en haste so as not to
Conquera sa vitayle. come to
poverty.

. [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *ffac tibi proponas, mortem non esse timendam :* III. 22.
Que bona si non est, finis tamen illa malorum est.

129. *ffetez taunt en ta vye* Act so that
Ke ne estut mye you mayn't
Doter mort ne peyne ; fear Death,
ffyn est de tuz mals
Mort, e taunt ly vals the end of
A ben de soun demeyne. all ill.

. [English wanting, space left.]

- III. 23. *Vxoris linguam, si linguam si frugi est, ferre memento ;
Namque malum [est] nil uelle pati, nil¹ posse tacere.*

Take easily
your wife's
use of her
tongue.

130. *Soffrez ta mulier* [1 non v. p., nec, V. R.]

Quant la oyez ben parler,

En tote repose ;

Kar nent voyler soffrir

E a voyl poy teyser,

Ceo est male chose.

. [English wanting, space left.]

- III. 24. *Dilige non ega² caros pietate parentes, [2 Aequa diligito, V. R.]
Nec matrem offendas dum uis bonus esse parenti.*

131. *Amez te chere parens* (485)

De quer parfit de-dens,

E nent malement ;

Ne offendez ta mere,

Si voylles pleiser toun pere

E seruer a talent.

Love your
Father and
Mother ;

¶ ffader and moder loke pou loue

485

Wip parfyt herte wip-inne ;

offend them
not.

Loke pat pou ne wrappe hem nouzt,

Heore benison to winne.

488

Book IV.

Prolog.

¶ *Securam quicumque cupis deducere vitam,
Nec uiciis aderre animum, que³ moribus obsunt.*

132. *kike vnkes vie pure* [3 haerere animos,
qui, V. R.] (489)

Honeste e a mesure

Desirez amener,

En toun corage

Trestut toun age

De vices deuez garder.

If you want
a safe life,
keep from
vice.

Siker lyf hose wole

489

In pis world abyde,

put his wyll in gode pewes,

And alle wikked let slyde.

492

¶ *Hec precepta tibi semper relegenda memento :
Inuenies aliquid, quod te vitare magistro.*

Recollect
these maxims
daily ;

133. *Eiez en memorie*

Le vers de cest estorie

Souernelement ;

*Kar chose y troueras
Ke eschure deueras
pur toun amendement.*

you'll find
help in them.

. [English wanting, space left.]

*Despice diuicias, si uis animo esse beatus ;
Quas qui suscipiunt, mendicant semper auari.*

IV. 1.

134. *Richesce despise3,
Si benure estre vole3
En toun corage ;
Les coueitous ount
Petit, e poures sount
En trestut lour age.*

Despise
riches if you
want to be
happy.

. [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Comoda nature nullo tibi tempore deerunt,
Si contentus eo fueris,¹ quod postulat vsus.*

IV. 2.

135. *Ia ne serra le houre* [1 Si fueris c. eo, V. R.] (493)

*Kaunt a ta nature
Ke ne es a plente,
Pur quei ke sen te dure
Euoylez de mesure
Estre apaye.*

¶ *he properties of nature*

493 The benefits
of Nature
come to the
contented.

Redi to þe þei be,

3if þou beo payed of þat þing

þat god haþ sent þe.

496

¶ *Cum sis in-cautus, nec ratione gubernas,
Noli fortunam, que non est, dicere cecam.*

IV. 3.

136. *Si fous es e bricoun* (497)

*E ceo qe as par reson
Ne gouerne3 mye,
Ne deies blamer nul houre
Pur ta mesauenture,
Mes meymes ta folye.*

¶ *3if þou beo no queynte mon*

497 If you're too
silly to man-
age your own
affairs, blame
yourself, not
Fortune.

To gouerne þi bailye,

Blame not Aunter afterward,

But wite hit þi folye.

500

- IV. 4. ¶ *Dilige denarium,¹ set parce dilige, formam,
Quem nemo sanctus nec honestus captat habere.²*

137. *Nent pur sa beute, [1 denari, V. R.] (501)
Mes pur la necessite, [2 ab aere, V. R.]
Amez le dener ;
Kar ceo est la somme,
Nuil seint ne honest homme
Nele coueit a auer.*

Like money
for your
needs only,
not for itself.
Holy men
don't covet it.

¶ Loue þe peny for þe nede, 501
ffor oþer beute non ;
þe holy mon coueiteþ hit not
No more þen a ston. 504

- IV. 5. ¶ *Cum fueris locuples, corpus curare memento ;
Eger diues habet nummos, set non habet ipsum.*

138. *Pur garer toun cors, (505)
Despent tes treshors,
Graunt ben a tei fra
Prenk ke poies auer,
Le riche nad nuil dener
Quant sey meimes na.*

Spend your
money to
cure your
body.
What's the
good of it
without
health ?

¶ Spene þi tresour, feyne þe not, 505
þi bodi for to hele ;
What prou may þi catel do,
But hele wol with þe dele ? 508

- IV. 6. ¶ *Verbera cum tuleris discens aliquando magistri,
ffer patris imper[i]um,³ cum verbis exit in iram.*

139. *Quant acun houre [3 ingenium, V. R.] (509)
Suffres la batoure
Del meiztre pur aprendre,
Ben deis toun pere en Ire
Soffrir de tei mesdire,
E ne mye tei defendre.*

If you've
been beaten
by a Master,

don't disobey
your Father.

¶ 3if þou haue soffred betyng 509
Of Maister for þi lore,
Do þi fader comaundement
Boþe lasse and more. 512

[4 quis, V. R.]

- IV. 7. ¶ *Res age, que prosunt : rursus uitare memento,
In quibus⁴ error inest, nec spes est certa laboris.*

140. *ffetes ceo ky profyte ;* (513)
Mes icoe ke delyte
Ou il y ad trespas,
I ceo dount nestes seur,
Ke sauf seit toun labour ;
Si tu me creies, lerras.
- ¶ Do þing þat þe profite may, 513 Do what
 Or helpe þe atte last ; profits you.
 Opere wikkede errours
 A-wei from þe þou cast. 516 Cast errors
 away.
- ¶ *Quod donare potes, gratis concede roganti ;* IV. 8.
Nam gratis fecisse bonis, in parte¹ lucrosum est.
141. *Ceo qi poies doner,* [¹ recte f. b., in parte. V. R.] (517)
Donez de bon quer
A ly ke quert aye ;
kar fere debonement
Ben a bone gent,
Gayn est enpartye.
- ¶ þat þou maiȝt with rihte ȝef, 517 Give what
 To pore þou graunte at nede ; you can to
 And ȝif þou not þe riche mon, the poor,
 þer is no soule mede. 520 and not to
 the rich.
- ¶ *Quod tibi suspectum est, confestim discute, quid sit ;* IV. 9.
Namque solent, primo que sunt neglecta, nocere.
142. *Enquere chose entendeȝ,* Search at
Souent la recordes, once into
Pur ben sauer la cure ; suspicious
Kar pas nest petit things ; if
Pur auer en despit neglected,
Les choses ke pount nure. they'll dam-
 age you.
 [English wanting, space left.]
- ¶ *Cum te detineat veneris dampnosa uoluptas,* IV. 10.
Indulgere gule noli, que ventris amica est.
143. *Si a countre toun profit* (521)
Le mauēis delyt
Tei tent de lecherie,
Donke voyl sor tote ren
Ke tu tei gardes bien
De Glotonerie.

To restrain
lechery, give
up gluttony.

¶ 3if þou wolt fihte with flessches lust, 521
Aȝeynes lecherie,
þou most with-drawe of diuers metes,
And vse no glotonie. 524

IV. 11. ¶ *Cum tibi preualide fuerint in corpore vires,*
ffac sapias ; quo¹ tu poteris vir fortis haberi.
144. *Si fort es euaylaunt* [¹ sic, V. R.] (525)
De cors e ben puissaunt,
Od tut ceo seyez sage,
Si purras estre pruz
E a fort tenuz
En tut vostre age.

If you have
strength of
body, employ
it wisely.

¶ 3if þou be mon of bodi strong, 525
Auyse þe wel in þi þouȝt,
Puyt þi strengþe in-to prou,
And elles hit helpeþ þe nouȝt. 528

IV. 12. ¶ *Cum tibi preponas animalia cuncta timere,*
Vnum precipio tibi plus hominem² esse timendum.
145. *Quant taunt frele estes* [² MS. hom. plus.] (529)
Ke vous dotes les bestes
E le serpens,
Mout deuez doter
Homme de feloun quer,
E fuer le tut tens.

Fear wicked
men more
than wild
beasts, and
avoid them.

¶ Sipeþ þou art so frele of kuynde 529
Wilde bestes to doute,
Doute wel more wikked men,
And come not in heore route. 532

IV. 13. ¶ *Auxilium a notis petito, si forte laboras ;*
Nec quisquam melior medicus, quam fidus amicus.
146. *Si tei sourt mester* (533)
De tes amys requer
Socours e aye,
Meillor nul ne say
Myre qe amy veray
En tote ceste vye.

In trouble,
ask help of
a friend.

¶ Aske in trauayle help of frende, 533
To wisse þe and to rede,

Beter leche knowe I non
þen trewe frend is at neode.

536

A true friend
is the best
doctor.

¶ *Cum sis ipse nocens, moritur cur uictima pro te?*

IV. 14.

Stulticia in¹ mortem alterius sperare salutem.

147. *Salu en autri mort* [¹ est, V. R.]

Espeirer, ceo est tort

E folye e vice.

Par quele resoun prouable

Quant tu es coupable

De toun sacrifice.

. [English wanting, space left.]

Don't hope
for safety
from another
man's death.

Cum tibi uel socium, uel fidum queris amicum,

IV. 15.

Non fortuna tibi² est hominis, sed vita petenda.

148. *Su tu as desyr* [² tibi fortuna, V. R.]

De lel amy choiser

Ou bele compaignye,

De enquire lauenture

De homme neyeȝ cure,

Mes de la bone vye.

. [English wanting, space left.]

If you want a
companion
or friend,
look to his
life, not his
fortune.

Vtere quesitis opibus; fuge nomen auari.

IV. 16.

Quid tibi diuicie prosunt, si³ pauper abundas?

149. *Ceo ke tu as purchase,* [³ Quo tibi diuitias, si semper, V. R.]

Vsez en honestete,

ffuez le noun de escars.

Dount sert ta richesce,

Quant tu viues en destresce,

Ke nuil ben ne as?

. [English wanting, space left.]

Use your
money in
moderation.

Don't be a
miser.

¶ *Si famam seruare cupis, dum uiuis, honestam,*

IV. 17.

ffac fugias animo, que sunt mala gaudia uite.

150. *Si uoleȝ garder ta fame*

(537)

De vilenye ede blame,

Taunt cum es uiuaunt,

En Ioyes de ceste mound

Ke mout maucis sount

Ne seieȝ consentaunt.

If you wish
to keep your
good name,
avoid
naughty
indulgences.

¶ 3if þou wolt kepe þi gode loos 537
from wiked sunne and blame,
To veyne ioyes of þis world
ffor-sak hem alle bi name. 540

IV. 18. ¶ *Cum sapias animo, noli irridere senectam ;*
Nam quocumque sene,¹ puerilis sensus in illo est.

151. *Pur quei ke seiez sage, (541)*
Ia homme de veilage [1 quicumque senet, V. R.]
Ne serras gabaunt ;
Kar kaunt homme enueillist,
Le sen ly enfeblist
E si deuent enfaunt.

Don't scorn
an old man
because his
wits are
childish.

¶ In old mon is childes wit, 541
Soþ þou schalt hit fynde ;
3if þou be wys, scorn him not,
Hit falleþ to his kuynde. 544

IV. 19. ¶ *Disce aliquid ; nam, cum subito fortuna recedit,²*
Ars remanet uitamque hominis non deserit vnquam.

152. *Apernez a-kun art, [2 recessit, V. R.] (545)*
Ke, si fortune senpart
de tei sodeynement,
le art od tei remeyndra,
Ke trop ne tei lerra
Esguare entre gent.

Learn while
you can.

¶ Leorn sum good, whil þou miht ; 545
Auenture haþ no make ;

If fortune
leaves you,
art will stay.

Mester wol not fayle þi lyf,
Hit nul þe neuere forsake. 548

IV. 20. ¶ *Prospicito cuncta³ tacitus, quod quisque loquatur :*
Sermo hominum mores celat, set & indicat idem.

Hear all, but
keep your
own counsel.

153. *A chekun parlement seyez [3 Prospicito tecum, V. R.]*
E entendaunt tote fe3,
Mes teisaunt tei couere ;
Kar la parole a plusours hommes
Lour mours e lour custumes
Clerement descouere.

Men's talk
shows their
morals.

. [English wanting, space left.]

Exerce studium, quam-uis perceperis artem :

IV. 21.

*Vt cura ingenium, quoque sic¹ manus adiuat usum.*154. *Le estudie haunteras,* [¹ sic et, V. R.] (549)*Ia seït I ceo ke tu as**Le art aperceu ;**Estudie engein encuse,**E la meyn homme vse**Meynte tel aum veu.*

Haunte studie, þau; þou haue

549 Be studious,
that your
will, wit, and
hand may
work to-
gether.

Wel conceyued þi craft,

þat wille and wit and þin hond

To-gedere ben i-laft.

552

¶ *Multum uenturi ne cures tempora fati :*

IV. 22.

*Non metuit mortem qui s[c]it contempnere uitam.*155. *Ne eies pas graunt cure**De penser a quel hure**Tu as a morer ;**La mort ne dote; mye**Cyl ke veut sa vye**En despit auer.*Don't bother
about when
you'll die.You'll not
fear Death
if you can
despise Life.

. [English wanting, space left.]

Disce, set a doctis : indoctos ipse doceto ;

IV. 23.

*propaganda est etenim² rerum doctrina bonarum.*156. *De aseygnement apren,* [² etenim est, V. R.] (553)*E tu de toun sen**Autres deis aprendre ;**Soun sen e soun sauer**Pur ben multiplier**Deit chescun despendre.*

¶ Heeren þou schalt of wyse men ;

553 Learn of wise
men.

And loke wel in þi mood

þi wit to spene wysliche,

And eke þin oþer good.

556 Use your
wits to teach
others.¶ *Hoc bibe quod possis, si tu uis uiuere sanus :*

IV. 24.

*Morbi namque mali causa³ est quecumque voluptas.*157. *Si tu veus uiuere seyn,* (557)*Beuez ke tu seyes pleyn* [³ M. causa mali nimia, V. R.]*E ke bien puisaunt ;**Kar chescun delyt est vein,*

*E encheson certeyn
De maladye graunt.*

Drink only
what you
need.

¶ Drink þat þou beo meþful,
And lyue in hele good ;

557

Drunkennes
drives men
mad.

ffoul delyt in drunkennesse
Makeþ men ofte ful wood.

560

IV. 25. ¶ *Laudaris quodcumque palam, quecumque probaris,
Prospice,¹ ne rursus leuitatis crimine dampnes.*

158. *Ceo ke tu as lowe*

[¹ Hoc vide, V. R.]

(561)

En comunite

Par tei derechef,

Ne seit a redampner

Pur nul regreter,

Taunt seiez sage e gref.

What you've
once praised,
don't after-
wards blame.

¶ þing þat þou hast ones preised

561

Be-fore þe folk ouer al,

Blame hit not þer-afturward,

Beo hit gret or smal.

564

IV. 26. ¶ *Tranquillis rebus, que su[n]t aduersa caueto :²
Rursus in aduersis, melius sperare memento*

159. *Quant es ben a eise,*

[² timeto, V. R.]

(565)

Pensez donke de meseise,

Pur tei humilier ;

Quant es en aduersitez,

Mout graunt bens esperes,

pur tei cumforter.

In wealth,
think of woe.

¶ In þi weolþe þou þenk of wo,

565

So maiȝt þou þe meke ;

In woe, hope
for help.

In wo also haue hope of helpe,

So maist þou cumforte þe seke.

568

[IV. 27. *Discere ne cesses : cura sapientia crescit :
Rara datur longo prudentia temporis usu.*]

IV. 28. ¶ *Parce laudato ; nam, quem tu sepe probaris,
Vna dies, qualis fuerit, demonstrat,³ amicus.*

160. *Mesurablement*

[³ ostendet, V. R.]

(569)

Loyez tote gent

De kes al esprouer ;

Kar vn Iour ver tei fra

*Ky amy tei serra,
Quant aueras graunt mester.*

¶ Preise a mon so scarsliche,
Whom þat þou wolt him proue ;
He schal sum tyme schewe openliche
Wher he þe hate or loue.

569 Praise a man
scantily till
he's a de-
clared friend
or foe.

572

¶ *Ne pudiat, que nescieris, te uelle doceri :
Scire aliquid laus est ; turpe¹ est, nil discere uelle.*

IV. 29.

Hounte ne eieȝ, [¹ culpa, V.R.] (573)

*Ceo ky uous ne saueȝ
En-quere e a prendre ;
Los est de sauer ben,
E mal, de nuile ren
Voler entendre.*

¶ þat þou ne const, schome þe not
Of opere to ben I-tauht ;
He þat nout con, ne nout wol lerne,
May neuer ben I-sauȝt.

573 Don't be
ashamed to
be taught
what you
don't know.

576

¶ *Cum uenere & bacho lis est, coniuncta² voluptas.
Quod lautum est, animo complectere, set fuge lites.*

IV. 30.

De-sour beuerie [² sed iuncta, V.R.]

Drink and
lechery cause
strife.

*Sourt tensoun e folye,
Sens nul ou petit,
E de lecherie
Estryf e briconye,
Mes mout vnt graunt folye.*

*Le maucis delyt
Eyeȝ en despît,
E fueȝ le tensoun ;
Vnkes despiseȝ
Les bens ke tu preiseȝ
En ta discrecioun.*

Despise base
pleasures,
and shun
quarrels.

. [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Dimissos animo tacitos que cauere³ memento :
Quo⁴ flumen placidum est, forsan latet alciori⁵ vnda.*

IV. 31.

En checun tens elu [³ ac tacitos vitare, V.R.]

Tel homme eschu [⁴ Qua, V.R. ⁵ altius, V.R.]

Ke tut Iour est tensaunt ; (577)

Kar il auent ke lounde,

*Ke est plus parfounde
Ou eole est meyns mouaunt.*

Avoid silent
men.

¶ In vche stude, in vche tyme,
þe stille mon þou drede and fle ; 577

Still waters
are deep.

þer water is most deope,
þe lasse þer þen steres he. 580

IV. 32. ¶ *Cum tibi displiciat rerum fortuna tuarum,
Alter[us] spectra, quo sis discrimine peior.*

Si en nule ren (581)

Tei ne achese ben

Cum fet a autre gent,

Veiez si tu eiez tecche

Ou vice en quey ceo pecche,

E taunt tost tei ament.

If Fortune
goes against
you, see
whether it's
not your own
fault.

¶ 3if auenture nul not þe serue 581

As he doþ oþer men,

Bi-hold þi tecches or þi sunne,

Wher þou beo gulti þen. 584

IV. 33. ¶ *Quod potes, id tempta : litus nam¹ carpere remis
Tucius est multo, quam uelum tendere in altum.*

A-sayez en a-prise ben [1 nam litus, V.R.] (585)

Ke tu ne prengnez ren

Ke ne pussez acheuer ;

Plus est seur a fere

De nager pres de tere

Ky en haute mer sigler.

Don't vex
yourself
about wrong.

Azeyn þe strem ne striue þou nouȝt, 585

Ne nuiȝe þe not wiþ wrong ;

God will
avenge it.

ffor eueri werk wronglich wrouht

God wol venge a-mong. 588

IV. 34. ¶ *Contra hominem iustum prauē contendere noli :
Sepe² enim deus iniustas ulciscitur iras. [2 Semper, V.R.]*

Don't strive
unjustly
against a just
man.

A countre homme dreiturer

Ne voylez estriuier

A tort, ne ly mesdire :

Kar totes houres prent

Deus gref vengeance

De torcenouse yre.

God often will
avenge such
acts.

. . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Ereptis opibus, noli tu flere*¹ *dolendo* : [1 *maerere*, V.R.] IV. 35.*Set gaude pocius, si te contingat*² *habere.**Si tu perdes auer,* [2 *tibi si contingit*, V.R.] (589)*Ne uoyles pas doler**Pur doubler toun damage ;**Mes si deule te reueyt,**Recef le gayn od heit—**Si frez ke mout sage.*¶ *3if þou leosest þi worldes good,* 589*To gret deol mak þou nouzt,**Raþer, 3if þe fayle þe chaunce,**Haue Ioye in þi þouzt.* 592If you lose
money, don't
fret; rather
rejoice.¶ *Est iactura grauis, que sunt, amittere dampnis :*

IV. 36.

*Sunt quedam, que ferre decet pacienter amicum.**Damage gref e fyer**Dount homme deit doler,**Ceo est perdre soun amy ;**Mes meynt est damage**Pur quei ia ly sage**Ne ert dolent ne mari.*

. [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Tempora longa tibi noli promittere vite :*

IV. 37.

*Quocumque ingrederis, sequitur mors, corporis vmbram.**Ne vous promettez mye* (593)*Tens de longe vye,**Ke bricoun tenu ne seiez :**Ou ke vnkes uas eyns ou hors,**Le vmbre de toun cors**Ensuit mort tote fez.*¶ *Haue non hope to liuen longe,* 593*But diht þe euere on hiþe ;**Wher-so þou gost, niht or day,**þi deþ foleweþ þe neihe.* 596Don't hope
to live long.Death is ever
nigh thee.¶ *Ture deum placā : vitulum sine crescat aratro ;*

IV. 38.

*Ne credas placare deum, cum cede litatur.**En tens a deu celestre**Offrez, e soffres crestre**Le vel a la charue ;**Crere ne voylez*

*Ke dieu de ceo seit lez
Ke homme les bestes tue.*

. [English wanting, space left.]

- IV. 39. ¶ *Cede locum lesis fortune,¹ cede potenti ;
Ledere qui poterit, prodesse aliquando valebit.*

*Donez lu a graunt, [1 laesus Fortunae, V.R.] (597)
E suffrez le pussaunt
Quant il fet mal a tey ;
Kar cil ke peut blesser,
Purra profyter
Acune fez, ceo crey.*

Put up with
great folk's
snubbing.

¶ 3if þou stude to grete men, 597
þauh ofte þei greueþ þe ;

Some day
they'll be
useful to you.

Oþer-tyme þei may þe profyte—
And her-of loke þou leue me. 600

- IV. 40. ¶ *Cum tu² peccaris, castiga te ipse subinde :
Vulnera dum sanas, dolor est medicina doloris.*

*Si vous pecches par folye, (601)
Tey meymes enchastyne, [2 Quum quid, V.R.]
E ceo ben aprement ;
Kar dolour est medecyne
De dolour ke ne fyne
De tous dolours lentent.*

If you sin,
punish your-
self for it.

¶ 3if þou sum tyme dost a sunne, 601
Sone þou hit amende ;

Sorrow cures
guilt.

Serwe is medicine of þi gult,
And God is wonder hende. 604

- IV. 41. ¶ *Dampnaris nunquam post longum tempus amicum ;
Mutauit mores : sed pignora prima memento.*

If your friend
changes,
don't blame
him :

*Si toun amy change
Soun corage pur vyl hange,
Ne le voilles dampner ;
Mes ke il ad samour
Chaungez en Amour
Vers tey deis remembrer.*

remember his
early love for
you.

[3 officiperdi, V.R.]

. [English wanting, space left.]

- IV. 42. ¶ *Gracior officijs, quo sis mage carior, esto :
Ne nomen subeas, quod dicitur, officij perdi.³*

Cum vous cher tey eies (605)
De taunt pener tey deyes
Pur seruer plus a gre,
Ke vous ne seyes nome
Maueis, ne a-pele
A nostre eyn degre.

¶ 3if þou beo holden deore with frend, 605 If a friend
 Him þou serue þe more to gre, holds you
 þat wikked reson bi good enchesun dear, do all
 Beo not put on þe. 608 you can for
 him.

¶ *Suspectus caueas, ne sis miser omnibus horis:* IV. 43.
Nam timidus & suspectis aptissima mors est.

Les suspicious Suspicious
Sount tut tens pourous, folk are al-
Lour vye est en meseyse ; ways miser-
A teus vant meuz morir able.
Ke tel mal suffrer They'd better
Od tote lur ese. die.

. [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Cum seruos fueris proprios mercatus in vsus* IV. 44.
Et famulos dicas, homines tamen esse memento.

Si a ta volunte (609)
Serfs as achate,
Pur auer a toun vsus,
E quaunt ke vus seruerunt,
Pensez ke hommes sount
Ansý ben cum vous.

¶ 3if þou haue seruauens mony on, 609 If you've
 To werk and don vsage, servants,
 Beo-þenk þe wel þat þei beo men
 And lyk to þin ymage. 612 recollect they
 are men as
 well as you.

¶ *Quam primum rapienda tibi est occasio prima:* IV. 45.
Ne rursus queras, que iam neglexeris ante.

Les bens ke poyes erraunt (613)
prendre en auaunt,
Ne les mettes en respyt ;
Oum tu y fauderás
Quant auer les voderas
Issi cum ieo quit.

Take what is
offerd you.
He that will
not when he
may; When
he will, he
shall have
Nay.

¶ Tak what þing þe profred is 613
Whon þou maiȝt redi haue;
He þat nul not whon he may,
Ofte haþ not whon he wol craue. 616

IV. 46. ¶ *Morte repentina noli gaudere malorum :
ffelices obeunt, quorum sine crimine uita est.*

En-ioyer ne te deis (617)
Quant tu veies le mauéis
Morer sodeynement ;
Kar les benures
Ke neȝ sount enpecches
Vount a defynement.

Don't rejoice
at wicked
men's sudden
death.

¶ Of sodeyn deþ of wikked men 617
Ioye ne make þou none ;
Holy men and of lyue clene
Diden so als maiȝt þou done. 620

IV. 47. ¶ *Cum coniux tibi sit, nec¹ res & fama laborat,
Vita ne² ducas inimicum nomen amici.* [¹ Quum tibi fit con-
jux, ne, V.R.]

Si femme as ou amyje [² Vitandum, V.R.] (621)
E homme la sordye
De acun toun amy,
Ia pur ceo ne enuyez,
De-uaunt ke cert seyes,
Mal quer vers ly.

Don't believe
harm of your
wife or friend
till it's
proved.

¶ Ȝif men tellen harm bi þi wyf 621
Or oþer ffrend beo name,
Til hit beo proued, leeu hit nouȝt ;
Empeyre þou nouȝt hire fame. 624

IV. 48. ¶ *Cum tibi contigerit studio cognoscere multa,
ffac discas multa ; culpa est nil velle³ doceri.*

Mout seiez ententyfs [³ et vita nescire, D.] (625)
Tut eiez vus mout apris
En estudiaunt,
E plus e plus a-pren
Sauer e sen,
Taunt cum es uiuaunt.

Tho' you
have studied
much,

¶ þouh þat þou knowe fele þinges 625
Be studie and bi lore,

- Let not o Bok, bisiliche
 Beo lernynge euer-more. 628 be always learning.
- ¶ Coueyte not to muche good,
 And do aftur my red;
 þe ouerdon gredi mon
 Beggeþ ofte his bred.¹ 632 Don't covet too much money. The over-greedy man oft begs his bread.
- ¶ *Mireris verbis nudis me scribere versus?*
Hos breuitas sensus fecit coniungere¹ binos. IV. 49.
Tu as merueyle se quit [1 coniungere, V.R.] (633)
Ke ieo ay ces vers escrit
Issy nuement;
Mes ceo est lenchesoun
Ke ieo deisse ma Resoun
En deus vers breuement.
- ¶ þe merueyles of pise nakede vers 633 These verses are made in twos because my wits are short.
 Beoþ maked bi two and two:
 þe schortnesse of my luitel wit
 Dude me en-Ioynen hem so. 636
- ¶ Wise men may a-mende þis ieste,
 And resouns puten and eche:
 þo þat reden on þis bok,
 þerof I hem biseche. 640
- ¶ Alle þat reden and wolle recorden
 þis smale techinges bi-dene,
 God hem graunte, þorw his grace,
 Of heore sunnes be clene. Amen! 644 To those who read 'em, may God grant cleansing of sins!

LI. *The Stacions of Rome.*

[*The Prolog only.*]

- L** Ord Ihesu crist In Trinite, [fol. 314] Christ in Trinity,
 þreo persones In vnite,
 þat on God is in makynge,
 þat is and was of alle þinge,
 Seende us grace now so biginne,
 þat we mowe so heuene winne, send us grace to win Heaven!

¹ G. E. Weber says, in *Corpus Poet. Latin.*, 1833, p. 1198: 'Additur denique distichon satis ineptum: *Miraris verbis nudis,*' &c. The Various Readings above are from his text.

	þat mowe we not don here,	
	Bot ur soules ben of sunne clere.	8
I'll teach you how to loose your soul from sin.	Hose wot his soule In synne bounde, I wol him techen In a stounde, Where he may medicyn fynde His soule of sunne to vnbynde,	12
	And from pyne him saue sikerly, þat in þe fuir of helle is redy ; And also from þe fuir of helle, Wher-of þe peynes no mon con telle.	16
Go to Rome, and get pardon.	¶ To grete Rome gon he mote, þer is þe Medicyn, crop and Rote, þat men clepeþ pardoun. 3onge and Olde in eueri toun,	20
All who go there,	þer is forsoþe welle of grace To alle þat visyteþ þat place, And ben in loue and charite Touward vche mon what so he be,	24
and keep pure, must gain Heaven.	And kepeþ him clene to his ende, Nedes to heuene moste he wende Wip-uten peyne lasse or more, His soule to dwellen euere þore.	28
	þat may vche mon at Rome fynde, And clene his soule of synne vnbynde, As I her-after ow schal telle. In diuerse churches, and 3e wol dwelle,	32
In 750 B.C.	An holy lyf is in þat place, Men may hit leeuē, hose haþ grace. Seouen hundredet and fifti 3er be-foren þat vr lord Ihesu was boren,	36
Remus and Romulus came from Troy	T wo knihtes come from troye In-to Itayle wíth muchel Ioye, Is cleped Remous and Romilus, As olde Cronycles telleþ þus.	40
and founded Rome.	þei weoren breþeren of muchel miht, And muchel douted in fiht, And foundeours of Rome, þat grete citée, þat is ful of grace and dignite, And cleped is Rome after hem, As cronicles telleþ alle men.	44

Al was heþene þat was þer-Inne, fful of wikkednes and of sinne, Til peter and poul, and seynt Ion, And oþer holye mony on, þider come wiþ godes miht To cristene þe peple day and niht, To teche hem cristes lore, Boþe þe lasse and eke þe more. þer weore þei mony a gret stounde, So harde in meschef and sunne I-bounde, þat cristendam ne wolden take, Ne heore Maumetrie forsake ; And slown Peter and poul also, And oþer seintes mony mo : Mony Miracle of hem gon falle In þe Cite of þe heiþe halle, Of þe Martires þat þei hedde made, þat coude no better rade, And cristned bi-comen mony one Of heþene men þat weren in Rome. þe moredel þat weore þer-inne, And also al þat þei mihte winne. ¶ And þo þat wolde not cristned be, Weore he bonde, weore he fre, To deþe anon was he don, Moste þer no gold for him gon ; In-to Rome þus com cristendom, And for vr alre sauacion. ¶ Now þis schal beo þe þe parelose, No more to speken of þis prose, But of holynesse and dignite, Graunted in chirches of þat cite. H Ose wole his soule leche . . .	48 52 56 60 64 68 72 76 78	It was heathen, till Sts. Peter and Paul, &c., came and taught the folk. But some who refused Christianity slew Peter and Paul. Yet most were bap- tised ; and those who wouldn't be, were put to Death. Now for our poem on the Churches!
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[The rest of the poem, after l. 78, is printed in No. 25 of the E. E. Text Society's Original Series, 1887, pages 1—24, and is therefore not repeated here. Had I recollected that the next poem—the 'Disputation'—had been printed by our late lamented friend, Dr. Richard Morris, in his *Legends of the Holy Rood*, E. E. T. Soc., 1871, p. 131—149, and (from the Royal MS. 18, A 10) p. 197—209, it would not have found place here ; but I'd forgotten all about it till the revise came, and therefore do not cancel it.—F., 14 June, 1894.]

LII. *Disputation between Mary and the Cross.*

[40 Alliterative Stanzas : nos. 1 and 40, either nine lines with 2 central rymes, *aaaa, bcccb*; or 17 lines, *aab, aab, aab, aab, cdddc*; nos. 2-39, thirteen lines *abab, abab, cdddc*.

(1)

Our Lady
reproaches
the Cross.

Oure ladi freo, on Rode treo, made hire mon : <sup>[leaf 315^b,
col. 3]</sup> Heo seid, "on þe, þe fruit of me, is wo bigon ;

Mi fruit I seo, in blodi bleo, among his fon ;

Serwe I seo, þe veines fleo, from blodi bon.¹

Cros, þou dost no troupe,

5

On a pillori my fruit to pinne.

He haþ no spot of Adam sinne :

flesch and veines nou fleo a-twinne ;

Wherefore I rede of routhe.

9

(2)

It has beguild
her Son,

Cros, þi bondes schul ben blamed, 10

Mi fayre fruit þou hast bi-gyled,

þe fruites Mooder was neuere a-famed,

Mi wombe is feir, founden vn-fuyled. 13

Chyld, whi artou not a-schamed

On a pillori to ben I-piled ?

Grete Iewes þus weore gramed,

And dyede for heore werkes wyled. 17

In mournyng I may melte ; 18

Mi fruit þat is so holi halwed,

In a feeld is fouled and falwed ;

and gallowsd
Him with
Jews,

Wiþ grete Iewes he is galwed,

And dyep for Monnes gelte. 22

(3)

and thieves.

FOr grete Iewes, galwes weire greiped, 23

þat euer to Robbyng Ronne ryf.

Whi schal my sone on þe beo leid,

þat neuer nuyzed mon nor wyf ? 26

A drinke of dep, soplliche seid,

Cros, þou 3euest þe lord of lyf,

¹ These 4 lines might each be set in 4 threes, *aab*, as those in stanza 40 (p. 626) are in the MS, tho' printed below as single lines.

His veynes to-bursten wiþ þi breid.

Mi fruit stont nou in a strong stryf; 30

Blod from hed is hayled; 31

ffouled is my fayre fruit, Blood runs from His head.

þat neuer dude tripet ne truit.

Wiþ þenes þat loueden ryot and ruit,

Whi schal my sone be nayled? 35

(4)

Þoruȝ Iugement þou art en-Ioynet 36
To bere fooles ful of sinne.

Mi sone from þe schulde beon ensoynet,

And neuere his blod vppon þe rinne;

But nou is truþe wiþ tresun teynet, 40

Wiþ þeoues to honge fer in fenne;

Wiþ feole nayles his limes ben feynet;

A careful Moder men mai me kenne; Nails pierce His limbs,

In Bales I am bounde. 44

þat fruit was of a Mayden born,

On a þeoues tre is al to-torn.

A Broche þorw-out his brest [is] born,

His holi herte haþ wounde. 48 a spear His heart,

(5)

Tre! þou art loked bi þe lawe, 49
þeoues, traitours, on þe to dye;¹ [1 ? deye]

But now is trouþe wiþ tresun drawe,

And vertu falleþ in vices weye;

But loue and treuþe in soþfast sawe 53

On a treo traytours hem teye;

Vertu is wiþ vices slawe.

Of alle vertues my sone is keye,

Vertu swettore þen spices; 57

In fot and hond bereþ blodi prikke,

His hed is ful of þornes þikke;

þe goode hongeþ a-mong þe wikke;

Vertu dyeþ wiþ vices. 61 thorns His head.

(6)

Tre vnkynde, þou schalt be kud; 62
Mi sone step-Moder, I þe calle.

- Mi fruit was born wiþ beestes on bed,
 And be my flesch my flour gan falle.
 Wiþ my brestes, my brid I fed ; 66
 Cros ! þou ȝeuest him Eysel and Galle.
 Vinegar and gall are given Him to drink. Mi white Rose Red is spred, [leaf 316, col. 1]
 þat fostred was in a fodderes stalle.
 ffeet and fayre hondes 70
 þat nou ben croised, I custe hem ofte ;
 I lulled hem, I leid hem softe.
 Cros ! þou holdest hem hiȝe on lofte,
 Bounden in bledyng bondes. 74
- (7)
- Mi loue i-lolled vp in þe eyr, 75
 Wiþ cradel bond I gan him bynde.
 Cros ! he stikeþ nou on þi steir,
 Naked a-ȝeyn þe wylde wynde.
 ffoules fourmen heor nestes in þe eyr ; 79
 Wolues, in den, reste þei fynde ;
 Bot Godes sone, in heuene heir,
 His hed nou leoneþ on þornes tynde.
 Of mournyng I may mynne : 83
 Godes hed haþ reste non,
 But leoneþ on his scholder bon ;
 which pierce His flesh. þe þornes þorwh his flesch[e] gon ;
 His wo I wytte hit sinne. 87
- (8)
- Cros ! to slen, hit is þi sleiht ; 88
 Mi fayre fruit þou berest fro blis.
 Cros ! þou holdest him so heih on heizþ,
 I cannot kiss His feet. Mi fruites feet I mai not kis.
 Mi mouþ I pulte, my sweore I streizt 92
 To cusse his feet, soþ þing hit is.
 þe Iewes from þe cros me keizt ;
 The Jews mock me. On me þei made heore mouwes amis,
 Heore games and heore gaudes ; 96
 þe Iewes wrcuzten me ful wo.
 Cros ! I fynde þou art my fo.
 þou berest my brid beten blo,
 Among þeose fooles fraudes." 100

(9)

- C**ristes cros 3af onswere : 101 The Cross
 "Ladi, to þe I owe honour ; answers:
 þi brihte palmes nou I bere ; 'Lady,
 Mi schyning scheweþ þorw þi flour ;
 þi feire fruit on me ginneþ tere ; 105
 þi fruit me florisceþ in blod colour. thy Son died
 To winne þe world þat lay in lere,¹ [1 MS. lure]
 þat Blossme Blomed vp in þi bour,
 Ac not for þe al-one, 109
 But for to winne al þis werld
 þat swelte vndur þe deueles swerd ;
 þorw feet and hond God let him gerd,
 To a-mende monnes mone. 113
 to win the
 World from
 the Devil.

(10)

- A**dam dude ful huge harmes 114
 Whon he bot a bite vndur a bough ;
 Wherfore þi sone haþ sprad his Armes
 On a treo tyed wiþ teone I-nouh.
 His flesh is smite wiþ depes þarmes, 118
 And swelteþ heer in a swemly swouh.
 His Breste is bored wiþ depes swarmes ;
 And wiþ his deþ, fro deþ he drouh
 Alle his leoue freondes, 122
 As Ozie spac in prophecie ;
 And seide, ' þi sone, seinte Marie,
 His deþ slouþ deþ on Caluarie,
 3af lyf wiþ-outen endes.' 126
 By His death
 He drew His
 friends from
 Death
 (Hosea xlii.
 14),
 and gave
 them endless
 Life.

(11)

- Þ**e stipre¹ þat is vnder þe vyne set, [1 ? MS. scipre] 127
 May not bringe forþ þe grape ;
 þeih þe fruit on meþ² beo knet, [2 ? for me]
 His scharpe schour haue I not schape.
 Til grapes to þe presse beo set, 131
 þer renneþ no red wyn in rape ;
 Neuere presse pressed bet.
 I presse wyn for kniht and knape,
 Vp-on a Blodi brinke. 135
 I presse a grape with strok and stryf ;
 I press a
 grape,

and the red
wine runs.

þe Rede wyn renneþ ryf;
In Samaritane, God ȝaf a wyf
þat leof licour to drinke. 139

(12)

I carve fruit :

His body
bleeds.

No one could
go to heaven
till God died.

L Adi ! loue doþ þe to alegge ! 140
þi fruit is prikked wiþ speres ord ;
On Cros, wiþ-outen knyues egge,
I kerue fruit of godes hord :
Al is al red, Rib and Rugge ; 144
His bodi bledeþ aȝeyn þe bord ;
I was piler and bar a brugge ;
God is weie, witesse of word,
God seiþ he is soþfast weye. 148
Mony folk slod to helle slider ;
To heuene, mihte no mon þider,
Til god dyed, and tauȝte whider
Men drawen whon þei dye. 152

(13)

Roasted in
the sun,
the Lamb
of Love lay
on me.

Moyseȝ haþ fourmed in his figour, 153
A whit lomb, and non oþer beste,
Schulde be sacred vr saueour,
And be mete of mihtes meste.
I was þat cheef chargeour ; 157
I bar flesh for folkes feste,
Ihesu crist vre saueour,
He fedeþ boþe lest and meste ;
Rosted a-ȝeyn þe sonne, 161
On me lay þe lomb of loue ;
I was plater, his bodi a-boue ;
Til feet and hondes al to-cloue,
Wiþ blood I was bi-ronne. 165

(14)

The verjuice
sauce for
Him shall
make the
Devil fear.

ȝit Moyseȝ in Rule haþ rad, 166
We schulde ete vr lomb in sour vergeous ;
Sour vergeous mai make vr soules glad,
To serwe sore for sunnes ours. 169
Sour vergeous schal make þe deuȝel adrad, [leaf 316, col. 2]
ffor he fleccheþ fro godes spous.

Beo a staf stondeþ sad,

Whon 3e fongen flesch in godes hous.

þat staf is Cristes Crouche ; 174

Stondeþ stifli bi þat stake,

Whon þat 3e fongen flesch in Cake ;

þen schal no feond maystri make, 178

3oure soules for to touche.

(15)

For pardoun scheweþ be a shrine : 179

Wip nayl and brede, on bord is smite

Rede lettres write be lyne,

Bluwe, Blake, among men pite.

Vr lord I likne to þis signe : 183

His bodi vppon a bord was bite ;

In Briht[e] blod, his bodi gan schyne :

Hou wo him was, may no mon wite,

Red vp on þe Roode. 187

Vr pardoun, brede from top too to,

Writen hit was wip wonder wo ;

Wip Rede woundes and strokes blo,

Vre Book was bounden in bloode. 191

(16)

Adam stod vp in stede ; 192

In Bitter galle, his gost he dreint :

A-3eyn þat galle, God 3af vs mede ;

Wip swete Merci, Bitter is queynt.

His Bodi was Book, þe Cros was brede, 196

Whon Crist for vs þeron was eleynt.¹ [1 or weynt] His body was the book,

No mon gat pardoun wip no bede,

Weor he neuere so sely a seynt,

Til book on bord was sprad, 200

Wip sharpe nayles dunted and driue,

Til feet and hondes al to-riue ;

His herte blod, vre book haþ 3iue,

To make vr gostes glad." 204

to gladden
our spirits."

(17)

Cristes Cros 3it spac þis speche : 205

"ffurst was I presse, wyn to wringe ;

I bere a Brugge, wei to teche,
 þer semely Aungeles sitte and synge.
 'Lord of Love, Lord of loue and lyues leche, 209
 ffor þe was set sely sacrynge;
 To winne þe world þat was in wreche,
 the Cross won þe cros was brede, pardoun to bringe.
 Pardoun In book is billed : 213
 What is pardoun, vppon to minne?
 men forgive- Hit is forziuenes of dedly sinne :
 ness of sin. Whon blod was writen on cristes kinne,
 Pardoun was fulfilled." 217

(18)

Our Lady rejoins : Oure ladi seide, " Cros ! of þi werk, 218
 Wonder þe not, þeiȝ I be wroþe.
 þus seide Poule, Cristes clerk :
 þe feolle Iewes, wiþ false oþe,
 ' the stony Iewes ston-hard in sinnes merk, 222
 my tender Beoten a lomb wiþ-uten loþe,
 Lamb, Softer þen watur vndur serk,
 Meode or Milk [i-]medled boþe.
 þe Iewes weoren harde stones : 226
 Softur þen watur or eny licour,
 Or dewȝ þat lip on þe lilie flour,
 and would Was cristes bodi, in blod colour :
 his bones. þe Iewes wolden ha broken his bones. 230

(19)

And mony a prophete gan make mon, 231
 A And seide : lord ! send us þi lomb
 Out of þe wildernesses ston,
 To fende vs from þe lyon crompt
 Of mylde mount of Syon ; 235
 Be-com mon In a Maydens womb,
 Made a bodi wiþ blessed bon,
 In a Maidens blod þi bodi flomb ;
 At Barreres weore debate : [leaf 316, col. 3] 239
 þorwȝ stones In þe wildernes,
 Men miȝte better ha crepet I-wis,
 þen bored in-to heuene blis,
 Til blod brac vp þe zate. 243

(20)

- S**in monnes sone was so nedi 244
 To beo lad wiþ lomb[e] mylde,
 Whi weore gylours so gredi
 ffor to defoule my faire childe?
 Cros! whi weore þou so redi 248
 To rende my fruit feor in fylde?"
 "Ladi, to make þe deuel dredi,
 God schop me a scheld, schame to schilde,
 Til lomb of loue dyede, 252
 And on me 3eld þe gost wiþ vois.
 I was chose a Relik chois;
 þe signe of Ihesu cristes crois,
 þer dar no deuel abyde. 256

Cross, why
wert thou
ready to rend
my Son?"
'To fright
the Devil:

he can't abide
the sign of
the Cross.

(21)

- M**oni folk I fende from heore fos,— 257
 Cristes Cros þis sawes seide:—
 Heuene 3ates weore closed clos,
 Til þe lomb of loue dyede;
 þis is write in tixt and glos; 261
 After Cristes deþ, prophetes preide
 Til þe lomb of loue dyed and ros,
 In helle pyne, monkynde was teyde.
 At houre of his none, 265
 þe lomb of loue seyde his þouzt:
 Nou is folfuld, þat wel is wrouzt;
 A mon is out of bondes brouzt,
 And heuene dores vndone. 269

Till the Lamb
of Love died,

mankind was
bound in
Hell.

Then,
Heaven's
door was
opend,

(22)

- W**iþ þe ffader þat al schal folfille, 270
 His sone to heuene is an help;
 I was piler, and stod ful stille;
 After opur 3iftes now gostes 3elp.
 þe fend þat al þis world wolde kille, 274
 His swerd he pulte vp in his kelp;
 To helle he horlede from þat hille,
 Beerynge as a Beore whelp.
 A beore is bounden and beted, 278
 Cristes Cros hap craked his croun;
 VERNON MS.

and the Fiend.

hurld to Hell.

The Lamb is
Lord of all.

þe lomb haþ leid þe Lyoun a-down ;
þe lomb is lord in eueri toun,
So cristes blod haþ pleted. 282

(23)

The Cross is
the Shep-
herd's staff,

In holy writ þis tale is herde, 283
þat goode 3iftes god vs 3af.

God seiþ himself he is schepherde ;
And vche an heerde bi-houep a staf :
þe Cros I calle þe heerdes 3erde ; 287

þer-wiþ, þe deucl, a dunt he 3af,
And wiþ þe 3erde, þe wolf he werde ;
Wiþ dundes drof him al to draf.

which drove
off the Wolf
from Christ's
fold.

þe Cros þis tale tolde, 291
þat he was staf in þe heerdes hond ;
Whon schep breken out of heore bond,
þe wolf he wered out of lond,
þat deuoured cristes folde." 295

(24)

Mary replies : } it seiðe þe Meke Marie : 296
" Roode ! þou reendest my Rose al red,

'after Christ's
death, 3 Jews
said why they
were sorry :

þreo Iewes coomen from Caluari
þat day þat Ihesu þoled ded ;
Alle þei seiden þei weore sori ; 300

ffor-dolled in a dronknyng dred,
þei tolden hem alle wherfore and whi
Heore hertes were colde as lumpyng led ;
þe furste heore tale tolde : 304

1. because
Christ bled ;

' Whon crist was knit with corde on a stok,
His hodi bledde a3ein þat blok ; [1 leaf 316 b., col. 1]
1 þorw feet and hondes nayles gan knok,
þen gan myn herte to colde.' 308

(25)

2. because

þe Secounde seiðe : ' nay, not þat ! 309
þat dude serwe in-to myn herte schete,

He was rent
by nails and
thorns ;

But whon þe Roode ros, & down was squat,
þe nayles renten him hondes and feete ;
þorw-out his helm, þe harde hat, 313
þe þornes, in-to his flesch gan crepe ;

His Ioyntes vn-Ioynet, I tok good gat ;		His joints unjointed,
þo weop I water, and teeres leete,		
To care I was enclyned ;	317	
In cloddres of blod, his her was clunge ;		
þe flesch was from þe bones swonge ;		
Druize drinkeles was his tonge ;		
His lippes to-clouen and chyned.'	321	His lips split ;

(26)

þe pridde seide : ' þis þouhte me lest ¹ [1 ? MS. left]	322	3. because
Of þeose peynes and oper mo,		
þis peyne þouhte me peyne mest,		
Al his flesch he let of flo.		His flesh was flayd ;
His Mylde Moder stod him nest,	326	
Loked vpward, And hire was wo.		
A swerd swapped hire þorw þe brest ;		His Mother was stabd,
Out of þe cros þe knyf com þo ;		
þis siht sauh I my-selue ;	330	
þe swerd of loue þorw hire gan launce ;		
Heo swapte on swownyng þorw þat chaunce :		and swoond,
To scornen hire þei gan daunce,		and scorned by Jews.
Iewes bi ten and twelue.'	334	

(27)

S in Iewes made so muchel mon	335	
To seon my brid bounden in brere ;		
In sad serwyng moste I gon,		I sorrow
To seon blodi my chyldes chere.		
ffadres & Modres þat walken in won,	339	
Schul loue heore children beo skiles clere ;		
þeose two loues weore in me al on,		
ffor fader and moder I was here ;		
þeose two loues in me weore dalt ;	343	because I was Father and Mother here to my Son.
I was fader of his flesch ;		
His Moder hedde an herte nesch ;		
Mi serwe flowed as water fresch ;		
Weopyng and wo I walt.	347	

(28)

I N me weore tacched sorwes two :	348	I had double sorrow. None could be in His Father.
[I]n þe fader mihte non abyde,		

ffor he was euere in reste and Ro,
 Ioynd in his Ioyes wyde.
 But I sor-
 rowd sore
 when my
 Darling died.
 I serwed sore for to sei so ; 352
 I say whon þat my derlyng dide ;
 Wiþ dundes he was to deþe i-do ;
 Vp-on a tre his bodi was soyled.
 Whon trouþe is told and darded, 356
 Of alle Ioyes God is welle,
 þer mihte no serwe in him dwelle,
 I serwed sore, as Clerkes telle ;
 My pain was
 not shared.
 Mi pyne was not departed. 360

(29)

þE hattore loue, þe caldore care, 361
 Whon frendes fynde heore fruit defoyled ;
 þe dispitous Iewes nolde not spare
 Til trie fruit weore tore and toyled.
 Neuer Mayden Mournede mare ; 365
 I sauh my child ben surded and soyled,
 My heart was
 cloven, by
 Myn herte to-clef wiþ swerd of care ;
 I sau3 my brid wiþ blod bem¹-oyled. [1 MS. ben]
 As Symeon seide beo-forn, 369
 þe swerde of serwe, scharp I-grounde,
 the sharp
 sword of
 sorrow.
 Schulde 3iue myn herte a wounde :
 In more wo þen I was bounde,
 Neuere buirde haþ born. 373

(30)

þe dede worþily gan wake ; 374
 þe dai turned to nihtes donne ;
 þe Merke Mone gan Mournyng make ; [leaf 316 b., col. 2]
 þe lyht out leap of þe sonne ;
 þe temple walles gan chiuere & schake ; 378
 Veiles in þe temple, a-two þei sponne.
 Cros ! whi noldestou not crake,
 The Sun was
 dark ; the
 Temple
 shook.
 Whon rihtful blod on þe was ronne,
 And kuyndes losten heore kende ? 382
 Whon my fruit on þe was fast,
 Cros ! whi weore þou not agast ?
 þow stod stif as eny mast,
 when my Son
 was on thee ?
 Whon lyf left vp his ende. 386

(31)

W hon þat Prince of Paradys	387	
Bledde boþe brest and bak,		
An heþene clerk was seint Denys :		The heathen St. Denis said
He seide, þis world wente al to wrak ;		
He sauþ þe planetes passen out of here pris ;	391	
þe brihte sonne gan waxen blak :		
þe clerk þat was so wonderly wys,		
Wonder wordes þer he spak.		
Denys, þis grete Clerke, seide,	395	
‘ þe day of doom draweþ to an ende ;		Doomsday had come.
Al vr kuyndes haþ lost vr kende,		
Til God þat dyed for vch a kuynde,		
ffor Monnes kuynde deyde.’	399	

(32)

F oules fellen out of heore fliht ;	400	
Beestes gan Belwe in eueri binne.		
Cros ! whon Crist on þe was cliht,		Cross, why did not you mourn ?
Whi noldestou not of mournyng minne ? ”		
þe Cros seide, “ ladi briht !	404	The Cross says it bore Christ for man’s good.
I bar ones þi fruit for monnes sinne,		
More to amende monnes riht,		
þen for eny weolþe þat I gan winne ;		
Wip blod, God bouzte his broþer.	408	
Whon Adam, Godes biddying brak,		
He bot a bite þat made vs blak,		
Til fruit weore tied on treo wip tak ;		
O fruit for anoþer.	412	

(33)

S in Cristes Cros þat kepeþ ȝifte,	413	
Graunted of þe fadres graunt,		
I was loked I schulde vp lifte		
Godes sone and maydenes faunt,		
No Mon hedde scheld of schrifte ;	417	
þe deucl stod lyk a lyon raumpaunt,		
Mony folk In-to helle he clihte,		
Til þe crosses dunt ȝaf him a daunt.		
Mi dedes are bounden and booked ;	421	It tamed the Devil,
Alle þe werkes þat I haue wrouht,		

and fulfill
its purpose.

Weore founden in þe ffaderes fore-þouht ;
þefore, ladi, lakkeþ me nouht,
I dude as me was looked. 425

(34)

Through
Christ's blood
Baptism was
given to men.

þorw Blod & watur, cristendam was wrouht, 426
Holy writ witnesseth hit wel,
And in wille of soþfast þouht
A Mon mai be cristened skil ;
þat blod þat us alle bouht, 430
Digne cristenyng gan vs del.
At cristenyng, crist for-þat vs nouht,
His blessedde blod whon we gan fel.
Maiden, Moder, and Wyue, 434
þi fruit haþ ȝiuen vs baptem :
Cristened we weore In Red[de] rem,
Whon his bodi bledde on þe Beem
Of Cipresse and Olyue. 438

(35)

The Croos
bore Christ
for man's
good.

As Ihesu seide to Nichodemus, 439
‘ But a Barn be twyȝes born,
Whon domus-day schal blowen his bemus,
He may elles liggē loddere for-lorn.
ffurst of a wombe þer reuþe remus ; 443
Sippe in a font þer synne away is schorn.’
I was cros to monnēs quemus,
I bar þe fruit þow bar bi-forn
ffor þi beryng Al one. 447
But ȝif I hedde I-boren him eft,
ffrom riche reste mon hedde beo-reft.
In a loren logge I-left,
Ay to grunte and grone. 451

(36)

It is a shin-
ing relic,

þou art I-Crowned heuene quene, 452
þorw þe burþe þat pou beere ;
þi garlond is al of graces grene,
Helle, Emperesse, in heuene Emperē ;
I am a Relyk þat shineþ shene, 456
Men wold wite wher þat I were.

At þe parlement wol I bene,

On domes-day prestly a-pere,

Whon Ihesu schal seye riht þere,

460 and will
appear at
Doomsday,

‘Trewely, vppon þe Roode tre,

Mon, I dyede for þe.

Mon, what hastou don for me

To beon my frendly feere?’

464

(37)

At þe parlement, shul putten vp pleyning,

465

Hou Maydenes fruit on me gan sterue,

Spere & spounge and sharp nayling

þorw þe harde hat þe heued shal kerue,

Shul preie to þat rihtful kyng;

469

Vehe mon schal haue as þei a-serue;

Rihtful schul ryse to riche restyng,

when every
man shall get
his deserts;

Truyt and tripet to helle shal sterue.

Mayden, Meoke and Mylde,

473

God haþ taken in þe his fleschly trene;

I bar þi fruit leoþi and lene;

Hit is riht þe Roode helpe to a-rene

Wrecches þat wraþþe þi chylde.”

477 and the Cross
will arraign
Christ’s
tormentors.

(38)

ÞE queen a-cordet wiþ þe cros, [leaf 316b., col. 3]

478

And aþeyn him spak no more speche.

þe queen 3af þe Cros a cos;

The Virgin is
reconciled to
the Cross,
kisses it,

þe ladi of loue, loue gan seche,

þei3 hire fruit on him were diȝt to dros,

482

Whon rendyng ropus gan him reche.

Cristes cros haþ kept vs from los,

Maries preyers, And God, vr leche,

þe qween and þe Cros acorde.

486

þe qween bar furst, þe cros afturward,

To fecche folk from helleward,

and uses it
to fetch folk
from Hell.

On holy stayers to steven vpward,

And regne wiþ God vr lorde.

490

(39)

ÞE Clerk þat fourmed þis figour,

491

Of Maries wo to wite som,

The writer

knows that
the Cross is
deaf and
dumb,

He saiþ him-self þat harde stour,

Whon godes armus weore rent aroun.

þe Cros is a cold Creatour, 495

And euere 3it haþ ben def and dom.

þei3 þis tale beo florissshed with faire flour,

I preue hit on Apocrafum,

ffor witnesse was neuer foundet 499

þat neuere cristes cros spak ;

Oure ladi leide on him no lak ;

but he wishes
to drive the
Devil back.

Bot to pulte þe deucl abak,

We speke hou crist was woundet. 503

(40)

God took
flesh to die
for us.

IN ffleschly wede, God gan¹ him hede, Of Mylde May,
Was bore to blede, As Cristes Crede Soþly wol say ;

On a stokly stede He Rod, we Rede, In Red Array ;

May He keep
us from the
Devil at
Doomsday,

ffrom deueles drede, þat Duyk vs lede, At domes-day,²

Whon peple schal parte and pace 508

To heuene halle, or to helle woode,

Cristes cros and cristes blode,

And Marie preiers þat ben ful goode,

and grant us
the Life of
Grace !

Grant vs þe lyf of grace ! Amen ! 512

Explicit disputacio inter Mariam

Et Crucem, secundum Apocrafum.

LIII. *Susannah, or Seemly Susan.*

[28 alliterative Stanzas of thirteen : *abab abab, cdddc*, the last adding a couplet *aa*.]

(1)

[ff. 317, col. 1]
In Babylon
dwelt a Jew,
Joachim,

Per was in Babiloine a bern, in þat borw riche,

þat was a Ieu3 ientil, & Ioachin he hiht ;

He was so lele in his lawe, þer liued non him liche ;

Of alle riche arayes, þat renke³ he was riht ; 4

His Innes & his orchardus were with a dep dich,

Halles & herbergages, hei3 vppon heiht.

who had fine
houses and
halls,

To seche þoru þat cite, þer nas non sich,

Of erbus, and of erberi, so auenauntliche I-diht 8

¹ MS. gam

² These 4 lines are written as 4 stanzas, *aab*, in the MS. See st. 1.

³ MS. þat renke arayes (Gollancz)

þat day,	9	
Wip-Inne þe sercle of sees		
Of Erberi, and Alees,		and avenues
Of alle Maner of trees		of trees.
Sopely to say.	13	
(2)		
¶ He hed a wif hiȝt <i>Susan</i> , was sotil and sage ;	14	His wife
Heo was Elches douȝtur, eldest and eyre,		<i>Susan</i> was
Louelich & liliewhit, on of þat lynage,		lily-white,
Of alle fason of foode, frelich and feire ;	17	
þei lerned hire lettrure of þat langage,		knew
þe Maundement of Moises þei marked to þat may,		Hebrew,
To þe Mount of Synai þat went in Message		
þat þe Trinite bi-tok of tables a peire	21	
To Rede.	22	
þus þei lerne hire þe lawe,		
Cleer Clergye to knawe ;		
To God stod hire gret awe,		and feard
þat wlonkest in weede.	26	God.

(3)

¶ He hedde an orchard newe, þat neized wel nere,	27	In his orch-
þer <i>Iewus</i> with <i>Ioachim</i> priueliche gon playe,		ard Jews
For he real & riche, of rentes euer þere,		took their
Honest and auenaunt, and honorablest aye,	30	ease with
I-wis þer haunted til her hous, hende, ȝe mai here,		him.
Two demers ¹ of þat lawe, þat dredde were þat day,		Two Judges
Preostes and presidents, preised als peere,		frequented
Of whom vr souerein lord sawes gan say,	34	his house,
And tolde	35	[¹ MS. do-
How heor wikkednes comes,		mus]
Of þe wrongwys domes		
þat þei haue gyue to gomes,		
þis Iuges of olde.	39	

(4)

¶ þus þis dredful demers on daies þider drewe,	40	
Al for gentrise and Ioye of þat Iuwesse,		
To go in his gardeyn, þat gayliche grewe :		and garden.
To fonge flourus and fruit, þouȝt þei no fresse ;	43	

When they
saw Susan,
they resolvd
to lead her
astray,

And whon þei seiȝ Susan, semelich of hewe,
þei weor so set vpon hire, miȝt þei not sese,
þei wolde enchaunte þat child, hou schold heo eschewe ;
And þus þis cherlus vnhaste, in chaumbre hir chese
Wiȝ chere. 48

Wiȝ two Maiden es al on,
Semelyche Suson,
On dayes in þe merion,
Of Murþes wol here. 52

(5)

and beguile
her.

They turnd
from God's
lore,

and daily
tried to

work Susan
woe.

¶ Whon þeos perlo us prestes perceyued hire play, 53
þo þouȝte þe wrecches to bewile þat worly in wone ;
Heore wittes wel wai-wordus þei wrethen awai,
And turned fro his teching, þat teeld is in trone. 56
ffor siht of here-souerayn, soȝli to say,
Heore hor heuedus fro heuene þei hid apon one ;
þei cauȝt, for heor couetyse, þe cursyng of kai ;
ffor riȝtwys Iugement recordet þei none, 60
þey two. 61
Euery day bi day,
In þe Pomeri þei play,
Whiles þei mihte Susan assay,
To worchen hire wo. 65

(6)

In summer
she workt in
her garden,

full of fruits,

flowers,

and birds :
nightingales,

¶ In þe seson of somere, with Sibelle and Ione, 66
Heo greiȝed hire til hire gardin, þat growed so grene ;
þer lyndes and lorers were lent vpon lone,
þe sauyne and sypres, selcouȝ to sene, 69
þe palme and þe poplere, þe pirie, þe plone,
þe Iunipere ientel, Ionyng bi-twene,
þe rose ragged on rys, richest on Rone,
I-þeuwed with þe þorn, trinaunt to sene, 73
So tiht. 74
þer weore Pope-iayes prest,
Nightyngales vpon nest,
Blipest Briddes o þe best,
In Blossoms so briht. 78

(7)

¶ þe Briddes, in Blossoms, þei beeren wel loude,	79	
On olyues and amylliers, and al kynde of trees :		
þe popeiayes perken, and pruynen for proude ;	[leaf 317, col. 2]	popinjays,
On peren and pynappel, þei ioyken in pees,	82	
On croppus of canel, keneliche þei croude ;		
On grapes þe goldfinch þei gladen and glees.		goldfinches,
þus schene briddus in schawe schewen heore schroude ;		
On firres and fygers, þei fongen heore seetes	86	
In ffay.	87	
þer weore growyng so grene,		
þe Date wiþ þe Damesene ;		
Turtils troned on trene,		turtle-doves.
By sixti, I say3.	91	

(8)

¶ þe fyge and þe filbert were fodemed so fayre,	92	There were figs, cherries,
þe chirie and þe chestein, þat chosen is of hewe,		
Apples and Almaundus, þat honest are of ayre,		
Grapus and garnettes, gayliche þei grewe.	95	grapes,
þe costardes comeliche in cuppes þei cayre,		
þe Britouns, þe Blaunderers, Braunches þe bewe,		
ffele flourus and fruit, frelich of flayre,		
With wardons winlich, and walshenotes newe,	99	walnuts,
þey waled.	100	
Ouer heor hedes gon hyng		
þe wince and þe wederlyng ;		and quinces ;
Spyces speden to spryng,		
In Erbers enhaled.	104	

(9)

¶ þe chyue and þe chollet, þe chibolle, þe cheue,	105	besides chives,
þe chouwet, þe cheuerol, þat schaggen on niht ;		
þe persel, þe passenep, poretos to preue,		parsnips,
þe pyon, þe peere, wel proudliche I-piht ;	108	
þe lilye, þe louache, launsyng wiþ leue,		lilies and
þe sauge, þe sorsecele, so semeliche to siht ;		sage,
Columbyne and Charuwe, clottes þei creue,		
With Ruwe and Rubarbe, Ragget ariht,	112	rue and rhubarb.
No lees ;	113	
Daysye and Ditoyne,		

Ysope and Aueroyne,
Peletre and Plauntoyne,
Proudest In pres.

117

(10)

Susan bids
her maidens
go for her
unguents,

and strips
off her clothes
under a
laurel,

by a well.

¶ Als þis schaply þing, ʒede in hire ʒarde 118
þat was hir hosbondus, and hire þat holden *with* hende,
“Nou folk be faren from us, þar us not be ferde;
Aftur myn oynement warliche ʒe weende; 121
Aspieþ nou specialy þe ʒates ben sperde,
ffor we wol wassche us I-wis bi þis welle strende.”
ffor-þi þe wif werp of hir wedes vn-werde;
Vndur a lorere ful lowe þat ladi gan leende 125
So sone. 126
By a wynliche welle,
Susan caste of hir kelle;
Bote feole ferlys hire bi-felle
Bi Midday or none. 130

(11)

The 2 Judges
come to
Susan,

and ask her
to lie with
them.

If not, they'll
accuse her of
adultery.

¶ Nou were þis domus men derf drawen in derne, 131
Whiles þei seo þat ladi was laft al hire one;
fforte heilse þat hende, þei hized ful ʒerne;
With wordus þei worshiþe þat worliche in wone: *54*
“Wolt þou, ladi, for loue, on vre lay lerne, 135
And vndur þis lorere ben vr lemmone?
ʒe ne þarf wonde for no wiʒt vr willes to werne;
ffor alle gomus þat scholde greue, of gardin ar gone
In ffeere. 139
ʒif þou þis neodes deny,
We schal telle trewely,
We toke þe wiþ a-voutri
Vnder þis Lorere.” 143

(12)

Susan is sore
troubled.

¶ þen Susan was serwful, and seide in hire pouʒt, 144
“I am *with* serwe bi-set on eueriche syde:
ʒif I assent to þis sin, þat þis segges haue souʒt,
Givem I be bretenet and brent in baret to byde; 147
And ʒif I nikke hem *with* nai, hit helpeþ me nouʒt:
Such toret and teone takeþ me þis tyde.

- Are I þat worthliche wrethe,¹ þat al þis world wrouzt,
 Betere is wemles weende of þis world wyde." 151
 Wiþ þis, 152
 þo Cast heo a Careful cri,
 þis loueliche Ladi :
 Hir seruauus hedde selli,
 No wonder I-wis. 156

(13)

- ¶ Whon kene men of hir court comen til hir cri, 157
 Heo hedde cast of hir calle, and hire keuercheue ;
 In at a priue posterne þei passen in hi,
 And findes þis prestes wel prest, her poyntus to preue :
 þo seide þe loselle a-loude to þe ladi, [leaf 317, col. 3] 161
 " þou hast gon wiþ a gome, þi god to greue,
 And ligge with þi lemon In a-voutri :
 Bi þe lord and þe lawe þat we onne leeu," 164
 þey swere. 165
 Alle hire seruauus þei shont,
 And stelen a-way in a stont ;
 Of hire weore þei neuer wont
 Such wordes to here. 169

(14)

- ¶ Hir kinrede, hir cosyus, and al þat hire knewe, 170
 Wrong handes I-wis, and wepten wel sore,
 Sykeden for susan, so semeliche of hewe ;
 Al onwyse of þat wyf, wondred þei wora. 173
 þei dede hire in a dungen, þer neuer day dewe,
 While domus men were dempt, þis dede to clare,
 Marred in Manicles þat made wer newe,
 Meteles, whiles þe Morwen to Middai & mare, 177
 In drede. 178
 þer com hir fader so fre,
 Wiþ al his affinite ;
 þe prestes sauns pite,
 And ful of flalshede. 182

(15)

- ¶ þo seide þe Iustises on bench to Ioachim þe Iewe, 183
 þat was of Iacobus kynde, gentil of dedes ;

[1 Ms.
wreche]
She had
better die
than sin.

She cries out.

Men of the
Court press
in, find her
naked, and

the Judges
accusing her

of adultery.

Her servants
slink away.

Susan is put
in a dungeon,

fetterd, and
kept without
food.

Her father
visits her.

The Justices

call for her.	“ Let senden aftur Susan, so semelych of hewe, þat þou hast weddet to wif, wlonkest in wedes. 186 Heo was in trouþe, as we trowe, <i>tristi and trewe</i> ; Hir herte holliche on him þat þe heuene hedes.”
She is brought to the Bar,	þus þei brouȝt hire to þe barre, hir bales to brewe. Nouþur dom ne deþ, þat day heo ne dredes 190 Als þare. 191
gold-haird,	Hir hed was ȝolow as wyre, Of gold fyned wiþ fyre ;
bare- shoulderd,	Hire scholdres schaply and schire, þat bureliche was bare. 195

(16)

	¶ Nou is Susan in sale, sengeliche arayed 196 In a selken schert, <i>with</i> scholdres wel schene.
in a silk skirt.	þo Ros vp <i>with</i> rancour þe Renkes reneyed ;
The 2 lustful Judges	þis comelich accused <i>with</i> wordes wel kene : 199 Homliche on hir heued, heor hondus þei leyed,— And heo wepte for wo, no wonder I wene,— “ We schul <i>presenten</i> þis pleint, hou þou euer be paid, And sei sadliche þe soþ, riȝt as we haue sene, 203 O Sake.” 204 þus wiþ cauteles waynt, accuse her. Preostes presented þis playnt ; ȝit schal trouþe hem a-taynt, I dar vnder-take. 208

(17)

	¶ “ þorw-out þe pomeri, we passed us to play, — 209 Of preiere <i>and</i> of penaunce was vre purpose ;—
She came into the Orchard with 2 maidens. She sent them away,	Heo com <i>with</i> two Maidens, al richeli þat day, In riche robus arayed, red as þe rose. 212 Wylyliche heo wyled hir wenches a-way, And comaunded hem kenely þe ȝates to close.
and went to a young man.	Heo eode to a ȝong mon in a valay, ¹ [¹ <i>alterd from valey</i>] þe semblaunt of Susan wolde non suppose, 216 ffor soþ. 217 Be þis cause þat we say, Heo wyled hir wenches a-way ; þis word we witnesse for ay, Wiþ tonge and wiþ top. 221

(18)

- ¶ Whon we þat semblaunt seiȝ, we siked wel sare,¹ [1 *alterd*
ffor sert of hir souureyn, and for hir owne sake ; from sore]
- Vr copus weore cumberous, and cundelet vs care,
But ȝit we trinet a trot, þat traytur [to] take. 225 We tried to
He was borlich and bigge, bold as a bare, catch him,
More miȝti mon þen we, his Maistris to Make.
To þe ȝate ȝaply þei ȝeoden wel ȝare,
And he lift vp þe lach, and leap ouer þe lake, 229 but he got
þat ȝouthē. 230 away from
Heo ne schunte for no schame,
But bouwed aftur for blame.
Heo nolde cuyþe vs his name,
ffor craft þat we couþe." 234 She wouldn't
tell us his
name.

(19)

- ¶ Nou heo is dampned on deis, with deol þauȝ hir deu[e], Susan is con-
And hir domus men vnduwe do hir be with-drawen : demnd,
Loueliche heo louted, and lacched hir leue, 237
At kynred and cosyn þat heo hed euere i-knawen,² [2 *alterd*
Heo asked Merci with mouþ in þis mischeue : from knowen]
- "I am sakeles of syn," heo seide in hir sawen ; but declares
"Grete god of his grace, ȝor gultus for-ȝiue, [ff. 317b, col. 1] her inno-
þat doþ me derfliche be ded and don out of dawe[n] cence.
Wip dere. 243
Wolde god þat I miht
Speke wip Ioachim a niht,
And siþen to deþ me be diht,
I charge hit not a pere." 247

(20)

- ¶ Heo fel doun flat in þe flore, hir feere whon heo fond, She takes
Carped to him kyndeli, as heo ful wel couþe : 249 leave of her
"I-wis I wrapped þe neuere, at my witand, husband,
Neiþer in word ne in werk, in elde ne in ȝouþe,"
Heo keuered vp-on hir kneos, and cussed his hand,
"ffor I am dampned, I ne dar disparage þi mouþ."
Was neuere more serwful segge, bi se nor bi sande, 254
Ne neuere a soriore siht, bi norþ ne bi souþ,
þo þare. 256
þei toke þe ffeteres of hire feete,

who kisses
her.

And euere he cussed þat swete :
“ In oþer world schul we mete : ”

Seide he no mare.

260

(21)

¶ þen Susan þe serwfol seide uppon hiȝt, 261

Heef hir hondus on hiȝ, bi-held heo to heuene :

She appeals
to God,

“ þou maker of Middelert þat most art of miht,

Boþe þe sonne and þe see, þou sette vppon seuene ;

Alle my werkes þou wost, þe wrong and þe riht, 265

Hit is nedful nou þi names to nempne

Sepþe I am deolfolich dampned, and to deþ diht.

Lord, herteliche tak hede, and herkne my steuene

So fre !

269

Sepþe þou maiȝt not be sene

Wiþ no fleschliche eyene,

and says He
knows she's
pure.

þou wost wel þat I am elene ;

Haue Merci nou on me ! ”

273

(22)

Susan is led
to death.

¶ Nou þei dresse hire to deþ *with-uten* eny drede,

And lede forþ þat ladi, lounesum of lere.

Grete god, of his grace, of gultes¹ vngnede, [¹ ? gyftes, G.]

Help *with* þe holi gost, and herde hir preyere. 277

God bids
Daniel help
her.

He directed þis dom, and þis delful dede,

To Danyel þe prophete, of dedes so dere,

Such ȝiftes god him ȝaf in his ȝouþehede :

ȝit failed hit a fourteniht ful of þe ȝere,

281

Nouht layne.

282

þo criede þat freoly foode,

“ Whi spille ȝe Innocens blode ? ”

And alle þe[i] stoteyd and stode,

þis ferlys to frayne.

286

(23)

¶ “ What signefyes, gode sone, þese sawus þat þou seis ? ”

þus þese Maisterful men [with] mouþes can mele.

Daniel calls
the 2 lustful
Judges
“ fiends,”

“ þei be fendus, al þe frape, I sei hit in feiþ ;

And in folk of I[s]rael be foles wel fele.

290

Vmbiloke ȝou, lordes ; such lawes ben leiþ ;

Me þinkeþ ȝor dedes vnduwe, such domus to dele.

[² MS. þe]
and demands
a new trial.

Aȝein to þe ȝild-halle ȝe² gomes vn-greip ;

I schal, be proces apert, disproue þis a-pele

294

ffor nede. 295

Lat twinne hem in two,

For now wakneþ heor wo ;

þei schal graunte, ar þei go,

Al heore falshede." 299

The 2 must
be separated.

(24)

¶ þei diseuered hem sone, and sette hem sere ; 300

And sodeynly askede, þei brouzt in-to þe sale ;

Bi-fore þis 3onge prophete þis preost gon apere,

And he him apeched sone with chekes wel pale, 303

" þou hast I-be presedent, þe peple to steere ;

þou dotest nou on þin olde tos in þe dismale.

Now schal þi conscience be knowen, þat euer was vnclere ;

þou hast in babiloygne on benche brewed muche bale,

Wel bolde. 308

Nou schal 3or synnes be seene,

Of ffals domes bi-deene,

ffor þeose In Babiloyne han bene

Iugget of Olde. 312

The 1st Judge
is brought up.

Daniel de-
nounces him,

(25)

¶ þou seidest þou seze Susanne sinned in þi siht. 313

Tel nou me trewly, vnder what tre ?"

" Mon, bi þe muche god, þat most is of miht,

Vndur a Cyne, sopli my-seluen I hir se." 316

" Nou þou lvest in þin hed, bi heuen vppon hiht !

An Angel with a naked swerd þe neizes wel nere ;

He haþ brandist his brond brennynde so brizt,

To Marke þi middel at a Mase in more þen in þre,

No lese. [leaf 317 b, col. 2] 321

þou Brak godes Comaundement,

To sle such an Innocent

Wiþ eny fals Iuggement

Vn-duweliche on dese." 325

and asks,
What tree
Susan sind
under.

'A Cyne.'

Daniel says
he lies ;

*under
by a tree
yea*

(26)

¶ Nou is þis domus-mon with-drawn with-uten eni

And put in-to prison aȝeyn in-to place. [drede,

þei brouzten þe toþur forþ, whom þe barn bede,

To-fore þe folk and þe faunt freli of face : 329

VERNON MS.

T T

and he is put
in prison.

Then the 2nd
Judge is cald
up,

“Cum forþ, þou corsed caytif, þou Canaan !” he sede ;
 “Bi-cause of þi couetise þou art in þis case.
 þou hast disceyuet þi-self with þin oune dede ;
 Of þi wit for a wyf, bi-wiled þou wase 333
 In wede. 334
 þou sey nou, so mote þou þe,
 Vnder what kynde of tre,
 Semeli Susan þou se
 Do þat derne dede ? 338

(27)

and declares
the tree was
a Prine.

Daniel says
that he also
lies.

¶ þou gome of gret elde, þin hed is grei hored ; 339
 Tel hit me treweli, ar þou þi lyf tyne.”
 þo þat roþli cherl ruydely rored,
 And seide bi-fore þe prophet, “þei pleied bi a prine.”
 “Nou þou liest loude, so helpe me vr lord !
 ffor fulpe of þi falshed þou schalt ha euel pine ;
 þou and þi cursed cumpere, 3e mou not a-corde.
 3e schul be drawen to þe deþ þis dai ar we dine 346
 So Rape. 347
 An Angel is neih honde,
 Takes þe domes of 3or honde,
 Wip a Brennynge bronde
 To byte 3ou bape.” 351

(28)

Both the
lying ac-
cusers of
Susan are
hangd.

¶ þen þe folk of Israel felle vppon knes, 352
 And lowed þat loueli lord þat hire þe lyf lent.
 Alle þe gomus þat hire god wolde gladen and gleees,
 þis prophete so pertli proues his entent. 355
 þei trompe bifore þis traiturs, and traylen hem on tres
 þorow-out þe Cite, bi comuyn assent.
 Hose leeuþ on þat lord, þar him not lees,
 þat þus his seruauent saued þat schold ha be schent
 In Sete. 360
 þis ferlys bi-fel
 In þe days of Danyel :
 þe pistel witnessþ wel
 Of þat profete. 364

Christ, grant
us all
Heaven's
bliss !

Ihesu crist, wip mylde steuene,
 Graunt us alle þe blisse of heuene ! Amen !

LIV. *Testamentum Christi.**MS. Vernon, Fol. 317 b.*

Jhesu, kyng of heuene and helle,
 Mon and wommon, I wol þe telle
 What loue I haue I-don to þe;
 Loke what þou hast don to me!

I, Jesus, will
 tell you what
 I've done for
 you.

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 111, back).

Wo-so wil ouer-rede this boke,
 and with gostly eyen ther-on
 loke,

to other scole dare he not wende,
 to saue his soule fro þe fende,
 .;. Then for to do as this boke tellith;
 for holi wryt for-sothe it spellith.
 ther-for y pray yow for charite
 that this boke shal rede or se,
 that your herte & al your mynde
 kep derworthly that ye here fynde;
 and ful-filleth it in dede
 that ye shal in this boke rede!—
 .;. Now ye shal here anon-righte,
 your sauour speke to yow as-tyte
 wordes of a chartour þat he hath
 wrought,
 that ye may knowe in al your thoght.

[¹ *MS. much faded in parts, and hardly legible.*
When y stands for þ, it is printed þ.]

and who this boke can vnderstonde,
 teche it forth thurgh al the londe.
 Vntil other þat this hath not sene, 19
 to saue here soules right as here owne;

els ye shal not *with-uten* Strif
 fro this world passe to þe lond of lyf.
 ¶ Now y wil be-gynne to rede þeron;
 his pes he yeue vs euery-chon! 24
 “Ihesu, lord of heuene and heh,
 man & womman, y wol yow tell,
 loke what loue y do to the,
 and loke what thu has do to me! 28

¹*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 112, back).*

He þat wyh rede ouer þis boke
 & with hys gostly high þer-in
 loke,

To þer scole thare hym nozt wende
 4 To sawe hys saule fro þe fende 4
 þan for to do as þis boke spelles,
 ffor holy wryte for sothe it telles.
 Ware-fore I pray 3ow for charyte,
 8 3e þat þis bok sah rede or se, 8
 Wyt aþ 3oure hart & al 3oure mynd
 kepe dernely þat 3e þer-in fynd,
 And ful-fylles it in dede [col. 2] 11
 þat 3e sah in þis boke fynd & rede!
 Now sal 3e here *with-utyn* delyte
 3oure sawyour spek to 3ou als-tyte
 A charter how mans saule as boght,

þat 3ow most kepe *with* al 3oure toght.
 to mak a charter be-heves mek thyng:
 parchemyn forsothe, pen, & ynke,
 Wax & cele, wytnes also,
 þe rent þat þu sal to þi lord do. 20

²Wen 3e þis charge knaw vndyrstand,
 Telles it forthe in aþ þis land [² leaf 113]
 to oper þat as it nozt sene, 23
 to sawe þer saules & 3oures be dene!
 fo[r] 3e þat can & wyh nozt teche
 Oper men þer sawles to leche,

3e sal nozt pase *wiþ-utyn* stryfe
 fro þis warlde to þe land of lyfe. 28
 Now wyl I begyn to rede þer-on—
 Ald yourse pese now euer-ilkon!—
 “Ihesu, lord of heuen & helle,
 Man & woman I wyh þe tell, 32
 loke wat luf I af done for þe,
 & lok wat þu as done for me!

You were
driven out of
Joy for your
sin.

Of alle Joye þou weore out pult
With resoun and wiþ þin oune gult;
Pore þou weore I-dryuen a-way,
As a best þat goþ on-stray.

8

I came from
Heaven, to
give it you.

ffrom my kindome I com down,
Te seche þe from toun to toun;
Min heritage, þat is so fre,
In þi mischef to ȝiue hit þe.

12

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113).

∴ ffro paradise thu were out pilt,
with care & sorwe þ^u were out spilt,
forth thu were drawe a-way, [leaf 112]
as a beste that goth astray.

32

After my-self þu was þe best, 35
Of all creatures þou was þe fayrest;
A fayrere creature myght neuer non be:
Aftyre my-selſe made I þe.
A place I toke þe þat was of charge,
Paradyse, to play in at þi large. 40
Bot for þou was vnþuxum to me,
And toke a napull of þe tre
þat I forbed þou suld noȝt take, 43
þu was drywyn oute, & eue, þi make;
Oute of paradys was þou qwyte;
wiþ soro & care þan was þou knytte,
And forthe þou was drywyn away, 48
Als wauand best þat gos on stray.
My holy aungell cherubyn,
wiþ a burnyng swerde, þeder I sent
hym;
he ex[p]ellyd þe fro þen þedyre,
And drawe þe out, þu wyst neuer
wyder, 52
bot trawylt aboute fro place to place,
chargyd with sore, wyt-outyn solauce.
Helpe þam-self sum-wat can ilk beste;
bot of al oper þu cowthe þe leste. 56
And wen þou was so law kest, [113, col. 2]
þat of any helpe þou hadyst þe lest,
No to whan þou suld plene þe,
In so mykyl thoght sette I þe, 60
þat for þe ful fast my ded by-soght,
for al þat I had to þe wrought:
fro heuen to herthe I come don,
to seke þe fro towne to town, 64
to helpe þe in þi myschef,
dere-worthy saule, þat was me lef;
My blysful body þat [es] so fre,
In þi myschef to gyf it þe. 68

ffro my right y cam a-doun,
to seke the fro toun to toun),
to helpe the in thy myschef—
Derworth soule, þ^u art me lef!— 36
myn heritage, that is so fre,
in thi myschef to yef it the.

And whon þat ȝifte I ȝiuen þe scholde,
I dude as þe lawe wolde :

To a Mayden I meked me,
ffor no chalange schulde be ;
wel dernely I kepte þe and me

16 I dwelt in a
Maiden's
womb for 40
weeks and 40
days.

Til I my tyme wolde se,
ffourti wokes and fourti dawes,
To folfulle þe olde lawes.

20

þe Mayden was trewe, mylde & fre,
Heo receyued me for þe.

þorw my monhede and my grace,
þus com sesyng furst on place.

24

And whon þe sesyng was do so,
fful gret envye hedde þenne þi fo ;

At my birth,
Satan was
envious.

þenne Belsebub and Sathanas
Hedde gret wonder whi hit was ;

28

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113).

And when this sesyng y yeue shulde,
y dud as the Jewys wolde : 40
.;. Til a mayde y be-toke me,
when þat y conceuyd shuld be.

the mayde was trewe, mylde & fre,
she me receuyd for þe loue of the. 44
nyne mo[n]thes with here y was,
to make a-mendys for thi trespas,
or y in to this world was born
to saue man-kynde þat was forlorn.
thurgh my vertu & my grace 49
thus cam the sesyng first in place.
.;. Virgyn Marie, mayden mylde,
with me went thus gret with childe.

and when this sesyng was al y-do, 53
fful grete envy had thy foo,
that cursed fende Sathanas,
had gret wonder whi it was, 56
whi y loued so moche the,
that so vnkynde has ben to me ;

Bot ar I þat grace gyf þe suld,
fyrst for þi luf dy I wold.
vntyl a madyn I be-tak me
fyrst wen I wold consawed be ;— 72
to know hyre name with-outyn mys,
Mary, godes moder, called scho is.—
þe maydyn was myld, trew & fre, 76
Scho consawed me for luf of þe.
¹[Nyne monthes with hyr I was],
to make amendys [for þi trespas],
ar [I in to þis world was born] 79
to saue þe [man þat was forlorn].
throght my [vertu & my grace]
þus come þe [sesyng fyrst in place].
vergyn mary, maydyn myld, 83
wiþ me þus went scho gret with chyld.
wen gabryell gret hyre [so] gentilly,
Scho answerd with 'ecce ancilla domini.'
Anon scho was with chyld þore,
a maydyn as scho was before. 88
Bot wen þis was broght to hende,
gret enwy þer-at had þe fende ;
þat cursyd fende, wyekyd satanas,
Had gret wonder why it was 92
þat hy suld do so mykyll for þe [us, bk.]
þat so vnkynd has bene to me.

¹ The next lines are damaged by wet.

Devils tempt- ed me,	pei fondede me wiþ felony, wiþ pride, couetyse and gloteny, And wel þei wuste I was a mon ;	
but found me sinless.	But synne in me founde þei non. Harde þei þreted me in her þouzt, þat ilke sesyng schulde be deore abouzt ; þei sende heore sergeauns <i>with</i> maystrie, <i>with</i> wo and serwe me to distruye,	32 36
To help you	Anoþur help was in my þouzt : More siker þe to make Aȝeyn þi foos, ful of wrake, Heuene and eorþe in present	 40
I'd make you a Deed of Feoffment, and give my Life for you.	To make a chartre of feffement ; In such a maner þen moste hit be þat I moste ȝiue my lyf for þe :	 44

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112).**Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113, back).*

wroth he was, (it helped hym noght, the to helpe was al my thoght.	60	wrothe was—it helpys hym noght :— to dystroy þe was hys thoght. ad he ouer-come þee, þou may wele knaue he wolde af halden þe full law !	96
he tempted me in so gret foly, [112, bk.] pride, couetise and glotony, and weH he wist y was a man ; but synne in me found he nan. for-sothe, right hard he thretid me that y shold dere abyge for the, to destroye me thurgh his myght and put the for euer out of my sight. ;. Now, derworth soule, herken to me	64	He temp[t]yd me to gret foly, Pryd, cowetys, & glotony, for [he] wyst I ¹ was a man ; Bot syn in me [ne] fonde he nan. for sothe, ful hard thert he me, þat bargan dere boght suld be ; To put þe for euer out of my syght, He purpose hym bothe day & nyght. Bot, ² dere saule, her-kyn ² to me,	100 104
[Carta feoffamenti, in margin] and a new ioȝe shal y telle the : to make a charter of feffement, heuene & erthe shal be present ; but in soche a maner it most be þat y shal yelde my lyf for the ;	72	And gode techyng I sal telle þe. I wyH mak a charter of feoffment, Hewen & erthe saH be present. Bot in þat maner most it made be þat me most gyf my lyfe for þe ; for leuer me has to dy, I-wysse, & bryng þe to my endles blysse, þan þu be lost euermore me fro, & to endles payne þe fende þe to. Bot wen I em ded, saule, be þou kynde, & af þis charter in þi mynd !	108 112 116
and when y am ded, man, be þ ^u kynde, and haue this charter in þ ⁱ mynde.	76		

ffor þou art ded, and I am lyf,
And I moste dye to giue þe lyf.

Mony a wei haue I go

In hongur and þurst, colde and wo,

þritti winter and more þen two,

Or my dede weore al I-do

Ne mihte I fynde no parchemyn

ffor to laste wiþ-outen fyn ;

Bote, as good loue bad me do,

Min ounne skin I tok þer-to.

To gete me frendes, I ȝaf good mede ;

So doþ þe pore þat haþ gret nede :

Ere the Deed
was made, I
sufferd much
32 years.

48

52

For parch-
ment, I took
my own skin.

56

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112, back).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113, back).

for an enmy that hath the soght ;

but yet shal y the lese noght,

for y wol dye for thy¹ foly,

and bryng þe in to my company. 80

I am a-lyue and thu art ded,

y wol yeue my lyf ayenst þe qued ;

for to helpe the y am redy,

to saue the euer fro thyn enmy. 84

for many a way, [man,] haue y go,

in hunger, thurste, colde & wo,

xxx^{ti} wynter and thre þerto,
or my disese were² al y-do. 88

parchement to fynde wyst y none,

to make a charter ayenst þi fone

that wil leste with-oute ende :

∴ herken now to my word hende ! 92

But, as trewe loue bade me do, [ff. 113]

my owne skynne y toke þerto.

and when y had so y-do,

wel fewe frendis had y tho ; 96

to gete me frendis y yeaf gret mede,

as doth þe pore þat hath gret nede.

∴ but to yeue the y had no more,

for þ^t soule that was for-lore, 100

then my soule to yeue for the,

that for the dyed apon a tre.

for I wyȝ dy for þi foly,

to bryng þe to my company. 120

to helpe þe I em ay redy,

& fayne to sawe þe fro þi enmy. 122

Bot many a way, saule, af I gone,

In hungyre & thyrst, & cald as stone,

thyrty wynter &¹ iij fully, [¹ MS. fully &]

wen my dysese was done trewly.

to mak þi charter of þi wele-fare, 127

parchemen to fynde wyst I neuer ware

þat wyld last to þe warldes end ;—

harkyns now to my wordes hend !—

Bot as trew loue² bad me do, ² MS. lyue

loke ware I af not done so. 132

þis wordys are þus to vnderfong

to lewed men in ynglys tong :

My flesche trewly es mans fode, 135

þat for mans saule dyed on þe rode ;

My blode for sothe þi drynk sal be,

þat for þe was sched on þe rod[e] tre.

wo-so it resaywes wyt-outyn mys,

Sawyd sal he be, & cum to blys ; 140

he þat takys it vnworthy, & not for-

thy[n]k,

hys awne luggement he etys & drynk.

for þou vnworthe resawes me, 143

þu belewys noȝt þat I suld be he.

¹ MS. for thy for thi

² MS. weȝ

I made a
Last Supper

On a poresday a soper I made,
Boþe frend and fo to maken glade,
wiþ mete and drynk to soulus fode,
with holi word my flesch and blode : 60

for your sake. And þis I made for Monkynde,
Mi loue-dedes to haue in mynde :

Hoc facite in meam commemoracionem.

My friend
betrayd me.

Or I fro þe bord a-ras,
Of my frend bi-trayed I was ; 64
He fond me goande in þe way,
As þe Leoun goþ to his pray :

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 113).

Apon a thursday a soper y made
to frend & foo, to make hem glade,
of bred & wyne the sacrament, 105
for euer to be my Testament,¹
which is my flesch & my blode,
to tho that lyuen in mylde mode, 108
And to þo that dyen out of charite
their dampnacion euer to be. 110
.; Here wol y foure wordes yow teche ;
and to þe peple loke ye hem preche :
Hoc facite in meam commemoracionem ;
that they haue hem euer in mynde,
here mede in heuene shal they fynde.
thes wordes twocheth þe sacrament
that men receueth, verrament. 116
it semeth many, & is but one ;
it semeth bred, & it is none ; *nota bene*
it is quyk, & semeth ded :
it is my body in fourme of bred. 120
.; This made y only for mankynde,
my wonderful dedis to haue in mynde :
who-so receueth it in clenness, [113, bk.]
Sauded shal be, & com to blys ; 124
and to haue in mynde my passion,
that shal be thi saluacion.
.; Or y fro the borde aros,
of my disciple be-trayed y was.
when y had soped, he ros anone ;
to grete maistris he gan gone, 130
and brought them with hym in þe way,
as a lyon þat goth a-boute his pray :

[¹ *Nota bene de sacramento in margin.*]

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113, back).

Belewe þis wordes as ye say,
Or þu ert damned for euer & ay ;
Bot þu belewe þis þat I þe telle,
Body & saule þu gose to helle. 148
My wordys ere þis þat I em he ;
wo be-lewys, blyssyd he be ;
wyt me saß dwel for euer I-wysse,
þat sese me nozt, & lewys in pisse. 152
thynk on þis wordys, I charge þe,
Als euer þu wyll sawed be ;
And put in þi mynd my passyon,
wylk sall be þi saluacyon. 156
At ilk a tyme thynk þu so,
And so sall þu ouer-come þi fo ;
It es þe best lesoun þat þou may lere—
þi gostly enemy aw to fere ;— 160
for þe grettest temptacyon,
wyt þis þou may lay all don.
af it in mynde stedfastly,
And þu sall af þi purpos, trewly. 164
þus dyd my dyscypulles þat supped
wiþ me ;
And als I bad þam do, so do 3e !

¹ MS. dyscypulles

[² leaf 114]

Bot or þat I fra þe borde rase, 167
Of my dyscypulle¹ betrayd I was :
Wen he had supyd, he rase o-none ;
²To þe maysteres of law gun he gone,
And broght þam wiþ hym in þat way,
Als a lyon þat gase about hys pray.

Susceperunt me sicut leo paratus ad predam.

A curtul I hedde and cloþus mo,		
And sone I hedde hem alle for-go :	68	My clothes were taken.
So hedde I þis chartre writen,		
þo was I naked, wel may 3e witen ;		I was naked,
þei casten lot as wolde bi-falle,		
wheþer on schulde haue hem or parten alle.	72	
ffrend and fo þat with me metten,		
In my neode alle me for-letten ;		
And to a piler I was I-piht,		tied to a pillar,
Togget and tauwed al þe niht,	76	
And wasschen in myn owne blode,		and stretcht on the Cross, like parch- ment.
And strayte I-streynet on þe Rode,		
Streyned to druye on Rode-tre,		
As parchemyn oweþ for to be.	80	

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 113-14).

Susceperunt [me] sicut leo paratus ad predam. *textus*

∴ Anone they be-gunne to spoile me,
and seid y shuld dye on a tre ; 134
my mantylle and other clothes mo,
alle y had them sone for-go ;
they cast lot emonges them alle 137
wheþer one shuld haue them, or parte
hem alle. ^{1 al, So or Sone}

but¹ alle my clothes fro me thei token ;
and alle my frendis sone me for-oken ;
naked y Stod emong my fone ;
for other socoure had y none ; 142
redy they were me to despise,^{2 2 r. dysese}
but none þer were me for to plese.

∴ They made scourges hard & grete,
ther-with my body shuld be bete ;
and thogh y wold haue pleyned me,
ther shuld to me no socour haue be.
ful sore a-ferd, for-sothe y was, 149
when they led me so gret a pas !

To a piler y was bound al þe nyght,
togged & betyn til day-light, ^{3 leaf 114}
and wasshen with myn owne blode,
that al the erthe aboute cold stode.
and so y stod bounden al the nyght,
til on the morwe þat it was bright
they Strayned me hard apon a tre,
as parchment auxhte to be. 158

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).

And wen þai were þedyre comen, 173
þai layd hande on me, & me nomen.
Onone þai be-gan to spoyle me,
And sayde I suld dye on tre ; 176
My mantyl & oþer clothes mo,
þai had þam sone tane me fro ;
þai cast lotys how it suld falle, 179
wylk on suld af, or parte þam halle.

Sone al my clothes þ[a]i fro me toke,
& aH my frendes me for-soke ;
Nakyd I stode emong my fone,
for oþer socur had I none ; 184

Redy þai were [me] for to dysese,
bot no þer was me for to plese.
þai made schourge scharp & grete,
ware-wiþ þai suld my body bete. 188
be-syde I stod, & saw all þis ;
ful sore I gan me drede I wys ;
Gyf þat I wold af plened me,
to me suld no socure af be. 192

Sone me to slo, acordyd þai ware.
to my fader I made my prayere :
'fader of mercy ! comforte af I none ;
Al my dyseypules fro me ere gone ;
þe iewes cry fast I sall be dede : 197
do þi wyH, fader, I can no noþer rede !
to þe I mak my mone, I em welle
spylte ;

The Deed was
written in
Ink of Jewes'
spittle.

Here now, and 3e schul witen
Hou þis chartre was I-written.
Vppon myn neb was mad þe ynke
wiþ þe Jewes spitting on me to stynke.

84

The Pen was
scourges; the
Letters, my
5,460 wounds.

þe penne þat þe lettre was wiþ written,
weore scourges þat I was wiþ smiten.
How mony lettres þeron beon,
Red, and þou miht wite and seon :

88

ffif þousend foure hundred fyfti and ten
woundus on me, boþe blak and wen.

I'll read you
the Deed.

To schewen on alle my loue-dede,
Mi-self I wole þis chartre rede.

92

3e Men þat gon bi þis weye,
A-bydeþ a luytel, I ow preye,
And redeþ alle on þis parchemyn,
3if eny serwe beo lyk to myn :

96

All passers-
by stand and
hear it!

O nos omnes qui transitis per uiam,
Stondeþ and hereþ þis chartre red,
whi I am woundet and al for-bled.

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 114).

.;. hereth now, & ye shal wetyñ
how this charter was y-written: 160
ouer al my face felle the enke,
thornes in my hed gan to synke.
the pennys that þe lettris written. 163
were scourges þat y was with smyten.
How many lettris that ther-on bene,
rede, and thu may wete & sene: 167
V thousand V.CI & x then¹
wondes in my body, boþe red & wan.
ffor to shewe the of my loue-dede,
my-self y wol here þe charter rede.
O vos omnes qui transitis per uiam,
attendite & uidete si est dolor sicut
meus: *textus (in margin)*

.;. Ye men that goth forth bi þe way,
be-holde & se bothe nyght & day.
and redith apon this parchemyn,
yf any sorowe be as gret as myn.
Stondeth & herkeneth þe charter red,
why y am woundet & al for-bled. 175

¹ nota de vulneribus Christi (in margin).

Reg. 17, C xviii (leaf 114).

to-morne sall I dye for mans gylte.'
þan myght I noþer spek nor gon; 201
I was so sore bette, I feþ don onon.
þai sayd: 'spede vs fast in þis stonde,
þat he to a pelere fast were bound!'
Al ful of mys-comfort for sothe I was,
wen þai led me forth so gret pase.
To a pelar þai band me sore, 207
On me þai had no pyte þore; [col. 2]
'be mery,' þai sayd, '& mak gode
chere!
we are þi frendes aþ þat stande here;
we ere þai þat saþ þe no3t forsak'
tyH on a cros þi dede þu tak'; 212
we saþ neuer forsak þe,
to þu to a tre nayled be.'
þe soro I had, myght no tong teH:
Al þat I dyd, was to sawe fro heH.
So stode I bondyn aþ þat nyght, 217
to of þe morne þat it was day-lyght:
to me þai come & sayd: 'gode morne!
Mak mery, for ded es sworne.' 220
Onone þai bet me full rewwfully,

'Sciant presentes & futuri,

wite 3e þat are and schal be-tyde,

þat Jhesu crist wip blodi syde,

þat was boren in Bedleem

And offred in to Jerusalem,

þe kynges sone of heuene aboue,

with mi ffadres wille and loue

Made a sesyng whon I was born,

To þe, Monkynde, þat was forlorn.

wip my cha[r]tre here present

I make nou a confirmament :

þat I haue graunted and 3iuen

To þe, Monkynde, with me to liuen

In my Rewme of heuene-blis,

To haue and to holden wip-uten mis,

In a condicion, 3if þou be kynde

And my loue-dedes haue in Mynde ;

ffre to haue, and fre to holde,

wip al þe purtynauce to wolde,

100 ' Know all
men, that I,
Jesus,

104

gave man-
kind a pos-
session when
I was born ;
and that I
now confirm
it.

108

I grant to
you life with
me in Hea-
ven, on con-
dition that
you love me.

112

116

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 114).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).

Sciant presentes & futuri.

*Carta
Christi.*

.; 'Wetyn þo here & tho þat be to come

that Ihesus of nazareth, god-is sone,

Vnderstondeth wel & þo þat wol abide

that Iesus hath a bloody Syde, [114, bk.]

that born was in Beth[1]lehem 181

and ouer-more offred in to Ierusalem,

the kyngis sone of heuene a-boue,

a mercyful fader that wel y loue. 184

I made a Seisyng when y was born,

to saue man-kynde that was forlorn.

But with my charter here in present

y make to mannys soule a feffement :

that y haue y-graunted & yeue 189

to mankynde, with me to lyue

In my kyngdom of heuene-blys,

to haue & holde with-uten mys, 192

with this condicion, þat thu be kynde

and my workes to haue in mynde,

frely to haue, and frely holde,

with al the purtenauce to be holde,

And als a ded man þai lefe me, trewly.

A, saule, for þe tholyd I þis lasche !

My [blod] ran oute at ilka dasche,

þat fro my fot vnto my hede 225

was not els bot all blode rede ;

for bathe by-hynd & als be-fore,

aH for-betyn was I þore. 228

wo loked on my wysage,

þai myght se a refult ymage ;

I telle here in gode trewth,

þai myght of me a had rewthe ! 232

wen I was lesyd fro þat pylere,

for sothe I had a rewfyl chere,

for alle aboute me, þer I stode, 235

þer was no thyng bot lyuered blode.

to me þai spak with boste chere :

' þis cros to þe mounthe þou sal bere !'

were-pon þai streded me

Als gode parchemen aw to be. 240

here now, & 3e sall wyttyn

how þis charter was þus wrytyn.

On al my face feH blak ynk, 243

wen þe thornes in my hed gan synk.

Myn heritage þat is so fre.

ffor homage ne for feute

And I ask
you only a 4-
leavd grace:

No more wol I aske of þe,

But a foure-leued gras ȝeld þou me :

120

1. Shrift.
2. Repent-
ance.
3. Not-sin-
ning.
4. Fear of
God.

O lef is soþfast schrifte,

þe toþur is for synne herte-smerte,

þe þridde is "I wol no more do so,"

þe feorþe is "drede god euermo";

124

These 4 leaves
make a True-
Love.

whon þeose four leues to-geder ben set,

A "treweloue" men clepen hit.

Of þis Rente boo nouȝt be-hynde,

ffor þorw þe ȝer þou may hit fynde ;

128

Elles mai þou not fynde hit in my wounde,

ffor þer mai "treweloue" wel be founde.

If you sin,
and ask
Mercy, you
shall have
Heaven.'

And ȝif þou falle and gretly mis-take,

Mi dede I wole neuer forsake ;

132

And ȝif þou amende þe, and Merci craue,

þin heritage ȝut schalt þou haue.'

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 114, back).

and in my blisse euer to dwelle 197

for the rente þat y shal the telle.

∴. Myn heritage that is so fre,¹

for homage or els for fewte, 200

no more wol y aske of the,

but a iiij-leuid gras yeld þ^u me :

that one lef is verry shrifte ; 203

þat other is, for þⁱ synne þe smerte ;

the thirde is, wille no more do so,

the fourthe, þⁱ penance mekely do ;

When thes levis to-geder ben set,

a "treweloue" men callen hit. 208

Of this rent be not be-hynde :

the way to heuene then may þ^u fynde ;

yf þ^u this rente truly pay me, [leaf 115]

my gret mercy I shal shewe to the.

for if thu falle in gret mystake, 213

my charter wol I þe not forsake ;

yf thu amende, and mercy craue,

thyn heritage then shalt þ^u haue.'

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).

þis pennys þat þis lettys wrytyn,
was þe scorcheges þat I was wiþ
smytyn). [1 leaf 114, back, col. 1]

¹How many letters on þe charter be,
Byde & þu may wyte & see : 248

v Mi iiij c lx, als I telle can, [5,460]

were wondys blodly rede & wan.

And for to schaw þe my luf-dede,

My self wylle þe charter rede."— 252

godd's son of heuen, þe sothe to say,

þis wordy[s] spake on gode fryday,

pyned on þe mounte of calwery,

to þe pepuH þat passyd hym by : 256

"Ȝe all þat passe here by me,

takys hete, & lok vp with ȝoure hee,

And rede opon þis parchemyne,

If any soro be lyke to myne. 260

tak hete, & here þis charter be redde,

how I am wondyd & fo[r]bledde.

'knew Ȝe þat here ere, & forto come,

þat I, ihesus of nazaret, godys sone,

as gyn for euer, & grauntyd, 265

and be þis charter conformed,

how mans sawle in my ioi to belde,

wyt all þe purtenance þer-with to welde,

¹ nota hic de libero reddito Christi (in margin).

þe seles þat hit was seled wiþ,
 þei were grauen vp-on a stiþ;
 Of gold nor seluer weore þei nouȝt,
 Of stel and Iren were þei wrouȝt:
with þe spere of stel myn herte þei stongen
 þorw myn herte and þorw my longen;
 Iren nayles þurleden me
 þorw feet and hondes to þe tre.
 þe selyng-wax was deore abouȝt,
 At myn herte rote hit was souȝt,
 And tempred al wiþ vermiloun
 Of my rede blod þat ran down:

136

The Seals my
 Deed was
 seald with,
 were of steel
 and iron.

140

A steel spear
 and iron nails
 ran thro me.

144

The Sealing-
 wax was
 reddend with
 my blood.

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115).

.;. Thes selys that it is selyd *with*,
 they were made alle at a Smyth; 218
 of golde ne Siluer were thei noght;
 of Stile and yren were they wroght:
with a spere of Stile myn hert was
 stonge 221
 thurf my syde & thurf my lunge;
 apon my side they made a wonde,
 myn herte-blode ran doune to grounde;
with yren nayles they smyten me
 thurgh fete & handes on þe rode-tre.
 .;. The selyng-wax was dere y-boght,
 at myn herte rote it was sought, 228
 al tempred *with* fyne vermylon
 of my red blode that ran adoun.

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114, back).

to af & to hald *with-outy*[n] mysse
 þat for-sayd place, heuen-blysse,
 In þat blyssed place for euer to dwehþ,
 for þe rent þat I sall þe tehþ, 272
 þat blysfuþ place þat is so fre,
with-outyn omage or fewte.
 for, sone, I aske of þe no more,
 bot a foure-lewed gyrse pay me *per-*
 fore: 276
 þe fyrst lewe es schryft so smert;
 þe secund, for þi syn, soro of hart;
 þe thyrd es 'I wyhþ no more do so';
 þe ferthe es penance ewened *per-to*.
 wen þis lewes ere to-geder knytte, 281
 a 'trew-luf' men may calle itte.
 Of þis rent be þu noȝt be-hynd,
 þe way to heuen if þu wyll wynd!
 And als þou þis rent treuly pays me,
 My gret mercy sahþ I gyf þe.
 If þou fahþ, & gretely mystake,
 ȝit þis charter will not I forsake; 288
 for wo so mendes, & mercy wyhþ crafe,
 My blystful ioȝ trewly sall he hafe.
 Bot many ere now lywyng here
 þat pays not *per* rent be ȝere, 292
 Bot labures fulfere in dyuerse warke;—
 þis knawes bothe lewde & clarke;—
perfore in wat a-state god has þe sent,
 Do trewly þi labure, þan pays þou þi
 rent. 296
 þi gostly warkes þat þou sal werke,
 Are þe sacramentes of haly kyrke:

*Factum est cor meum tanquam cera liquescens
in medio ventris mei.*

The 5 Seals were Father, Son, God, Man, and Holy Ghost.	ffye seles weore I-set þeron : ffader and sone, god and mon ; þe fyfþe is for to leue most, þat icomen of þe holygost. In pleyn pouwer þi stat to make,	148
I had on a Crown of Thorns.	A croune on myn hed [I gon] to take Of þornus, in toknyng þat I am kyng And freoly may ȝiue þe þi þing :	152
The Jews	þis witessep þis Jewes alle ; On kneos þei gonne to me falle, And seiden loude on heore scornynge,	156
haild me King.	“ Heil be þou, lord, and Jewes kyng ! ”	

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115).

*Factum est cor meum tanquam cera
liquescens euangelium
in medio ventris mei.*

∴. My sealis bene y-set ther-on) :
fader & sone, god and man, 232
the firste, that is be-leve most,
that y cam of the holy gost.
ther-for here may thu now se
þat y am a kyng of gret poste ; 236
in playn power thi state to make,
a crowne of thornes on my hed y take :
∴. This croune be-tokeneth y am a 239
kyng
and frely may yeue thyn owne thyng :
this witennesseth wel þe Iewys alle,
¹on kneys they gonne be-fore me falle
and lowde seyde in here Scornynge
“ al haylle thu lord, of Iewys kyng.”

[¹ leaf 115, back]

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114, back).

þe fyrst, þat þou af þe baptyfacyon ;
þe secunde es þi confirmacyon ; 300
þe thyrd : wat ordyr or degre þou
hawe,

kepe it reght, & þan ert þou sawe ;
þe fowrth es wedlak, for soth I-wys,
So þat þou sal not do a mys ; 304
þe fyfte es penance, if þou it work
Of þe prest of haly kyrk ;
þe sexte es þat þou be-leue on my
flesche & blod,
þe sacrament on þe auter þat dyed on
rode ; 308

þe sewent es þi laste endyng,
to sawe þe fro þi enme at þi passyng.
do þu þus þis warke ȝere be ȝere,
And dred þe neuer of fyndes fere ;
And wo so dose here þe warkis of
mercy,
he squenches þe fyre in purgatory.

Opon þe cros me thyrstyd sore, 315
bot of swylk drynk myght I nomore :
Aysyl & gall gaf þai me.
Bot a noþer drynk ask I of þe :
þu luf þi foo in worde & thoght :
oþer drynk af þe ask I noght. 320
Als þu me lufes, af þis in mynde :
²Be þu noȝt to þi enmy vnkynde ;
Ensawmpuþ þu saþ take of me :
ffor luf of my fo I hang on a tre, 324

[² leaf 115, col. 1]

Bi-twene two men þis [chartre] was seeled ;

þei boþe weore seke ; þat on I heled,

160

The Deed
was seald
before 2 Wit-
nesses,
thieves on
crosses.

Bi-twene two þeues on hih I-piht,

In toknyng þat I am mon of miht,

þat Norþ and West on heiȝ hille

þat I may deme boþe gode and ille,

164

Quia neque ab oriente neque ab occidente.

A-þhurst I was ful sore I-swonken,

þe beuerege moste nede be dronken :

Athirst, I
askt for a
Love-drink.

A loue-drynke I asked of þe ;

Eysel and galle þou ȝaf to me :

168

You gave me
vinegar and
gall.

þis witnesseþ Matheu and Jon,

Luk and Mark and monyon,

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115, back).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).

.;. Be-twene ij thevis þe charter was
selyd,

245

bothe were syke, þat one was helyd,

be-twene ij thevis high y-plaint,

in token that I was lord of myght ;

this be-tokeneth bothe good & iȝ,

atte day of dome to saue or spiȝ.

.;. fful dry y was & thursted sore ;

but of soche drynke y myght no more :

for aysel & galle they yeaf to me.

but one drynke aske y of the :

that þ^a be louyng toward þⁱ foone—

other drynke of þe aske y none ;

256

yf thu me loue, haue this in mynde :

to þⁱ enmyes thu be right kynde.

ensample þ^a mayst take here of me :

for loue of the y hong on a tre,

260

But [seid] “my fader, y pray now the,

apon myn enmyes thu haue pite ;”

And as y do, do thu to thyne,

and saued shalt þ^a be fro helle-pyne.

.;. Here [of] be wittnesse mo then on :

Mark, Mathew, Luke and Iohn,

266

And prayd my fader of mercy,

Of my enmys to af pety ;

& als I dyd, do þu to þame,

327

If þou wyȝt be sawed fra heȝ-payne !

wo so dose as I now telle,

In heuen for euer with me saȝ dwelle.

here-of ere wyttens many one :

Marke, Mathu, Luke, & Ione,

332

And namely my moder swete,

þat for my blode teres gan grete.

ffor þer scho stode vnder þe rode ;

Scho saw my body al on blode,

336

ffor al þe partyce of my body

were brokyn at þe pelere, treuly.

ffor me sho was þerfore ful wo.

And so were wemen many mo :

340

þer stode for-sothe be syde me,

My moder, Magdalan, & Cleophe ;

þer stode be syde þe crose al-so,

Ion euangelyst, ful fulle of wo.

344

& I sayd to my moder mary :

‘Be-halde þi sone þat standes þe by !’

To Ion I spak wordes of pyte :

347

‘Be-hald þi moder ! hy tak hyre to þe.’

Wen I spak þis wordes þere,

Vntyȝ hyre hart þai went ful nere ;

wen I to Ion my cosyn h[is] toke,

Scho cast on me a rewful loke,

352

Als I had hyre aȝ for-sakyn

And tyȝt a nothere hyre sone takyn ;

	And noneliche my moder swete ;	
My Mother wept.	ffor heo lasste neuere teres to lete :	172
	Ar þis chartre writen was,	
	fful ofte heo seide allas allas !	
I was so poor,	So bare I was of worldes gode,	
	whon I schulde dye on þe Rode,	176
that I had nought to leave but my mother.	þat I hedde nouȝt wher-of to take,	
	Mi testament wher-of to make,	
	But of my leoue moder dere :	
	heo stod bi me <i>with</i> serwful chere ;	180

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115-116).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).

and namely my moder swete,
that for me blodȝ terys gan lete. 268
for, there she stode vnder the rode,
she sawe my body al on blode
that fro my fete vnto my hede
y was not els but al blode-rede ; 272

No word to me *þer* myght she speke,
it semed ny here herte wold breke ;
no wonder was thogh she were woo
when she sawe me on þe crosse y-do.
.;. ffor sorwe of here y made a cry
and seid ful lowde "*heli lamazaba-*
thany."

anone she feH doune in sownyng,
right be-fore me at myn endyng. 280
the peynes that y suffred were ful sore,
but for my moder they were the more.
when y layd my hed here & there,
my moder chaunged al here chere ;
ful fayn she wold haue holpe me, 285
but for the Iewys it myght not be.
my peynes were tho fulle smerte,
the sword of sorwe *perced* here herte ;

[1 leaf 116]

Onone scho feH doune in swounyng
Be-for þe cros at my dyyng. 356
þe paynes þat I hade were fuH sore,
Bot for my moder þai were wel more !
ffor soro of my passion I made a cry,
And cryed 'hely lama ȝabatany.' 360
it semed my moder hart wold brek ;
No worde to me *þer* myght scho speke ;
No wonder was if hyre were wo, [col. 2]
wen sho saw me dyght so ! 364
wen I layde my hede now here & þare,
My moder chaunged aH hyre chere ;
Scho wold fayne af hulpon me, 367
Bot for þe Iewe[s] it myght not be.
þe paynes of hyre were full smerte ;
þe swerd of soro *perchyd* hyre harte ;
Bot or þis charter þus wrytyn was,
Many tymes scho sayd alas ! 372
ffuH wo hyre was, as þu may se :
af it in mynde for luf of me !
wen hyre payns were *sumwat* ouer-gon,
vp to my face scho lokyd onon, 376
& saw I drò fast to myne endyng :
Ouer scho felle ofte in swonyng,
& sayd : 'alas ! weder saH I gone ?
Sumtyme had I a sone, now af I none.'
My moder payns gan me sore rew ;
ffor strong es luf of frendes trew ;
ffor *þer* luffes none so tendyrly
As dos þe modyre namely. 384
wen hyre payn[e]s were paste,
To mary magdalan scho spak in haste :
'Mary magdalan, helpe þou me !
hy se my sone dye on ȝon tre.' 388

And whon I my cosyn hire bi-toke,
heo caste me mony a serwful loke.

I left her to
my cousin.

In knowleching I made a cri,
"Pater, pater, lama^zabatani."

I cried to my
Father.

184

Bi-hold þou, mon, with herte and eze,
ffor þi loue hou I schal dye :

See, man,
how I died
for you!

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 116, back).

when to seynt Iohn y here be-toke,
She cast on me a drewry loke, 290
as y had here aȝ forsake
and to a-nother sone y had here take ;
And or this charter writen was,
ful ofte she sayd alas alas.

∴. Apon my shulder y leyd my hed
when y drow fast to my ded ; 296
for so bare was y of worly good,
when y shold [dye] apon the rood,
that y ne had where-of to take,
rest of my hed where-of to make. 300
pore & riche, haue euer in mynde,
when ye in this world no rest may
fynde,

what rest y han only for the,
when y hong nayled apon a tre ! 304
wel may þ^a knowe þat y had non),
for þer y stode amonge my foorn.

when thu amonge thi foen art broght,
be redy to suffre with alle thi thought.
to stande at barre it is wel harde,
as ye be worthy to haue rewarde :

thu [þat] for me suffrest wrong, 311
þ^a shal be sothely on my right hond ;
thu þat vengest ihe apon thi brother,
thou standest not þer, but on þat other ;

and yf thu wilt the sothe knowe :
right as þ^a sowest, so shalt þ^a mowe.

∴. I fele me now so ful of woo, 317
that out of this world y most go ;
with peynes of deth, hard am y bounde ;
my soule shal passe here in þis
stounde. 320

be-hold now, man, with herte & eye,
for thi loue how y shal dye.

[1 leaf 116, back]

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).

Magdalan sayd : 'I can no noþer rede,
I knele & se my lorde nere dede ;
ffuȝ grete soro has smytyn my harte,
And ȝit me rewes þi payn[es] smarte ;
ffor me were lewer to dy onone 393
þan for to se þe mak þis mone.

Cumme with me ! I saȝ þe bryng
ffro þis wo & þis mornyng 396

In-tylle a tempull here be-fore ;
ffor þu has wepyd here full sore.'

My moder answerd to magdalayn :

'Walde þou af me a-way so fayn ? 400

I had gret ioy wen I hym bare :

Suld I now lewe hym hanga[n]d þare,

And sofur hym so for to be,

þat was my myrthe & al my gle ? 404

Magdalan, for sothe vnkynde I were
to go away & lefe hym þere.

þerfore be crose here lyf I wyȝ, 407

ffor hys syght had I neuer my fyȝ ;

Sum-tyme wen he lokyd me on, [115, bk.]

It was my most ioy of ilkon.

he was þe fayrest þat euer was borne,

& now es crowned with a garland of
thorne !' 412

I prayd hyre go were hyre wylles was,
for I wold hyde & syng alas !

I prayd þam go weder þai wolde, 415

ffor a song of murnyng syng I sulde.

Scho sette hyre down be syde þe rode,

& lokyd o-pon hyre bloddy fode :

& als scho stode & lokyd me on,

Scho saw my lyfe was nere gon. 420

Alas, alas ! gan sho syng ;

ffuȝ fast hyre handis gan scho wryng ;

wyt grete soro þus aȝ þe day,

hyre song was euer 'walaway !' 424

'A, my dere-worthy chyld, now cal I þe
vnto þi fadyre in trinyte ;

My Deed is
done. Your
foe is beaten.

Consummatum est, þis chartre is doon.

Mon, þou hast ouercome þi foon !

188

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 116, back).

y hong on crosse for loue of the :
forsake thi synne for loue of me, 324
mercy aske, and amende þ^e sone
and y foryeue þ^e that is mysdone ;
for ful of mercy y am, truly,
to alle tho that cryen mercy. 328
What shal it greue to repente the
and in endeles ioye to dwelle *with* me ?
.;. ffor tho that wil no mercy crye,
they shal to helle when they dye.
now when y haue one word spoke,
myn eyen to-geder most y loke :
thu Synful man, haue pite on me,
for thyn owne sowle for charite ! 336
Thes wordes y most nedis speke,
and then my herte shal to-breke :
.;. *Consum[m]atum est* ; þis charter is
don).
man, þ^u hast now ouer-come al þⁱ foon).

[¹ leaf 117]

[² 115, back, col. 2]

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).

ffader of mercy, now dyes my son,
wyt me may he no lenger won. 428
ffader, I pray þe, lat me dye onon,
þat we may bothe ly vnder a ston !
Now pas he, fadyre, as it es þi wyH,
I wate he es dede, he hyngis soo styH.
Alas, wat sal I do ? forsothe, I wate
neuer, 433
Bot for to gret my fyH, wyls he es þus
nere.
A wyle scho sat & spak rete noghte,
It semed as scho had gret toghte. 436
O-none scho gan tremul huglely,
And forto gryse gretly *with* hyre body ;
þer scho swoned & wex nere dede,
hyre face wex wane & nothyng rede,
hyre hene were blodly, h[y]re lyppys
were blo, 441
hyre brest gan ryse, hyre hart was wo,
hyre fayre wysage was aH blodly,
hyre tethe were lokyn, scho was rewly.
Magdalan sayd scho was dede þare ;
Ion euaungelist had mekyll kare,
& to magdalan sayd in haste : 447
'lat hyre not loke on hym so faste !
²þe syght of hym, it es so rew,
Makys hyre euer-more soro new.'
Ione & magdalan fuH lang þer satte
Or þai of hyre any worde gatte. 452
Pure I was, as þu may know ;
My hede I bowed þer fut laaw :
So bare I was of warldely gode,
Wen I sul dye opon þe rode, 456
þat I had nozt were-of to take,
Reste vnto my hede to make.
Pure man, af þis mynde 459
Wen þu no rest in warlde may fynde,
Wat reste I had onely for þe
Wen I hange nayled opon a tre.
Wele may þu know þat none I had,
Emang my enmys þer I was stad !
Wen þu emang þi enmys ert broght,
Be redy to sofure-wyt aH þi thoght.

To helle I wente, þis chartre to schewe
Bi-fore þi fo, Sathanas þe schrewe ;

I went to
Hell to show
my Deed.

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117).

Anone y went to helle, þat charter to
shewe 341
be-fore Sathanas, þat olde shrewe :

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115, back).

To frande at bare it [es] fuþ hard,
As þu as wroght to be reward. 468
He þat sofures dyses for luf of me,
On my recht hand wend saþ he ;
And he þat wengys hym on hys broþer,
Sal not do so, bot go on þe toþer. 472
He þat wyþ þe sothe know,
Swylk as he owes, swylk saþ he maw ;
Swylke as þi warkis here in þi lywyng,
Swylk sal be þi reward at þi endyng.
I fele me now so ful of wo, 477
þat oute of þis warld me most go ;
Wyt paynes of dede I am bonde ;
My saule sal passe now in þis stonde.
Be-hald now, man, with þi gostely
hee,

[¹ MS. saþ sall]

Now for þi luf [how] I saþ¹ dye.
I hyng on crosse for luf on þe :
for-sake þi syn for luf of me ; 484
Mercy aske, Amende þe sone,
And I for-gyf þat þu as mys done ;
fful of mercy I am, trewly, [leaf 116]
To aþ þase þat askys mercy. 488
Wat sal it grefe þe to repent þe,
In hendeles Ioy to dwelle with me ?
for þai þat wyþ no mercy crye,
þai saþ to helle wen þai dye. 492
þu þat wyll my blys wyn,
Nedes þe must forsak þi syn.
Now wen I af a worde spokyn,
My nehen saþ to-geder be lokyn : 496
þu synfuþ man, af pyte on me,
ffor here I dye for luf of þe.
þis wordes must me nedys speke,
And þer-wyt my hart wyþ breke : 500
Consummatum est : Now es aþ done !
þe lyght was lost of sone & mone ;
Gret wonder þer men myght hawe :
dede men ryse oute of þer grawe ; 504
þe stones brast, þe erth gan quake,
ffendys þer ware þat ware ful blake,
þe wayle of þe tempuþ in two it felle :
All þis was done, I þe telle. 508

I harried him,	þo he was schent and brouht to grounde, wiþ nayles bored and speres wounde,	192
and made him agree to give me my own.	A strayt couenaunt I-mad þer was Bi-twene me and Sathanas : Al my catel to haue away, þat he me refte <i>with</i> false pray.	196
I came back and made a	A 3ein I com, and made a feste AMong þe leste and þe meste : A parti þo gunne knowe me, þat I was mon of gret pouste.	200
40-days Feast,	þe feeste laste fourti dawes, To do men knowe my newe lawes ; þat feeste was al of ioye and blis,	204
now Easter.	þat Esterday 3it cleped is.	

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117).

there y hym shent & broght to grounde
thurgh my nayles pitous wounde.
and after a cownant made þer was
be-twene me and Sathanas : 346
alle my catelle to haue away,
that he be-rafte me *with* his pray.
.;. The thirde day y made a fest
to the moste and to the lest : 350
the fest was of ioye & blys,
that Ester-day called ys.

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116).

Bot, dere saule, be þou reght glade !
Be-twyx þe & me pese es made.
Hy went to helle þis charter to schew,
To satanas þat es so mekyH a schrew ;
þer I hym schent & broght to grounde
Thurght my nayles, spere & wounde,
And after a conant made þer was
Be-twene me & satanas : 516
Alle my cateH to af a-way,
þat he refte me *with* hys fals pray.
þe thyrd day I rase, & made a fest
Vnto þe most & vnto þe lest : 520
þe fest was of ioy & blyse ;
Pasche-day called it ese.
þe seles þat þe charter es seled
with, [leaf 116, col. 2]
pai ware made at a smythe ; 524
Of golde nor syluwr were pai noght :
Wyt a spere to my hart pai soght ;
Wiþ Iryn nayles pai nayled me
Thurgh fote & hand vntyl a tre ; 528
On þis maner was I stong
Thurgh my scynne & my long ;
In my reght syde þai mad a wonde ;
þe blode ran downe to þe grownde.
þe selyng-wax was dere boght ; 533
At my hart-rote þai it soght,
Als it were tempurde wiþ vermy[ly]on
Of my hart blode þat ran þer don.

On endenture I lasfe wiþ þe,
 þat euer þou schuldest siker be :
 In preostes hondes my flesch and blode,
 þat for þe dyede on þe Rode.
 A by-keye I tok þe also :
 þe token þat I was on I-do,
 To bere *with* þe wher þat þou go ;
 þenne þar þe not drede of þi fo.

208

212

I left an In-
 denture with
 you, my
 sacramental
 flesh and
 blood.

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116).

one indenture y left to the,
 where-of þ^u shalt euer syker be : 354
 In prestys handes my fleshe & blode,
 that for the was hanged on þe rode.¹
 who-so-euer be-leveþ ther-on,
 endeles payn shal he fynde non ;
 al-thogh y dyed, yet dyeth not he,
 for he shal rise & lyue *with* me. 360
 .;. A wel faire thyng y tok þ^e also :
 a token of the crosse y was on do,
 to bere *with* the so where thu go,
 to kepe the euer fro thy foo. 364

¹ nota bene in margin.

ffywe selys here set þer opane : 537
 ffader & son, god & mane,
 þe fyrst es to belewe most,
 þat I come of þe holy gost. 540
 And þerfore here now may þou se
 þatt I am kyng of gret pouste.
 In playne powere þi state to make,
 A crowne of thorne to me gon I take :
 þis crowne betakyns þat I am kyng,
 And frely may gyf my nawne thyng.
 þis wyttyns wele of þe iewes aH :
 On kne be-for me gan þai faH, 548
 & lowde þa cryed on þer cryyng,
 ' Hayle be þou, þe iewes kyng !'
 Be-twene two thefes þis charter was
 celyd—
 þai bothe were seke, þe tone was
 helyd ;— 552
 Be-twene þe thefes vppe was I dyght,
 In tokynnyng þat I was kyng of myght.
 þis betokyns bothe gode & ylle,
 At þe day of dome to sawe & spylle.
 þis charter þus celyd, lewe I wyH þe,
 ware-by þu saH ay sekyr be : 558
² My precyus body, of þe preste hande
 for to resaywe, þu sall vnderstand.
 My precyus body es þe sacrament,
 þat [at] many a autyre verament
 þe prestes sakyre at þer messe,
 Wedyre þai can more or lesse. 564
 he þat faythefully lewes þer-opon,
 endeles pyne saH he sele non ;
 AH if he dye, ȝit dyes not he ;
 Vppe sal he ryse, & lyfe wyt me.

² leaf 116, col. 1.

I went to my
Father, and
took with me
a coat-
armour, with
a red field,

To my fader I moste gon,
ffor al his wille haue I don.

A cote-armour I bar *with* me,
ffor þat I tok of þy liuere ; 216

þe cloþ was riche and ful fyn,
þe chaumpe hit was of red camelyn.
A ful feir mayden to me hit wrouȝt ;
Oute of hire boure I hit brouȝt ; 220

5 Roses on it,
my 5
Wounds.

Poudret *with* fyue roses rede,
ffyf woundes þat I þoled dede.
whon I come eft ageyn to þe ;
þer-bi þou maiȝt knowe me. 224

My Renters
in arrear,
who forgot
my Deeds,

þeose þat beoþ of rente be-hynde,
And þeose dedes haue not in mynde,
fful sore may þei ben a-dred
whon þis cha[r]tre schal be red : 228

shall go to
Hell: my
own ones to
Heaven.

Alle þeose schul go to helle-pyne ;
And *with* me to blisse schul go alle myne.

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117, back).

to my fader y most gone,
for al his wille haue y done ;
I take my lef, ye haue me seyne ;
atte day of dome y come ageyne, 368
man to deme after his wirke — [117, bk.]
this is the wille of al-holi kyrke —
and euer after in ioie to dwelle,
Saue to be fro the peyn of helle. 372
.;. A cote-armur I bere here *with* me,
the which y toke of thy lyuere ;
this cote is riche & wel fyne, 375
the champe is now of red satyne ;
a wel faire mayde me it be-tought
and out of here boure I it broght ;
poudret it is *with* v. roses red, 379
wondes y suffred *with* peynes of ded.
.;. And when y come ageyn to the,
bi this clothyng thu may know me.
tho þat ben of this rent be-hynde,
and my woundes wilnot haue in mynde,
wel sore shal they bene a-dred
when this charter shal be red ; 386
of the hy Justice be they ful ware,
for-sothe thene shal he none spare,

Reg. 17, C xciii (leaf 116, back).

To my fader wyll I now sone, 569
ffor all hys wyll now af [I] done ;
I take my lewe at alle & summe :
On þe day of dome, agayn I comme,
Men to deme after þer warkys, — 573
þis es þe belewe of haly kyrkys, —
And euer more after in ioi to dwelle,
Sawyd to be fro þe payns of helle.
Bot a cote-armur I bere *with* me,
þat I toke of þi lyuer so fre ;
þe cote es ryche & wnder fyne, 579
þe chaumpe es now of rede satyne.
A ful fayre maydyn me it worgh ;
Out of hyre bure to me it brogh.
þis cote es powdered *with* fywe ros rede,
wondis þat I sofurd wen I suld be dede ;
ffywe : wen I comme agayn to þe, 585
Be thys clethyng þou may ken me.
þai þat ere of þer rent be-hynde,
And þis wordes wyl not af in mynde,
fful sore may þai be adrede 589
Wen þis charter sall be rede ;
Of þe hee iustys be þai wele ware,
ffor þan forsothe I sall noȝt spare ;

Pay þi rente, keep þe from gylt,
Cum and cleyme whon þat þou wilt,
þe blisse þat loste oure frende."

to þe whuche blisse, crist vs bringe *withouten* ende!

A. M. E. N. Amen.

232

Pay your
rent, keep
from sin, and
come to
Bliss!

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117, back).

for alle þe synnes þat thu has wroght
fram þⁱ youthe, shalle be soght. 390
for power of my fader y haue
to saue alle thoo þat mercy craue.

∴ Now pay thi rent, while þⁿ has space,
yf thu wilt of me haue grace; 394
and yf thu dye ful sodenly,
apon þⁱ soule y shal haue mercy.

A cownant is made betwene vs two :
as I haue done, so most thu do.

¹ Loke what þⁱ pater noster seith to
the:

"right as y foryeue, foryef þⁿ me;" 400
and do ther-after, yf thu wilt,
so that thi soule be not spilt.

∴ Apon al holi writ y may put me,
where y be curteyse or no to the ;
be thu lerid or be thu lewde, 405
the way to heuene y haue þe shewde
by the texte of holy writ,

in what place þⁿ wilt seke it. 408
ther-for y byd the pay thy rent,
that *with* the fend þⁿ be not shent ;
with me to blisse then shalt þⁿ come,
and in my blisse þⁿ shalt wone. 412
To that blisse y may the bryng,
that of myght made al thyng."

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116, back).

ffor alle þi syns þat þu as wroght [col. 2]
ffro þi zongthe þai sall be soght.

And of my gret mercy I forgyf þe 595
Syns þat þu schrywen of wyld be.

Pay þis rent, wo so has space,
Als he of me wyll gete grace ;
Repent hym, wo so dyes sodanly,
for of hys saule I may af mercy. 600

A cownant es made be-twyx vs two :
Als I af sayd, loke þat þu do so !
Loke wat þi pater noster spekes to þe :

' Als I forgyf, lorde, for-gyf me ! ' 604
Do þer-after reght as þu wyllt,
So þat þi saule be not spylt.

On holy wryte I may put me,
Wedyre I be curtas or nozt to þe ; 608
Be þe texte of holy wrytte,
In wat place þu wyll seke itte,—
Be þou lered, be þu lewed,—

þe way to heuen I af þe schewed. 612
þerfore I byd þe pay þi rent,
þat *with* þe fende þu be not schent !
Wyt me to blys þan sall þu comme,
And in my blys þan saht þu wonne."
Vnto þat blys he vs bryng, 617
þat of noght made alle thyng !

Explicit }
Testamentum } Christi.

¹ *nota in margin* : line 400 begins leaf 118.

LV. *Thirty Poems, most with Refrains.*

MS. Vernon, fol. 407 (3 of them, ed. Furnivall, *Phil. Soc. Trans.*, 1872, Part II; the first 13 of them, ed. Varnhagen, *Anglia*, vii, 1884, p. 282—315).

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|---|--|
| 1. <i>Mercy passes all things</i> , p. 658. | 17. <i>Mary, Mother of Christ</i> , p. 708. |
| 2. <i>Deo Gracias I</i> , p. 664. | 18. <i>The Fleur de Lys, Maiden Mary</i> , p. 711. |
| 3. <i>Against my Will, I take my Leave</i> , p. 666. | 19. <i>Seldom seen is soon forgot</i> , p. 715. |
| 4. <i>God is Love</i> , p. 668. | 20. <i>Warning to be ware</i> , p. 719. |
| 5. <i>Deo Gracias II</i> , p. 670. | 21. <i>Love Holy Church and Priests</i> , p. 721. |
| 6. <i>Each man ought himself to know</i> , p. 672. | 22. <i>Try to say the best</i> , p. 723. |
| 7. <i>Think on Yesterday</i> , p. 675. | 23. <i>To-morrow</i> , p. 725. |
| 8. <i>Keep well Christ's Commandments</i> , p. 680. | 24. <i>Make Amends for thy Sins</i> , p. 727. |
| 9. <i>Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent</i> , p. 683. | 25. <i>Suffer in Time, and that is best</i> , p. 730. |
| 10. <i>Fy on a faint Friend!</i> p. 686. | 26. <i>Manc nobiscum, Domine!</i> p. 733. |
| 11. <i>Thank God of all</i> , p. 688. | 27. <i>A Prayer to the Virgin Mary</i> , p. 735. |
| 12. <i>This World fares as a Fantasy</i> , p. 692. | 28. <i>A Prayer to the Trinity</i> , p. 740. |
| 13. <i>Ay, Mercy, God!</i> p. 696. | 29. <i>But thou say Sooth, thou shalt be shent</i> , p. 740. |
| 14. <i>Truth ever is best</i> , p. 699. | 30. <i>Thanks and Prayer to God</i> , p. 744. |
| 15. <i>Charity is no longer dear</i> , p. 701. | |
| 16. <i>Of Women cometh this World's Weal</i> , p. 704. | |

1. *Mercy passes all Things.*¹

(16 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbe.)

(1)

By a wood-
side

I saw wild
beasts,

and a Merlin,
in whose claw
was a bird,
that thought
how Mercy
passes all
things.

BI west, vnder a wylde wode-syde,
In a launde, þer I was lente,
Wlanke deor on grounde gunne glyde,
And lyouns Raumping vppon bente; 4
Beores, wolues wiþ Mouþes wyde,
þe smale Beestes þei al to-rente;
þer haukes vn-to heore pray þei hyde,
Of whuche, to on .I. tok good tente: 8
A Merlyon, a Brid had hente,
And in hire foot heo gan hit bringe;
Hit coupe not speke, but þus hit mente:
How Merci passeþ alle þinge. 12

¹ Printed by Furnivall from the Simeon MS., with collations from the Vernon, in *Early English Poems and Lives of Saints*, p. 118, *Philolog. Soc. Trans.* 1872.

(2)

¶ Merci was in þat Briddes muynde,

But þerof kneuþ þe Hau[e]k non,
ffor in hir foot heo gan hit bynde,

And heold hit stille as eny ston ;
Heo dude after þe cours of kynde,

And fleiþ in-to a treo anon.

þorw kuynde þe Brid gan Merci fynde :

ffor on þe morwe heo let hit gon.

fful stille .I. stod my-self al-on,

To herken hou þat Brid gan synge :

A-wey wol wende boþe Murþe and moon,

And Merci passeþ alle þinge.

The Hawk
knew no
mercy,

16

20

but let the
bird go next
day ;

and it sang
how Mercy
passes all
things.

24

(3)

¶ How Merci passeþ strengþe & riht,

Mony a wyse seo we may.

God ordeyned Merci, most of miht,

To beo aboue his werkes ay.

Whon deore Ihesu schal be diht

To demen vs at doomes-day,

Vr suzne wol beo so muche in siht,

We schul not wite what we schul say ;

fful fersliche Riht wol vs affray,

And blame vs for vr mis-lyuing :

þen dar non prese for vs to pray,

But Merci þat passeþ alle þing.

God set
Mercy above
all his works.

28

At Doomsday

32

36

we shan't
dare to pray ;
but Mercy
passes all
things.

(4)

¶ Riht wolde sle vs for vr synne,

Miht wolde don execucion ;

And Riht-wyse god þen wol be-gynne

fforte reherce vs þis resoun :

“I made þe, Mon, 3if þat þou minne,

Of feture lich myn owne fasoun,

And after crepte In-to þi kinne,

And for þe suffred passioun ;

Of þornes kene þen was þe croun

fful scharpe vppon myn hed standyng ;

Min herte-blood ran from me down ;

And I for-3af þe alle þing.

God will re-
proach us,

40

‘I made you
in my like-
ness ;

44

I sufferd on
the Cross for
you.

48

(5)

	¶ “Myn herte-blood for þe gan blede, To buye þe from þe fendes blake, And I for-ʒaf þe þi misdede.	
What have you sufferd for me? You never gave me food or drink;	What hast þou suffred for my sake? Me hungred, þou woldest not me fede, Ne neuer my furst ne woldestou slake; Whon I of herborwe hedde gret nede, þou woldest not to þin hous me take; þou seʒe me a-mong todes blake, fful longe in harde prison lyng. ¹ [1 lying]	52 56
you left me in prison.	Let seo what onswere constou make, Wher weore þou kynde in eny þing?	60

(6)

	¶ “And hou .I. quenched al þi care, Lift vp þin eiʒe and þou maiʒt se Mi woundes wete, blodi al bare, As .I. was rauʒt on Roode-tre.	
You may see my bleeding wounds.	þou seʒe me for defaute forfare, In seknes and in pouerte: ʒit of þi good woldestou not spare, Ne ones come to visyte me. Al eorpli þing .I. ʒaf to þe, Boþe Beest and fisch & foul fleoyng, And tolde þe hou þat charite And Merci passeþ alle þing.	64 68 72

(7)

	¶ “Hou mihtou eny merci haue þat neuer desyredest non to do? þou seʒe me naked and cloyes craue; Barehed and Barefot gan I go:	
You saw me naked;	On me þou vochedest no þing saue, But beede me wende þi wones fro. þou seʒe me ded aboue to graue On Bere seuen dayes and mo: ffor luitel dette I ouʒte þe þo, [leaf 407, col. 2]	76 80
you bade me go away;	þou forbed my burizing. þi pater noster seyde not so, ffor Merci passeþ alle þing.”	84

you forbade
my burial.

(8)

¶ þeos are þe werkes of Merci seuene, Of wꝓuche crist wol vs areyne, þat alle schul stoney wiþ þat steuene þat euer tresoun miȝte a-teyne. ffor heer but ȝif we make vs euene, þer may no miht ne ȝiftes ȝeyne. þenne to þe kyng of heuene, þe Bok seiþ þat we schul seyne :	Thus will Christ ar- raign us.	88
“ Wher hastou, lord, in prisoun leyne ? Whonne weore þou in eorþe dwellyng ? Whon seȝe we þe in such peyne ? Whon askedest þou vs eny þing ? ”	We shall an- swer Christ : ‘ When did we see thee in prison or pain ? ’	92 96

(9)

¶ “ Whon ȝe seȝe ouþer Blynd or lame þat for my loue asked ȝou ouȝt ; Al þat ȝe duden in myn name, Hit was to me, boþe deede & þouȝt. But ȝe þat hated cristendame, And of my wrapþe neuer ne rouȝt, ȝour seruise schal ben endeles schame Helle-fuir þat slakes nouȝt. And ȝe þat wiþ my blood .I. bouȝt, þat loued me in ȝoure lyuyng, ȝe schul haue þat ȝe haue souȝt, Merci þat passeþ alle þinge. ”	He will say, ‘ When you saw any blind or lame. You hated me ; you shall burn in hell- fire. But those who lovd me shall have Mercy that passes all things. ’	100 104 108
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(10)

¶ þis tyme schal tyde, hit is no nay, And wel is him þat haþ þat grace ffor to plese his god to pay, And Merci seche while he haþ space ! ffor beo vr mouþ crommed with clay Wormes blake wol vs enbrase : þen is to late, Mon, in good fay, To seche to A-Mende of þi trespass. With mekenes þou may heuene purchase : Oþer Meede þar þe non bring, But knowe þi god in vche a case, And loue him best of any þing.	Well is he who has sought Mercy while he had time. Love God best of all things.	112 116 120
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(11)

	¶ To god and non weore holden meste To loue, and his wrappe eschuwe. Now is non so vnkuynde a beeste þat lasse doþ þat weore him duwe ;	124
Beasts and fowls follow the course of Nature.	ffor Beestes and foules, more & leeste, þe cours of kynde alle þei suwe. And whozne we breken Godes heste, Aþeynes kuynde we ben vn-trewe :	128
We don't, for Nature bids us fear God.	ffor kuynde wolde þat we him knewe And dradde him most in vre doing. Hit is no riht þat he vs rewe, But Merci passeþ alle þing.	132

(12)

Our mirth is Harlotry.	¶ Now harlotrye for murþe is holde, And vertues tornen in-to vice, And Symonye haþ chirches solde, And lawe is waxen Couetyse ;	136
Simony and Covetousness prevail.	Vr feiþ is frele to flecche & folde, ffor treuþe is put to luytel prise ; Vre God is glotenye and golde, Dronkenes, Lecherye and dyse :	140
Our God is Gluttony and Lechery ;	Lo heer vr lyf and vre delyce, Vr loue, vr lust and vre lykyng. Ȝet, ȝif we wole repente and ryse, Merci passeþ alle þinge.	144

(13)

	¶ Vn-lustily vr lyf we lede, Monhod and we twynne in two ; To heuen ne helle take we non hede, But on day come, a noþer go.	148
Meed and Pride rule.	Who is a mayster now but meede, And pruide, þat wakened al vr wo ? We stunte, neiþer for schame ne drede, To teren vr god from top to to,	152
We tear God to bits with our oaths.	ffor-swere his soule, his herte also, And alle þe Membres þat we cun Mynge : fful harde vengeance wol falle on þo, But merci passeþ alle þinge.	156

(14)

¶ And corteis knighthod and clergie, þat wont were vices to forsake, Are nou so Rooted in Ribaudye þat opur merþes lust hem not make.	Knights and Clerics are ribalds,	160
A-wei is gentyll cortesy, [leaf 407, col. 3] And lustines his leue hap take ; We loue so slouþe and harlotrie, We slepe as swolle swyn in lake.	Courtesy is gone. We love Sloth and Harlotry.	164
þer wol no worschupe wiþ vs wake Til þat Charite beo mad a kyng : And þen schal al vr synne slake, And Merci passeþ alle þing.	We shall be no good till Love is King.	168

(15)

¶ .I. munge no more of þis to 3ou, Al-þau3 .I. couþe 3if þat .I. wolde, ffor 3e han herd wel whi & hou Bi-gon þis tale þat I haue tolde. And þis men knowen wel .I.-nouh, ffor Merlyons feet ben colde ; hit is heor kynde on Bank and bouh A quik Brid to hauen and holde, ffrom foot to foot to flutte and folde, To kepe hire from clomesyng ; As .I. an hauþorn gan bi holde, .I. sau3 my self þe same þing.	I say no more. You recollect my first verse. It's a Merlin's nature to hold a live bird in its claws, first one, then the other, to get warmth, as I saw.	172 176 180
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(16)

¶ Whon heo hedde holden so al niht, On Morwe heo let hit gon a-way : Wheþer gentrie tau3t hire so or nou3t, I con not telle 3ou, in good fay ! But, God, as þou art ful of mi3t, þou3 we plesse þe not to pay, Graunt vs repentaunce and respi3t, And schrift and hosel, or we day ; As þou art God and mon verray, þou beo vr help at vre endyng, Bi-fore þi face þat we mai sai : ' Now Merci passeþ alle þinge.'	But next day she let it go. God, grant us repentance ere we die, that we may say Mercy passes all things.	184 188 192
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2. *Deo Gracias I.*(11 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

In a Church
one morning

IN a Chirche, þer .I. con knel
 þis ender day in on Morwenynge,
 Me lyked þe seruise wonder wel;
 ffor-þi þe lengore con .I. lynge.
 .I. seiȝ a Clerk a book forþ bringe,
 þat prikked was in mony a plas;
 ffaste he souȝte what he scholde syngē:
 And al was *Deo Gracias*.

4

I saw a Clerk
bring out a
music-book,
and sing *Deo*
Gracias.

8

(2)

The Choris-
ters joind in.

¶ Alle þe queristres in þat qwer,
 On þat word fast gon þei cri.
 þe noyse was good, & .I. drouȝ neer
 And called a prest ful priueli,
 And seide: "sire, for ȝor curtesi
 Tel me, ȝif ȝe habbeȝ spas,
 What hit meneȝ, and for whi
 ȝe singe *Deo Gracias*?"

12

I askt a
Priest what
Deo Gracias
meant.

16

(3)

He was clad
in silk;

¶ In selk þat comeli clerk was clad,
 And ouer a lettorne leoned he;
 And wiȝ his word he maade me glad,
 And seide: "sone, I schal telle þe:
 ffader and Sone In Trinite,
 þe holy gost, ground of vr graas,
 Also oftesipe þonke we
 As we sei *Deo Gracias*.

20

he said, 'We
thank the
Trinity when
we say *Deo*
Gracias.'

24

(4)

The world
was wound
in woe till

¶ "To þonke & blesse him we ben bounde
 With al þe murpes þat mon mai Minne:
 ffor al þe world in wo was wounde
 Til þat he crepte in to vr kinne:
 A louesum buirde he lizte with-Inne,
 þe worþiest þat euer was,
 And schedde his blod for vre sinne:
 And perfore *Deo Gracias*."

28

Christ shed
his blood for
us.

32

(5)

- ¶ þen seide þe preost : “sone, be þi leue
 .I. moste seie forþ my seruise, I must say
 my Service,
 .I. preye þe tak hit nouȝt in greue ;
 ffor þou hast herd al my deuise, 36
 Bi-cause whi hit is clerkes wyse,
 And holychirche muynde of hit maas,
 Vnto þe prince so muchel of prise,
 fforte synge *Deo Gracias*.” 40
 for Holy
 Church bids
 priests sing
Deo Gracias.”

(6)

- ¶ Out of þat chirche .I. wente my way,
 And on þat word was al my þouȝt,
 And twenti tymes .I. con say, I left the
 church,
 “God graunte þat .I. for-ȝete hit nouȝt ! 44
 þouȝ I weore out of bonchef brouȝt,
 what help weore to me to seyeallas ?
 In þe nome of god, what-euer be wrouȝt,
 I schal seie *Deo gracias*.” 48
 whatever
 hapt, to say
Deo Gracias.”

(7)

- ¶ “In Mischef and in bonchef boþe, [leaf 407, bk.]¹ In woe and
 þat word is good to seye and synge, weal it's
 good to say.
 And not to wayle ne to bi wroþe,
 þauȝ al be nouȝt at vre lykyng. 52
 ffor langour schal not euer lynge,
 And sum tyme plesaunse wol ouer-pas,
 But ay in hope of a-mendynge,
 .I. schal seye *Deo Gracias*.” 56

(8)

- ¶ A-Mende þat þou hast don amis, Amend your
 And do wel þerne, and haue no drede, ill deeds, and
 do good.
 Wheþer so þou beo In bale or blis !
 þi goode suffraunce schal gete þe mede, 60
 ȝif þou þi lyf in lykyng lede.
 Loke þou beo kuynde in veh a cas,
 þonk þi god, ȝif þou wel spede,
 Wiþ þis word, *Deo Gracias*. 64
 Thank God
 with *Deo*
Gracias.”

¹ The leaf-numbers here are modern, and on the general wrong plan of making each leaf a folio, instead of the double open page, the back of the left leaf and the front of the right one, which the old numbering always rightly adopts.

(9)

Be modest.	¶ 3if god haþ 3iue þe vertues mo þen he haþ oþure two or þre, þenne I rede þou rule þe so þat men may speke worschupe bi þe.	68
Don't be for- ward or boastful.	Be fert of pruide, & bost þou fle, þi vertues let no fulþe de-faas,	
Keep pure and court- eous.	But kep þe clene, corteis & fre, And þenk on Deo Gracias.	72

(10)

If you're an officer, judge rightly.	¶ 3if þou beo mad an Offyceer, And art a Mon of mucche miht, What cause þou demest, loke hit be cler, And reue no mon from him his riht, 3if þou beo strong and fers to fiht. ffor envye neuer mon þou chas, But drede þi goð boþe dai & niȝt, And þenk on deo gracias.	76
Fear God, and think on <i>Deo Gracias</i> .		80

(11)

If we keep this in our hearts, we may get end- less joy, and	¶ 3if we þis word in herte wol haue, And ay in loue and leute leende, Of crist bi couenaunt we mow craue þat Ioye þat schal neuer haue ende, Out of þis world whon we schul wende, In-to his paleys for to paas, And sitte a-mong his seintes hendle, And þer synge Deo Gracias.	84
sing with the Saints, ' <i>Deo Gracias</i> .'		88

3. *Against my Will, I take my Leave.*(8 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbe*)

(1)

Bless you, friends;	N ou Bernes, Buirdus bolde and blyþe, To blessen ow her nou am .I. bounde; .I. þonke 3ou alle a þousend siþe,	
God save you	And prei god saue 3ou hol and sounde; Wher-euer 3e go, on gras or grounde, He ow gouerne with-outen greue ffor frendschipe þat .I. here haue founde;	4
for your kind- ness to me!	A-3eyn mi wille .I. take mi leue.	8

(2)

¶ ffor frendschipe & for 3iftes goode, ffor Mete & Drinké so gret plente þat lord þat rau3t was on þe Roode, He kepe þi comeli cumpayne ; On see or lond, wher þat 3e be, He gouerne ow wiþ-outen greue ; So good dispest 3e han mad me, A3ein my wille .I. take my leue.	For all your gifts and food, may Christ be with you !	12 16
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(3)

¶ A3ein mi wille al-þou3 .I. wende, .I. may not al-wey dwellen here, ffor eueri þing schal haue an ende, And frendes are not ay .I.-fere ; Be we neuer so lef and dere, Out of þis world al schul we meue ; And whon we buske vn-to vr bere, A3eyn vr wille we take vr leue.	But I must leave you and this world, tho' against my will.	20 24
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(4)

¶ And wende we schulle, .I. wot neuer whenne, Ne whoderward þat we schul fare ; But endeles blisse, or ay to brenne, To eueri mon is 3arked 3are. ffor-þi .I. rede vch mon be ware, And lete vr werk vr wordes preue, So þat no surzne vr soule forfare Whon þat vr lyf hap taken his leue.	We must all go to endless bliss or hell- fire.	28 32
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(5)

¶ Whon þat vr lyf his leue hap lauht, Vr bodi lith bounden bi þe wowe, Vr riches alle from vs ben raft, In clottes colde vr cors is þrowe. Wher are þi frendes ho wol þe knowe ? Let seo ho wol þi soule releue ? .I. rede þe, mon, ar þou ly lowe, Beo redi ay to take þi leue.	When we die, where are our friends ? Let us make ready to take our leave,	36 40
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(6)

¶ Be redi ay, what euer bi-falle, [leaf 407, bk., col. 2]

Al sodeynli lest þou be kiht;

þou wost neuer whonne þi lord wol calle,

and keep our
lamps burn-
ing when our
Lord calls.

Loke þat þi laumpe beo brennyng briht;

44

ffor leue me wel, but þou haue liht,

Riht foule þi lord wol þe repreue,

And fleme þe fer out of his siht,

ffor al to late þou toke þi leue.

48

(7)

Christ give
us grace to
see Him
when we die!

¶ Nou god, þat was in Bethleem bore,

He ȝiue vs grace to serue him so

þat we mai come his face to-fore,

Out of þis world whon we schul go;

52

And for to a-mende þat we mis-do,

In Clei or þat we clynge and cleue,

And mak vs euene wiþ frend and fo,

And in good tyme to take vr leue.

56

(8)

Good day, all
of you!

¶ Nou haueþ good dai, gode men alle,

Haueþ good dai, ȝonge and olde,

Haueþ good day, boþe grete and smalle,

And graunt-Merci a þousend folde.

60

ȝif euere .I. miȝte, ful fayn .I. wolde

Don ouȝt þat weore vn-to ȝow leue.

Christ keep
you! I must
take my
leave.

Crist kepe ow out of cares colde,

ffor nou is tyme to take my leue.

64

4. God is Love.

(7 stanzas of 8, abab abab.)

(1)

Deus caritas est:

A, deore god, omnipotent,

Lord þou madest boþe foul & best,

On eorþe to mon þou here hit sent.

4

I warn all of
you to get
Charity.

.I. warne ȝow alle, boþe more & lest,

Charite .I. rede þat ȝe hent;

ffor hit is cristes hest,

þat schal come to þe Iugement.

8

(2)

¶ ffor whon he comeþ a domes-day
 þat al þis world hit schal wel se,
 þe wikked he biddeþ to gon heor way,
 In bitter penaunce for euere to be ;
 And to þe goode wol þat lord say :
 “ 3e schul alle wende wiþ me
 In-to þe blisse for euere and ay ;
 Et qui manet in caritate.”

At Doomsday

12 Christ shall
 send the
 wicked to
 hell, and take
 the good to
 bliss.

16

(3)

¶ God þat made boþe heuene & helle,
 Vre swete lord of Nazareþ :
 Adam þat was so feir of felle
 ffor his folyes he suffred deþ.
 In God forsoþe he schal dwelle,
 In charite ho so geþ,
 Hit is soþ þat I ou telle,
 Bi-hold and seo :—In deo manet.

20

He who
 dwells in
 Love dwells
 in God.

24

(4)

¶ Crist was toren vch a lim,
 And on þe Roode he was .I.-do.
 þe fend þat was so derk and dym,
 To þe crois he com þo,—
 Crist, al charite is in him—
 þere he ouer-com vs to.
 Charite .I. rede þat þou nym,
 And þenne Deus est in eo.

28

32 Get Love,
 and then God
 is in you.

(5)

¶ Let Charite nou awake,
 And do hit þer need is ;
 Heuene forsoþe þen maiȝt þou take
 And come to þat riche blis :
 Nou crist, for his Moder sake,
 Let vs neuere þis place mis,
 And schild vs from þe fendes blake,
 And Sit deus in nobis.

May Love
 work wint is
 needful,

36 and bring us
 to Bliss!

40

(6)

Let us begin Love first,	¶ And charite .I. rede þat we be-ginne As bi-fore alle oþer games,	
and be shriven,	And schriue vs clene of vre synne, ffor so dude Peter, Ion and Iames,	44
	And þerfore god hem dwelled wiþ-Inne, ffor þei weoren alle wiþ-outen oþer blames.	
and win Heaven!	Crist, let vs heuene wyne, E(t) nos ipso maneamus.	48

(7)

O God, who	¶ God þat dwelleþ in gret solas In heuene, þat riche regnyng,	
sufferdst on the Cross,	And for vs þolede gret trespas Wonder muche at vre muntynge,	52
	On þe Roode don he was, In gret dispyt .I.-cleped a kyng.	
bring us all to a good end!	þenkeþ nouþe On Deus caritas, And bring vs alle to good endyng.	56

5. *Deo Gracias II.*

(6 stanzas of 8 ; one abab baba ; five abab bcbe.)

(1)

I thank God both in weal and woe.	M .I. word is Deo gracias, In world wher me be wel or wo ; Hou scholde I lauþwhe or sigge Allas [leaf 407, back, col. 3] ffor, leeu me wel, hit [ne] lasteþ o, And þouþ hit greue, hit wol ouer go, As þouþt chaungeþ, for such is graas. þerfore, wher me beo wel or wo, I sey not But deo gracias.	4 8
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(2)

Tho' I be rich,	¶ þouþ I beo riche of gold so red, And liht to renne as is a Ro,	
and another poor ;	Anoþur is boun to begge his bred Wiþ brestes blak and bleyneþ blo.	12
	Whon .I. seo good de-parted so : To sum Mon God sent gret solas, And sum Mon ay to liuen in wo, þen sei .I. Deo Gracias.	16

tho' some
have solace,
and others
woe, I thank
God.

(3)

¶ þou he beo pore and lyue in peyn,	
Anoþer mon proudeþ as doþ a poo,	
Whon murþe is his & Mourning myn,	
As may be-falle to me and mo,	20
3if fortune wolde be so my fo	
ffrom me to turne hir freely faas ;	If Fortune turns my foe, I still thank God.
Seþþe god may sende boþe weole & wo,	
I sei not but Deo Gracias.	24

(4)

¶ A lord of worschup 3if .I. ware,	
And weore falle down in a wro,	
Siknesse sitteþ me so sare,	
And serwe wol neiȝ myn herte slo,	28
þus am I bounde from top til to,	Tho' I be sick and sorrow- ful,
And I turmente so for my trespas :	
3if God may loose me of þat wo,	
And þenne I sey Deo Gracias.	32
	I still thank God.

(5)

¶ Whon I hedde spendyng her-be-forn,	
þer wolde no felauschip fonde me fro,	
But herkne & hiȝe to myn horn,	
ffor in myn hond þer stod non ho.	36
Nou a-peereþ non of þo ;	
So pouert a-peired haþ my plas.	now they've left me, for I am poor ; but still I thank God.
Ho may haue wele wiþ-oute wo ?	
þerfore I sey Deo gracias.	40

(6)

¶ Almihti, corteis, Crouned kyng,	
God, graunt vs grace to rule vs so	
þat we may come to þi wonyng,	
þer is wele wiþ-outen wo.	44
Milde Mayde, prey þi sone also,	
þat he for-ȝiue vs vre trespas,	Mary, pray Christ to for- give us !
And afterward in-to heuene go,	
þer to synge Deo gracias. Amen.	48

6. Each Man ought himself to know.

(9 stanzas of 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

St. Paul said
that every
Christian
ought to
know him-
self.

IN a Pistel þat poul wrouȝt,
.I. fond hit writen, & seide riht þis :
Vche cristne creature knowen himself ouȝt
His oune vessel. and soþ hit is. 4
Nere help of him þat vs deore bouȝt,
We weoren bore to luytel blis ;
Whon al þi gode dedes beþ þorw-souȝt,
Seche, and þou schalt fynden A-mis. 8
Eueri mon scholde .I.-knownen his,
And þat is luitel, as .I. trowe ;
To teche vs self, crist vs wis ;
flor vche mon ouȝte him-self to knowe. 12

(2)

We should
know what
we were at
our birth,

¶ Knowe þi-self what þou ware,
Whon þou were of þi moder born,
Ho was þi moder þat þe bare,
And ho was þi fader þer-bi-foren ; 16
Knowe hou þei beþ forþ fare ;
So schaltou þeiȝ þou hed sworn.
Knowe þou come hider wiþ care ;
þou nost neuer ȝif þou byde til morn ; 20
Hou lihtly þou maiȝt be forlorn,
But þou þi sinne schriue & schowe ;
ffor lond or kiþ, Catel or corn,
Vche mon oute him-self to knowe. 24

and how soon
we may die
and be lost.

(3)

Our life is but
a breath ;

¶ Knowe þi lyf ; hit may not last,
But as a blast blouh out þi breth ;
Tote, and bi a noþer mon tast ;
Riht as a glentand glem hit geth. 28
What is al þat forþ is past ?
hit fareþ as a fuir of heth.

all that has
past, but a
blaze.

þis worldes good away wol wast,
ffor synnes seeknesse þi soule sleþ. 32
And þat is a ful delful deþ,
To saue þi soule and þou be slowe,

[leaf 408]

Wiþ þi Maystrie medel þi meþ,
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 36

(4)

¶ 3if þou þi-self knowe con, Take count-
ers,
¶ Sit down, and tac Countures rounde,
Sepþe furst þou monnes wit bi-gon
Hou ofte sunne þe haþ .I.-bounde. 40 and put one
And for vch a synne lei þou doun on, for each of
your sins,
Til þou þi synnes haue .I.-souzt vp sounde ;
Counte þi goode dedes euerichon,
Abyd þer a while and stunte a stounde ; 44 and one for
And 3if þou fele þe siker and sounde, each good
deed.
þonk þou þi god, as þou wel owe ;
And 3if þou art In sunne .I.-bounde
Amende þe, and þi-self knowe. 48 Then amend,
and know
yourself.

(5)

¶ Knowe what god haþ for þe do : Know too
how God
made you,
Made þe after his ounne liknes ;
Sepþe, he com from heuene also,
And dizede for þe wiþ gret distres. 52 and died for
ffor þe he soffrede boþe pyne and wo ; you,
Knowe þou him and alle his :
Who-so greueþ him Is worþi to go
To helle-fuir, but he hit red[r]les, 56 and how you
And he be demed bi rihtfulnes ; must go to
hell-fire, but
for his grace.
But his grace is so wyde .I.-sowe,
ffrom his wrapþe .I. rede vs bles,
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 60

(6)

¶ Knowe þi-self þat þou schalt dye, Know that
you must die,
But what tyme, þou nost neuer wheȝne ;
Wiþ a twynklyng of an eize,
Eueri day þou hiȝest þe henne ; 64
þi fleschly foode þe wermes wol fye :
Vche cristen mon ouzte þis to kenne. and be
worms' meat.
Loke aboute and wel a-spye,
þis world dop bote bi-traye menne ; 68
And beo war of þe fuir þat euer schal brenne,
And þenk þou regnest her but a þrowe ; Beware of
everlasting
fire !

Heuene-blisse þou schal haue þenne,
ffor vche mon ouzte him self to knowe. 72

(7)

Know thy
flesh 'till rot.

¶ Knowe þi flesch, þat wol rote ;
ffor certes, þou maiȝt not longe endure ;
And nedes dye, heernes þou mote,
þei þou haue kyngdam¹ and Empyre. ¹ MS. kyngdan 76
And sone þou schalt beo forgote ;
So schal souereyn, so schal syre.
Hose leeuþ not þis, I. trouwe he dote,
ffor eueri mok most in-to myre. 80
Preye we to god vr soules enspire,
Or we ben logged in erþe lowe,
Heuene to haue to vr huire ;
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 84

Let us pray
God that we
may win
Heaven.

(8)

Know thy
Creator, and

that worldly
honour soon
goes.

¶ Knowe þi kuynde Créatoure,
Knowe what he for þe dide ;
Knowe þis worldly honoure,
Hou sone þat hit is forþ .I.-slyde. 88
Ende of Ioye Is her doloure ;
Strengþe stont vs in no stide,
But longyng & beoing in laboure ;
Vr Bost, vr Brag is sone ouerbide. 92
Arthur and Ector þat we dredde,
Deth haþ leid hem wonderly lowe.
Amende þe, Mon, euene forþ mide,
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 96

Arthur and
Hector are
dead.

Amend, and
know your-
self!

(9)

Your Con-
science shall
judge you.

Ask Mercy,

¶ þi Conciencie schal þe saue and deme
Wheþer þat þou beo ille or good ;
Groepe aboute, and tak good ȝeme,
þer maiȝt þou wite, but þou beo wood, 100
þer schalt þou þe same seone.
Aske Merci wiþ Mylde mood,
AMende þe, þou wot what .I. mene.
Vche creatur þat beres bon and blood, 104
Preye we to god þat dyed on Rode,
Ar vre breþ beo out .I.-blowe,

þat cristes face mai ben vr foode,
ffor vche mon ouȝte him self to knowe.

and to live on
in Christ.

108

7. *Think on Yesterday.*

(15 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

(1)

Whon Men beoþ muriest at heor Mele,
iþ mete & drink to maken hem glade,
[iþ] worschip & wiþ worldlich wele
þei ben so set, þey conne not sade ;

When men
are merriest,
and best off,

4

þei haue no deynthe for to dele [leaf 408, col. 2]

Wiþ þinges þat ben deuoutli made,
þei weene heor honour & heore hele
Schal euer laste & neuer diffade.

8

But in heor hertes .I. wolde þei hade,

Whon þei gon ricchest men on array,

Hou sone þat god hem may de-grade,

And sum tyme þenk on ȝesterday.

I wish they'd
think how
soon they
may be made
low.

12

(2)

¶ þis day, as leef we may be liht
Wiþ al þe murpes þat men may vise,

One day they
revel with
their dam-
sels,

To Reuele wiþ þis buirdes briht,

Vche mon gayest on his gyse ;

16

At þe last, hit draweþ to niht,

þat slep most make his Maystrise.

Whon þat he haþ .I.-kud his miht,

þe morwe he boskeþ vp to rise,

þen al draweþ hem to fantasy[s]e ;

20 next morn
they may be
dead.

Wher he is bi-comen, con no mon say,—

And ȝif heo wuste þei weore ful wise,—

ffor al is tornd to ȝesterday.

24

(3)

¶ Whose wolde þenke vppon þis,
Mihte fynde a good enchesun whi

To preue þis world al-wei .I.-wis

Hit nis but fantum and feiri,

þis erþly Ioye, þis worldly blis

Is but a fikel fantasy ;

This world is
but a phan-
tom and
fancy ;
earthly blis
a fantasy.

28

ffor nou hit is, and nou hit nis,
 þer may no mon þer-inne affy. 32
 Hit chaungeþ so ofte & so sodeynly,
 To-day is her, to-morwe a-way.
 A siker ground ho wol him gy,
 I rede he þenke on ȝuster-day. 36

Let him who
 seeks sure
 ground,
 think on
 yesterday.

(4)

The strong
 men lose
 strength
 daily;
 ¶ ffor þer nis non so strong in stour,
 ffro tyme þat he ful waxen be,
 ffrom þat day forþ, euer-vel an hour,
 Of his strengþe he leost a quantite; 40
 Ne no buryde so briht in bour,
 Of þritti wynter, .I. enseure þe,
 þat heo ne schal fade as a flour,
 Luite and luite leosen hire beute. 44
 þe soþe ȝe may ȝor-self I-se,
 Beo ȝor eldres in good fay;
 Whon ȝe ben grettest in ȝour degre,
 I rede ȝe þenke on ȝesterday. 48

the beauty of
 thirty fades
 like a flower.

Let all think
 on yesterday!

(5)

The swift and
 the fair shall
 die.
 ¶ Nis non so fresch on fote to fare,
 Ne non so fayr on fold to fynde,
 þat þei ne schul a bere be brouȝt ful bare :
 þis wrecched world nis but a wynde; 52
 Ne non so stif to stunte ne stare,
 Ne non so bold, Beores to bynde,
 þat he naþ warmynges to beo ware,
 ffor god is so cortys and so kynde. 56
 Bi-hold þe lame, þe bedrede, þe blynde,
 þat bit ȝou be war whil þat ȝe may;
 þei make a Mirour to ȝor mynde,
 To us þe schap of ȝesterday. 60

They all have
 warning

by the lame
 and blind,

what they
 shall be.

(6)

Our life is but
 a few days.
 ¶ þe lyf þat ony mon schal lede,
 Beþ certeyn dayes atte last,
 þen moste vr terme schorte nede;
 Be o day comen, anoþer is past. 64
 Herof and we wolde take good hede
 And in vr hertes a-countes cast,

Day bi day, wiþouten drede,		We draw fast
Toward vr ende we draweþ ful fast.	68	to our end,
þen schal vr bodies in erþe be þrast,		to be laid
Vr Careyns chouched vnder clay ;		under clay.
Her-of we ouȝte beo sore agast,		
And we wolde þenke on ȝesterday.	72	

(7)

¶ Salamon seide in his poysi,		Solomon pre-
He holdeþ wel betere wiþ an hounde		ferred a living
þat is lykyng and Ioly,		Dog
And of seknesse hol and sounde,	76	
þen be a Leon, þouȝ he ly		to a dead
Cold and ded vppon þe grounde.		Lion.
Wherof serueþ his victori,		
þat was so stif in vche a stounde ?	80	
þe moste fool, I herde resþounde,		The biggest
Is wysore whil he lyue may,		Fool is wiser
þen he þat hedde a þousend pounde		than he who
And was buried ȝuster-day.	84	was buried
		yesterday.

(8)

¶ Socrates seiþ a word ful wys :	[leaf 408, col. 3]	Socrates said
Hit were wel betere for to se		it was better
A Mon þat nou parteþ and dys,		to see a dying
þen a feste of Realte ;	88	man than a
þe feste wol make his flesch to ris,		feast :
And drawe his herte to vanite ;		
þe Bodi þat on þe Bere lys,		
Scheweþ þe same þat we schal be.	92	he showd us
þat ferful fit may no mon fle,		what we shall
Ne wiþ no wiles win hit a-way ;		be.
þerfore a-mong al Iolyte,		
Sum tyme þenk on ȝusterday.	96	

(9)

¶ But ȝit me merueyles ouer al		
þat god let mony mon croke and elde,		God lets men
Whon miht & strengþe is from hem fal,		live when
þat þei may not hem-self a-welde ;	100	bent and old,
And now þis beggers most principal,		
þat good ne profyt may non ȝelde.		and beggars,

To þis purpos onswere .I. schal,
 Whi god sent such men boote & belde ; 104
 Crist, þat Made boþe flour & felde,
 Let suche men lyue, forsoþe to say,
 Whon a 3ong mon on hem bi-helde,
 Scholde seo þe schap of 3esterday. 108

(10)

¶ A noþur skile þer is, for whi
 þat God let such men liue so longe :
 ffor þei beþ treacle and remedi
 ffor synful men þat han do wronge. 112
 In hem þe seuen dedes of Merci
 A Mon may fulfille a-monge ;
 And also þis proude men may þer-bi
 A feir Mirour vnderfonge. 116
 ffor þer nis non so stif ne stronge,
 Ne no ladi [so] stout ne gay,
 Bi-hold what ouer hor hed con honge,
 And sum tyme þenk on 3esterday. 120

(11)

¶ I. haue wist, sin I. cuþe meen,
 þat children haþ bi candel liht
 Heor schadewe on þe wal i-sen,
 And Ronne þer-after al þe niht ; 124
 Bisy a-boute þei han ben
 To cacchen hit wiþ al heore miht,
 And whon þei cacchen hit, best wolde wene,
 Sannest hit schet out of heor siht ; 128
 þe schadewe cacchen þei ne miht,
 ffor no lynes þat þei couþe lay.
 þis schadewe .I. may likne a-riht
 To þis world and 3esterday. 132

(12)

¶ In-to þis world whon we beþ brouzt,
 We schul be tempt to couetyse,
 And al þi wit schal be þorw-souzt
 To more good þen þou may suffyse. 136
 Whon þou þenkest best in þi þouzt
 On Richesse, fo[r]te regne and ryse,

to teach
 young men
 the shape of
 yesterday,

to let sinners
 be kind to
 them,

and the
 strong and
 gay see what
 they may
 come to.

I've seen
 children run
 after their
 candle-light
 shadows on
 the wall.

Those sha-
 dows are like
 the world and
 yesterday.

We all want
 more than
 enough.

Yet when we
 think most
 of riches,

Al þi trauayle turneþ to nouȝt,
 ffor sodeynly on deþ þou dyese ; 140 we die.
 þi lyf þou hast .I.-lad wiþ lyȝes,
 So þis world gon þe be-tray.
 þerfore .I. rede þou þis dispys,
 And sum tyme þenk on ȝuster-day. 144

(13)

¶ Mon, ȝif þi neiȝebor þe Manas
 Oþur to culle or to bete,
 .I. knowe me siker in þe cas
 þat þou wolt drede þi neiȝebores þrete, 148
 And neuer a day þi dore to pas
 Wiþ-oute siker defense and grete,
 And ben purueyed in vche a plas
 Of sekernes and help to gete ; 152
 þin enmy woltou not for-ȝete,
 But ay beo afert of his affray :
 Ensawple herof .I. wol ȝou trete,
 To make ȝou þenke of ȝuster-day. 156

(14)

¶ Wel þou wost wiþ-uten fayle
 þat deþ haþ manast þe to dye ;
 But whon þat he wol þe a-sayle,
 þat wost þou not, ne neuer may spye. 160
 ȝif þou wolt don be my counsayle,
 Wiþ siker defence beo ay redye !
 ffor siker defence in þis batayle,
 Is clene lyf, parfyt and trye. 164
 Put þi trust in godes Mercye,
 [leaf 408, back]
 Hit is þe beste at al assay,
 And euer among þou þe en-nuye
 In-to þis world and ȝuster-day. 168

(15)

¶ Sum men seiþ þat deþ is a þef,
 And al vnwarned wol on him stele ;
 And .I. sey nay, and make a þref,
 þat deþ is studefast, trewe and lele, 172
 And warneþ vche mon of his greef,
 þat he wol o day wiþ him dele :

If a neigh-
 bour threat-
 ens you,

you get pro-
 tection
 against him.

Death threat-
 ens you :

then make
 ready for
 him, by a
 pure life, and
 trust in God.

Death does
 not steal on
 you un-
 awares, but
 gives you fair
 warning that
 he'll take
 your life.

þe lyf þat is to ow so leof,
 He wol ȝou reue, and eke or hele ; 176
 þis poyntes may no mon him repele.
 He comeþ so baldely to pyke his pray,
 Whon men beoþ muryest at heor Mele :
 I rede ȝe þenke on ȝusterday. 180

When you're
 merriest,
 then, think
 on yesterday!

8. Keep well Christ's Commandments.

(13 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

Study, to
 learn and
 love the law
 of Christ,

and keep his
 Command-
 ments.

I warne vche leod þat liueþ in londe,
 And do hem dredles out of were,
 þat þei most studie and vnderstonde,
 þe lawe of crist to loue and lere. 4
 þer nis no mon fer ne nere
 þat may him-seluen saue vn-schent,
 But he þat castep wiþ concience clere
 To kepe wel Cristes Comaundement. 8

(2)

1. Have one
 God, and
 serve and
 love Him.

¶ þow most haue o God, and no mo,
 And serue him boþe with mayn and miht ;
 And ouer alle þinges loue him also,
 ffor he haþ lant þe lyf and liht. 12
 ȝif þou beo nuyȝed day or niht
 In peyne be meke and pacient,
 And rule þe ay be reson riht,
 And kep wel Cristes Comaundement. 16

(3)

2. Be friendly
 to your
 neighbours.

¶ And let þi neizhebor, frend and fo,
 Riht frely of þi frendschupe fele,
 In herte þat þou wilne hem so
 Riht as þou woldest þi-self weore wele ; 20
 And help to sauene hem from vncele,
 So þat heore soules beo not schent,
 And also heore care þou helpe to kele,
 And kepe wel Cristes comaundement. 24

(4)

¶ In Idel, Godes nome tak þou nouzt, But cese, and saue þe from þat synne ; Swere bi no þing þat God haþ wrouht ; Be war his wrappe, lest þou hit wyne ; But bisy þe her bale to blynne þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent, Vncoupe & knowen & of þi kynne, And kep wel cristes comaundement.	3. Take not God's name in vain.	28
		32

(5)

¶ In clannes and in cristes werk Haue mynde to holden þin haly day, And drauh þe þenne from dedes derk, Wiþ al þi meyne, Mon and may ; And men vnsauzte, loke þou assay To sauzten hem þenne at on assent, And pore and seke þou plese & pay, And kepe wel cristes Comaundement.	4. Do Christ's work on Holy Days.	36
		40

(6)

¶ þi ffader, þi Moder, þou worschupe boþe, 3if þou wolt boteles bale escheuwe ; With counseil cumforte him, with mete & cloþe, As þou sest hem neodeþ newe ; And 3if þei talke of tales vntrewe, þou torn hem out of þat entent, And cristes lawe help þat þei knewe, And kep wel cristes Comaundement !	5. Honour thy Father and Mother.	44
		48

(7)

¶ Sle no mon wiþ wikked wille, Be war, and vengeance tak þou non ; In word ne dede, loude ne stille, Bakbyte þou no mon, blod ny bon, But ay let gabbynges glyde and gon A-wey wher þei wol glace or glent, And help þat alle men ben at on, And kep wel cristes comaundement.	6. Slay no man.	52
		56

(8)

¶ Stele þou nouzt þi neizebors þing, Nouþur with stillnes ne wiþ strif,	7. Don't steal your neigh- bour's goods.	
--	--	--

Nor *with* no-maner wrong getyng,
 þi self, þi seruauant, child ne wyf; 60
 To sulle & buye ȝif þou be ryf,
 Wayte al-way þat wrong be went;
 As þou wolt lyue þe lastyng lyf,
 þou kepe wel cristes comaundement. 64

(9)

8. Bear not
false witness.

¶ ffals witesse loke þow non bere, [leaf 408, back, col. 2]
 ȝif þow wolt in blisse a-byde,
 þi neizebore wityngly to dere,
 Ne no mon nouþer in no syde; 68
 But loke þat no mon be anuyzed,
 And þou may him from harmes hent,
 And help þat falshede beo distruiet,
 And kep wel cristes comaundement. 72

(10)

9. Sin not in
lecherie.

¶ Sunge þou not in lecherie;
 Such lust vn-leueful, let hit pas;
 Consente þou not to such folye,
 þat founden is so foul trespas, 76
 And loke þat nouþer more ne las
 þi lykyng on þat lust be lent,
 Leste þou synge þis songe 'allas,
 ffor brekyng of cristes comaundement.' 80

(11)

10. Covet not
your neigh-
bour's wife,

¶ þi neizhebers wyf coueyte þou nouȝt
 Vnleuefully aȝeynes þe lawe,
 Wip hire to sunge in word ne pouȝt,
 And from þat deede euer þou þe drawe, 84
 And neuer sey to hire no sawe
 To make hire to synne assent,
 Ne plesse hire not *with* no mis-plawe,
 But kep wel cristes comaundement. 88

(12)

house, wench
or man.

¶ þi neizhebers hous, wenche ne knaue,
 Vnskilfully coueyte þou nouht,
 Ne ȝit his good *with* wrong to haue;
 ffor hit lest þou to bale be brouht, 92
 ffor whon þe soþe schal vp be souht,
 ȝif þou in-to þis sunnes assent,

fful bitterly hit mot be bouzt,
ffor brekyng of cristes Comaundement.

96

(13)

¶ Vche mon þat wol þis lessun lere
And louep a laweful lyf to lede,
He may not misse on none manere
þe merpe of heuene to his mede;
ffor crist him here wol helpe & hede,
And heþene in-to heuene hent.
ffor-þi .I. preye þat crist vs spede
Kuyndely to kepe his comaundement.

All who will
do thus,100 shall enjoy
heaven.104 May Christ
grant us to
keep His
Command-
ments!9. *Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent.*¹(8 stanzas of 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

þE Mon þat luste to liuen in ese
Or eny worschupe her to ateyne,
His purpos I counte not worþ a pese,
Witterli, but he ordeyne
þis wikkid world hou he schal plese
Wiþ al his pouwer and his peyne;
3if he schal kepe him from disese,
He mot lerne to flatere and feyne;
Herte & mouþ loke þei ben tweyne,
þei mowe not ben of on assent;
And 3it his tonge he mot restreyne,
ffor hos seip þe soþe, he schal be schent.

If a man
wants to live
in ease and
win heaven,

4

8 he must learn
to flatter and
feign.Whoever
speaks Truth
'll be harmd.

12

(2)

¶ þus is þe soþe .I.-kept in close,
And vche mon makeþ touh and queynte
To leue þe tixt and take þe glose;
Eueri word þei coloure and peynte.
Summe þer aren þat wolden suppose
ffor no tresour forte ben teynte:
Let a mon haue not to lose,
He schal fynde frenschipe feynte.

Every one
leaves the
text, and
takes the
gloss.

16

20

¹ See the after poem, "But thou say sooth, thou shalt be shent," no. 29, p. 740.

Summe þat semen an Innocent,
 Wonder trewe in heore entent,
 þei beoþ agast of eueri pleynt,
 ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 24

(3)

A Lord's
 dependant ¶ þe wikked wone we may warie,
 þat eueri man þus Inward bledes.
 Let a lord haue his Corlarie,
 he schal wel knowe of al his dedes ; 28
 þau3 he be next his sacratarie,
 flatters and Wiþ flaterynge his lord he fedes,
 And wiþ sum speche he most him tarie,
 And þus wiþ lesynges him he ledes ; 32
 To gabben his lord most him nedes,
 deceives him. And wiþ sum blaundise make him blent :
 To leosen his offys euere he dredes,
 ffor 3if he þe soþe seiþ, he schal be schent. 36

(4)

All is wrong. ¶ And al is wrong ; þat dar .I. preue ;
 ffor let a mon be sore .I.-wounde,
 How can a
 doctor cure a
 wound unless
 he examines
 it ? Hou schulde a leche pis mon releue,
 But 3if he miȝte ronsake þe wounde ? 40
 ffor þau3 hit smerte & sumdel greue, [leaf 408, back, col. 3]
 3it most he suffre a luitel stounde.
 3if he kneuh of his mischeue,
 Wiþ salues he miȝte make him sounde. 44
 Were grace at large, þat lippe i-bounde,
 Hap and hele mihte we hent ;
 We lack
 doctors. Lac of leche wol vs confounde,
 ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 48

(5)

If a Friar
 tells folk the
 danger of
 their mis-
 doing, ¶ ffor let a frere in Godes seruise
 þe pereles to þe peple preche,
 Of vre misdede & vre quyntise,
 þe trewe tixt to telle and teche ; 52
 þau3 he beo riht witti and wyse,
 3it luytel þonk he schal him reche,
 And summe þer ben þat wol him spise,
 And blepely wayte him wiþ sum wreche. 56

his pore prechour þei wolen apeche
 At counseyl and at parliment ;
 But ȝif he kepe him out of heore cleche,
 ffor his soþ sawe he schal be schent.

he is im-
 peacht

60 and punisht.

(6)

¶ Sepþe þe tyme þat god was boren,
 his world was neuer so vntrewe ;
 Men recchen neuer to ben for-sworen,
 To reuen þat is hem ful duwe ;
 þe peynted word þat fel bi-foren,
 Be-hynde, hit is anoþer hewe.
 Whon Gabriel schal blowe his horn,
 His feble fables schul hym rewe :
 þe tonges þat such bargeyn gon brewe,
 Hit weore non harm þouȝ þei were brent.
 þus þis gyle is founde vp of newe,
 ffor hos seiþ soþ, he schal be schent.

The world
 was never so
 false as it is
 now.

64

68

72

(7)

¶ Siþen þe soþe dar no mon say,
 ffor drede to gete him a fo,
 Best .I. holde hit, in good fay,
 Let o day come, anoþer go
 And mak as murie as we may,
 Til eueri frend parte oþur fro.
 .I. drede hit draweþ to domes-day,
 Such saumples we han, & oþer two :
 Now knowes a child boþe weole & wo
 þat scholde ben an Innocent,
 Whil hit is ȝong, is norissched so ;
 But hos seiþ soþ, he schal be schent.

No man dares
 tell the truth,
 for fear of
 making foes.

76

Let us take
 things easy,
 and be merry.

80

84

(8)

¶ his world wol han his wikked wone,
 ffor soþe, hit wol non oþer be ;
 His cursede cours þat is bi-gonne,
 þer may no mon from hit fle
 þat haþ longe a-mong vs ronne,
 His ounе defaute mai he not se.
 þe fader trust not to þe sone,
 Ne non to oþer in no degre ;

The world
 will go
 wrong.

88

No one can
 see his own
 fault.

92

ffalshede is called a sotilte

And such a nome hit hap hent.

Whoever
speaks Truth
'll be hurt.

þis lesson lerneþ alle at me :

Ho seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent.

96

10. *Fy on a faint Friend!*

(9 stanzas of 8, abab bcbe.)

(1)

True friends
are few;**F**renschipe faileþ & fullich fadeþ;
ffeifful frendes fewe we fynde,liars are
many.

But glosers þat vche mon gladeþ

Wiþ feire bi-hestē and wordes as wylde.

4

But let a mon ones be cast be-hynde,

And wiþ þis world turmented & tenet,

He schal ful sone ben out of mynde.

And þere, fy on a feynt frend!

8

(2)

While you're
well off,

¶ þe while þat þou ledest þi lyf in ese

And goodlich gouernest þyn astate,

folk 'll do
your will.

þe fyndest Inouwe þat wol þe plese

And folwe þi wil boþe erliche & late.

12

When you
grow poor,

3if þi los bi-gynne to abate,

And þy good from þe gon wende,

they'll hate
you.

þei schul be þe furste þat þe wol hate :

And þer, fy on a feynt frende!

16

(3)

They'll not
help you;

¶ þus þou schalt, ar þou haue nede,

Al þi frendes folly I-knowen

And seyen heo dor not helpen þe

ffor drede, for fere þei lost her owen.

20

þei þat sum tyme wente ful lowe,

hem luste no lengore wiþ þe to lende,

they'll mock
you behind
your back.

Beo-hynde þi bak heo makeþ a Mouwe.

And þer, fy on a feynt frende!

24

(4)

Trust your-
self.

¶ To þi-self trust al-wei best,

ffor as þou dost, so schaltou haue.

[leaf 409]

Brek þe leste bouz of þi nest,

þe fyndest .I.-nouwe wol hit þe bi-raue,

28

And wole dispise þe and repraue,
 And sakeles wayte þe schame and schende :
 In such a cas, so god me saue,
 And euere, fy on a feynt frende ! 32

(5)

¶ 3if þou wolt not ben frendles,
 Lern to kepe þat þou hast ;
 Loke þou be not penyyles,
 Ne spend þou nouȝt þi good in wast. 36
 Or þou haue nede, þi frendes¹ a-tast, ^{1 MS. frendest}
 Wȝuche be stif & wȝuche wol bende ;
 And þer þou fynde bouwynde or bast,
 And euer, fy on a feynt frende ! 40

Keep what
 you have, and
 don't waste.

(6)

¶ In feiþ, þat ffrendschip hold .I. nouȝt
 To profer þe, whon þou hast no nede ;
 But ȝif þou weore in daunger brouȝt,
 Hose helpeþ þe þenne is worþi meede. 44
 Hose wolde þe nouȝer profre ne beode,
 He serueþ þonk wiþ-uten ende ;
 Such frendes are fewe I-laft in leode.
 And þerfore, fy on a feynt frende ! 48

The man who
 helps you
 when in dan-
 ger, is worthy
 of reward.

(7)

¶ Ho scholde eny frendschupe ben .I.-founde ?
 Good feiþ is flemed out of þis londe ;
 þer is more treuþe in an hounde
 þen in sum mon, .I. vnderstonde. 52
 Knackes & mowes þei han In honde
 Witterli to plese þe fende.
 He þat furst þat frendschip fonde,
 Euer fy on him, for a feynt frende ! 56

A dog is
 truer than
 some men.

(8)

¶ Eueri mon .I. counseile
 To gouerne him in such a wyse,
 ȝif hit so beo þat frendschup fayle,
 His owne deden wol maken him ryse ;
 Hold him In a mene asyse 60
 Euer to beo corteys and hende ;

Act so that,

If friends fall,
 your own
 deeds 'll raise
 you.

þen baldely may he dispise,
Euere fy on a feynt frende. 64

(9)

¶ þi[s] lessun loke þat ʒe leore,
Whon ʒe haþe soþe souʒt and seid ;
Trust on non such frendschup here ;
Ho sannest do, is tytes bi-trayed. 68
Loke al ʒor loue on him beo leyð,
ffor vs on Rode was prikket & prenet ;
Do we so þat crist beo payet
And þenne we hauen a syker frend. 72

Trust no
earthly
friendship ;
set your love
on Christ.

11. *Thank God of all.*

(17 stanzas of 8, abab bcbe.)

(1)

My mishaps
drove me
nearly mad
B I a wey wandryng as .I. went
Sore .I. syked for serwyng sad ;
ffor harde happes þat .I. haue hent,
Mournyng mad me al-most mad. 4
Vn-til a lettre al-one me lad
þat wel was writen on a wal ;
A blisful word þer .I. rad
Euere to þonke god of al. 8

till I saw on
a wall
'Thank God
for all.'

(2)

¶ þauʒ þou waxe blynd or lome,
Or eny seknesse on þe be set,
þenk riht wel hit is no schome,
Wiþ such grace god haþ þe gret. 12
In serwe & tene þou art .I.-knit,
And þi catel bi-ginneþ to fal ;
.I. not neuere hou þou myst do bot,
But euere to þonke god of al. 16

In sorrow
and trouble,

thank God
for all.

(3)

If you are
wealthy,
¶ ʒif þou welde worldes goode,
Ryally rayed in þi rest,
ffeir of face, freoly of foode,
Nis non þe lyk, bi Est ne West, 20

3it god may senden as him lust,
 Riches to torne as a Bal.
 In vche a maner .I. holde hit best,
 Euere to þonke god of al.

God may
 beggar you.

24

(4)

¶ 3if þi catel be-ginne to pase,
 And after waxest a pore mon,
 Tak good cumfort & bere good face,
 And trust on hym þat al good won.
 In God furst al goodnes bi-gon ;
 He may vs reue boþe bour and hal.
 Better cumfort .I. non con,
 But euer to þonke god of al.

If you grow
 poor,

28 trust in God.

32

(5)

¶ þenk on Iob þat was so riche,
 Hou he wox pore from day to day ;
 His beestes doun dyȝeden in euery diche
 His catel vanischt al a-way ;
 .I.-put he was in pore array
 Nouþer in purpul ne in pal,
 But in symple wede, as clerkes say,
 And euer he þonked god of al.

[leaf 409, col. 2]

Think how
 rich Job be-
 came poor,

36

40 and yet
 thank God.

(6)

¶ ffor faute of Catel, Iobpus floures
 ffaded and fel clene him fro ;
 In seknesse he soffred scharpe schoures
 Wiþ hunger, chele, repreof & wo.
 God sende him hele and catel bo,
 Toun and tour, and steede in stal,
 ffor he neuer grucched in wele ne wo,
 But euer þonked God of al.

Job sufferd
 sickness,
 hunger, woe ;

44

and yet God
 sent him
 health and
 wealth, for he
 ever thank
 God.

48

(7)

¶ Hose serucþ crist wiþ trewe entent,
 þe ffend þerto wol han Envy,
 þorw mis-beeleue to make him schent,
 And he him cacche in his baylye.
 þauh he þin hele and catel struye,
 Let studefast herte stonde in stal,

The Devil
 envies Christ-
 ians, and
 strives to en-
 snare them.

52

Let them
trust God,
and thank
Him for all.

And trustne to God þat sit so heizē
And euer to þonken him of al.

56

(8)

Many spring
from poverty
to riches,

¶ Ac mony mon comeþ vp of nouȝt,
And geteþ godes gret plente;
þorw pruide & bost he makeþ touȝt,
And clene for-ȝit his pouerte.

60

and then do
wrong to
others.

þen grete wronges worcheþ he
To hem þat he may ouer cal,
ffor þat þei mowe no forþer fle,
But euer to þonke god of al.

64

(9)

The wild
young ox is
goaded in the
plough;

¶ Me prikeþ þe Oxe in þe plough,
Whon he is ȝong, vntoun and wylde,
He wol Rore and make hit touh,
And of his drauȝt ben vn-bylde;
þe more he torneþ out of his tylde,
þe driuere wole him boxe and Bral:

68

so God 'll
goad you,
unless you
thank Him
for all.

So god wol þe, but þou be mylde,
And euere to þonken him of al.

72

(10)

It is great sin
to grudge
against God.

¶ Aȝeyn God to grucche is gret trespas,
þat such sondes may sende bi est & west;
þi worldlich wo may turne to solas
Whon þou lyst clongen & closed in chest,
Whon þou schalt wenden to trauayl or rest,
þi worldlich weole hit is but smal.

76

It's best to
thank Him
for all.

In vche a maner, hit is þe best,
Euer to þonke God of al.

80

(11)

¶ ffor goddes loue, so do we,
ffor he may boþe ȝiue and take;
In what meschef þat euer we be,
he is mihti I-nouȝ vr serwe to slake.
Good amendes he wol vs make,
And we to him wol crie & cal,
What weole or wo þat we in wake,
And euer to þonken god of al.

84

He'll make
amends to us
if we cry to
Him.

88

(12)

¶ þeiȝ þou be in prisun cast	If you're cast into prison or distress,
Or eny distresse men doþ þe beode,	
ffor godes loue þou beo studefast	be steadfast;
And haue good mynde vppon þi crede.	92
þenk God feyleþ þe neuer at neode,	
þat derworþe duyk vs deme schal.	
Whon þou art wo, þerto tak hede,	thank God for all.
And euer to þonken him of al.	96

(13)

¶ And þei þi frendes from þe fayle	Tho' you love friends, and they die,
And deþ ha raft hem of heore lyue,	
Wharto schuldestou wepe or waile?	
Hit is no boote wiþ god to striue.	100
God maade boþe Mon and wyue;	
hit is skil he tak vs; we ben his þral.	God takes them: thank God for all.
What-so þou þole or elles to þryue,	
Euer to þonke god of al.	104

(14)

¶ Diuerse sondes crist haþ .I.-sent	
Boþe here and eke in oþer place:	
Tac we hit wiþ trewe entent,	
þe sannore he wole sende vs grace.	108
þauȝ þat vr bodies ben brouȝt in bace,	Tho' you are humbled,
Let not ȝor hertes ben vn-tal,	
And þenk þat god is þer he was,	thank God for all.
And euer to þonken him of al.	112

(15)

¶ ffor Godes loue be not to wylde,	[leaf 409, col. 3]
Reule ȝow in Reson alle to Route,	
And tak wiþ trewe tent & mylde,	
Diuerse sondes crist sent a-boute:	116
þen dar .I. seyen wiþ-uten doute,	Whatever is sent you, bear it gently,
In heuene-blisse is maad vr stal,	
To Riche & pore þat lowe wol loute,	and inherit Heaven.
Euer to þonke God of al.	120

(16)

¶ þis world is good & nouȝt in gesse	The world is good to those
To hem þat wolen kuynde be,	

who'll share
with the
poor.

And *parte* aboute of heore richesse

To hem þat ben In pouerte.

124

A wonder þing hit is to se

þat kuynde loue adoun schal fal.

Better cumfort non con .I. me,

But euer to þonke god of al.

128

(17)

¶ þit .I. radde forþer-more—

Trewe entent I tok þertil,—

Don't strive
against
Christ's will.

þat *cris*t may riht wel vr stat restore,

Hit nis nouȝt to striuen azeines his wil.

132

He may vs saue, he may vs spil ;

þenk riht wel we ben his þral.

We are his
thralls.
Thank God
for all.

þouȝ we haue not al vr wil,

Euermore þonke we god of al.

136

12. This World fares as a Fantasy.

(11 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

(1)

What is this
world?

I wolde witen of sum wys wiht

Witterly what þis world were.

It's like a
bird's flight,
now hence,
now here:

Hit fareþ as a foules fliht,

Now is hit heȝne, now is hit here ;

4

Ne be we neuer so muche of miht,

Now be we on benche, nou be we on bere,

And be we neuer so war and wiht,

Now be we sek, now beo we fere ;

8

Now is on proud wiþ-uten peere,

Now is þe selue .I.-set not by ;

And whos wol alle þing her[t]ly here,

it goes like a
fantasy.

þis world fareþ as a ffantasy.

12

(2)

The sun goes
east and west,

¶ þe sonnes cours we may wel kenne,

Arysep Est and geþ doun West.

rivers run to
the sea,

þe Ryuers in-to þe séé þei renne,

And hit is neuer þe more al-mest.

16

winds rush
here and
there.

Wyndes Rosscheþ her and henne,

In snouȝ and reyn is non arest.

- ¶ Whon þis wol stunte, ho wot, or whenne,
 But only god on grounde grest ? 20 God only
 þe eorþe in on is euer prest, knows when
 Now bi-dropped, now al druyȝe. this'll stop.
 But vche gome glit forþ as a gest ;
 þis world fareþ as a ffantasye. 24 The world is
 like a fantasye.

(3)

- ¶ Kunredes come, & kunredes gon,
 As Ioyneþ generacions ; Kindreds
 But alle heo passeþ, euerichon, come and go ;
 ffor al heor preparacions, all pass away
 Sum are for-ȝete clene as bon 28 and are for-
 A-mong alle-maner nacions. gotten ;
 So schul men þenken vs no-þing on,
 þat nou han þe ocupacions, 32 so shall we
 And alle þeos disputacions be,
 Idelyche aȝ vs occupye, and our vain
 ffor crist makeþ þe creacions, disputes.
 And þis world fareþ as a fantasye. 36

(4)

- ¶ Whuch is Mon, ho wot, and what,
 Wheþer þat he be ouȝt or nouȝt ? What is
 Of Erpe & Eyr groweþ vp a gnat, Man ?
 And so doþ Mon whon al his souht. 40
 þauȝ mon be waxen gret and fat,
 Mon melteþ a-wey so deþ a mouht ; He springs
 Monnes miht nis worþ a Mat, up and melts
 But nuyȝeþ him-self and turneþ to nouȝt. 44 like a Moth.
 Ho wot, saue he þat al haþ wrouȝt,
 Wher mon bi-comeþ whon he schal dye ? Who knows
 Ho knoweþ bi dede, ouȝt bote bi þouȝt ? where he goes
 ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasye. 48 when he dies ?
 All is fantasye.

(5)

- ¶ Dyep mon, and beestes dye,
 And al is on Ocasion : Men and
 And alle o deþ, hos boþe drye, beasts die.
 And han on Incarnacion ; 52
 Saue þat men beoþ more sleyȝe,
 Al is o comparison.

Who knows
where their
souls go to,
ho wot 3if monnes soule styze,
And bestes soules synkeþ doun? 56
Who knoweþ Beestes entencioun, [leaf 409, back]
On heor creatour how þei crie,
Saue only god þat knoweþ heore soun?
ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasye. 60

(6)

¶ Vche secte hopeþ to be saue,
Baldely bi heore bi-leeue,
¶ And vchon vppon God heo craue :
Whi schulde God wiþ hem him greue? 64
Vchon trouweþ þat oþur Raue,
But alle heo cheoseþ God for cheue,
And hope in God vchone þei haue,
And bi heore wit heore worching preue. 68
þus mony maters men dou meue,
Sechen heor wittes hou and why,
But Godes Merci vs alle bi-heue,
ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasy. 72

(7)

They stumble
and discuss,
and are like
children
learning to
spell.
God is our
only help.
The World is
false, a fan-
tasy.
¶ ffor þus men stumble & sere heore wittes,
And meueþ maters mony and fele ;
Summe leueþ on him, sum leueþ on hit,
As children leorneþ for to spele. 76
But non seop non þat a-bit,
Whon stilly deþ wol on hym stele.
ffor he þat hext in heuene sit,
He is þe help and hope of hele ; 80
ffor wo is ende of worldes wele :
Vche lyf loke wher þat .I. lye.
þis world is fals, fikel and frele,
And fareþ but as a fantasye. 84

(8)

Why do we
want to know
God's se-
crets ?
¶ Wharto wilne we forte knowe
þe poyntes of Godes priuete ?
More þen him lustnes forte schowe,
We schulde not knowe in no degre, 88
And Idel best is forte blowe
A Mayster of diuinite ;

þenk we lyue in eorþe her lowe,		We are below;
And God an heiȝ in Mageste.	92	God above.
Of Material Mortualite		Let us think
Medle we & of no more Maistrie.		only of bodily
þe more we trace þe Trinite,		Death,
þe more we falle in fantasye.	96	not try to
		trace the
		Trinity,

(9)

¶ But leue we vre disputisoun,		
And leue on him þat al haþ wrouȝt ;		
We mowe no[t] preue bi no resoun		or explain
Hou he was born þat al vs bouȝt.	100	how Christ
		was born.
But hol in vre entencioun		Let's worship
Worschepe we him in herte & þouȝt,		Him.
ffor he may turne kuyndes vpsedoun		
þat alle kuyndes made of nouȝt.	104	
Whon al vr bokes ben forþ brouht,		Our books,
And al vr craft of clergye,		learning and
And al vr wittes ben þorw-out souȝt,		wits are but
ȝit we fareþ as a fantasye.	108	a fantasy.

(10)

¶ Of fantasye is al vr fare,		That is all
Olde & ȝonge and alle I-fere.		our life.
But make we murie & sle care		Let us make
And worschepe we god, whil we ben here,	112	merry, kill
Spende vr good and luytel spare ;		care, worship
And vche mon cheries oþeres cheere,		God,
þenk hou we comen hider al bare,		
Vr wey wending is in a were.	116	
Prey we þe prince þat haþ no pere,		and pray Him
Tac vs hol to his Merci		to grant us
And kepe vr Conciencie clere,		Mercy and
ffor þis world is but fantasy.	120	keep our con-
		sciencesclear,

(11)

¶ Bi ensauple men may se :		
A gret treo groweþ out of þe grounde ;		The growth
No þing a-bated þe eorþe wol be		of a big tree
þauȝ hit be huge, gret and rounde.	124	doesn't lessen
		the earth,
Riht þer wol Rooten þe selue tre,		
Whon elde haþ maad his kuynde aswounde ;		

or its decay
increase it.

þauȝ þer weore rote suche þre,
þe eorþe wol not encrece a pounde. 128

Men and
beasts wax
and wane; go
from nothing
to nothing.

The World is
but a fantasy.

þus waxeþ & wanteþ Mon, hors & hounde;
ffrom nouȝt to nouȝt þus henne we hiȝe
And her we stunteþ but a stounde,
ffor þis world is but fantasye. 132

13. *Ay, Mercy, God!*

(12 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbe.*)

(1)

Beside a
forest I saw a
man

As I wandrede her bi weste
ffaste vnder a forest syde,
I seiȝ a wiht went him to reste,
Vnder a bouȝh he gon a-byde; 4
þus to crist ful ȝeor[n]e he criȝede,
And boþe his hondes he held on heiȝ:
“Of pouert, plesaunce & eke of pruide.
Ay, Merci, God, And graunt-Merci.¹ 8

who cried to
Christ

for Mercy.

(2)

God, for my
misdeeds,

have Mercy
on me!

¶ God, þat I haue I-greuet þe
In wille & werk, in word and dede,
Almihti lord, haue Merci of me
þat for my sunnes þi blod gon schede! 12
Of wit & worschupe, weole & wede
I þonke þe, lord, ful Inwardly;
Al in þis world, hou euere I spede,
Ay Merci, god, And graunt Merci. 16

(3)

I thank Thee,
God, for all
Thy gifts.

Have Mercy
on me!

¶ Graunt Merci, god, of al þi ȝifte,
Of wit & worschupe, weole & wo;
In to þe, lord, myn herte I lifte,
Let neuer my dedes twynne. vs a-two. 20
Merci þat I haue mis do,
And sle me nouȝt sodeynly!
þouȝ ffortune wolde be frend or fo,
Ay Merci, God, And graunt Merci. 24

¹ I take *Merci* to be used in this poem in the twofold sense of Mercy and Thanks.

(4)

¶ I am vnkuynde, and þat I knowe,
 And þou hast kud me gret kuyndenes;
 þerfore wiþ humbel herte and lowe,
 Merci and for-ȝiuenes
 Of Pruyde and of vnboxumnes!
 What eueri sonde be, þus sey I,
 In hap and hele, and in seknes,
 Ay Merci, god, And graunt Merci.

28 Forgive my
 pride and
 disobedience.

32

(5)

¶ Graunt Merci, God, of al þi grace,
 þat fourmed me wiþ wittes fyue,
 Wiþ ffeet and hond, & eke of face
 And lyflode, whil I am alyue.
 Siþen þou hast ȝiue me grace to þryue,
 And I haue Ruled me Rechelesly,
 I wecre to blame, and I wolde striue,
 But Merci, God, And Graunt Merci.

I thank Thee,
 God, for my
 five Wits.

36

40

(6)

¶ Merci þat I haue mis-spent
 Mi wittes fyue! þerfore I wepe;
 To dedly synnes ofte haue I asent,
 þi Comaundemens coupe I neuer kepe;
 To sle my soule In sunne I slepe,
 And lede my lyf in Lecheri,
 ffrom Couetyse coupe I neuere crepe;
 Ay Merci, God, And Graunt Merci.

Have Mercy
 on me for
 misusing
 them!

44

I have sind in
 Lechery,

48

Covetous-
 ness,

(7)

¶ Of opes grete and Gloteny,
 Of wanhope and of wikked wille:
 Bacbyte my neiȝhebers for enuy,
 And for his good I wolde him culle;
 Trewe men to Robbe and spille,
 Of Symony and *wit* surquidri;
 Of al þat euere I haue don ille,
 Ay Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

Swearing,
 Gluttony,

Despair,
 52 Murder, &c.

56 Have Mercy
 on me!

(8)

¶ Bi lawe I scholde no lengor liue
 þen I hedde don a dedly synne;

I thank Thee,
God, for time
to mend in,

Graunt Merci þat ȝe wolde forgiue,
And ȝeue me space to mende me Inne!
ffrom wikked dedes & I wolde twynne,
To Receyue me ȝe beo redi
In-to þi blisse þat neuer schal blynne.
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

60
64

(9)

and for mak-
ing me.

¶ Graunt Merci, for þou madest me,
Merci, for I haue don a-Mis;
Min hope, Min help is hol in þe,
And þou hast ȝore bi-heiht me þis:
Whos euere is Baptized schal haue Blis,
And he Rule him Rihtwysli.
Teach me to
do Thy will!

To worche þi wille, lord, þou me wis!
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

68
72

(10)

I will shrive
me and re-
pent, and
trust to Thy
Mercy.

¶ Sopfast god, what schal I say,
how schulde I amendes make,
þat plesed þe neuere in-to þis day
Ne schop me nouȝt mi sunnes forsake?
But schrift of mouþe mi sunnus schal slake,
And I schal sece and beo sori,
And to þi Merci I me take.
Nou Merci, God, [And] Graunt Merci.

76
80

(11)

I thank for
their gifts
the Trinity,

¶ ffader & sone and hlogost,
Graunt Merci, God, wiþ herte liht,
ffor þou woldest not þat I weore lost.
þe ffader haþ ȝiuen me a miht,
þe sone a science and a siht
And wit to welde me worschupely,
þe Hlogost vr grace haþ diht.
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

84
88

(12)

three persons

¶ þis is þe Trone þat twynned neuere,
And preued is persones þre,
þat is and was and schal ben euere,
in one God. Only God in Trinite;

92

help vs, Prince of alle pite,
 Atte day þat we schal dy,
 þi swete face þat we may se.
 Nou Merci, God, And Graunt Merci.

96 Have Mercy
 on me!

14. *Truth ever is best.*

(9 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

HOse wolde him wei a-vyse
 Of þis wrecched world, I weene,
 I hope ful wel he schulde dispise
 þe foule falshede þat þer-in bene.
 Certes, sum day schal be sene,
 Much eorþly labour schal be lest;
 Whon good and vuel vr dedes schal deme,
 We schal wel fynde þat treuþe is best.

4 Despise false-
 hood!

8 Truth is best;

(2)

Treuþe is best for kyng and kniht,
 Certes, hose riȝt wol rede;
 Among þis ladyes feir and briht
 Hit schulde be loued in vch a leode;
 þis Marchauns worþli vnder wede,
 To buyȝe & selle þei ben ful prest,
 Among hem alle schuld no falshede,
 But vsen trouþe, þat euere i[s] best.

best for
 Kings,
 Knights,
 Ladies,
 12 Merchants.

16

(3)

Sikerli, I dar wel say,
 In al þis world nis heo ne he,
 þat þei wolde fayn, ȝif þat þei may,
 Leden heore lyf in prosperite,
 And als swiȝe as þei schulde dyȝe,
 Til heuene þat þei mote come ful prest.
 þat noble plase þei neiȝe ner neih
 But ȝif þei meyntene trouþe for best.

20

No one can
 win Heaven
 unless he
 holds Truth
 best.
 24

(4)

Trouþe schal deme vs alle be-dene,
 He wol do trewely and no wrong;

VERNON MS.

z z

I hope we schal bope seye and sene
 þat we han contraried him al to long. 28
 Lords, so act And þerfore, lordes bope stout and strong
 þat may deeme her riht as þe lest,
 that Truth may be held
 best! ffor Godes loue wis þou so among,
 þat troupe be meynntened for þe best. 32

(5)

And þerfore haue þis in 3our muynde,
 Hose medleþ wiþ þe lawe :
 Let not Law- Let neuer falshed a3eynes vnkuynde
 yers destroy Truth. ffordon troupe ne soþ sawe. 36
 ffor falshed euermore schal stonde awe
 On troupe þau3 he be neuer so prest.
 ffor godes loue let neuer gold þe drawe
 A3eynes troupe þat euer is best. 40

(6)

Truth will bring us out
 of sin, Wolde we rule us al wiþ troupe,
 And mak him hollich vr gouernour,
 We schulde keuere out of synne & sloupe,
 and make us the flower of
 Chivalry. And of Chiualrye bere þe flour : 44
 ffor troupe in were may most endour,
 And euer is biggest at þe lest.
 ffor godes loue, graunt we him socour,
 And mayntene troupe þat euer is best. 48

(7)

Truth and Virtue once
 reignd here, Troupe was sum tyme here a lord ;
 wiþ him alle vertues, as I wene ;
 as Spain and Brittany wit- 3it Spayne, Brutayne wol bere record,
 ness. And oper diuerse londes be-dene, 52
 þat we endouwed hem as þei schulde bene,
 And made hem lordes to lyue in rest :
 þer dorste no falshede with hem be sene,
 So loued þei troupe, þat euer is best. 56

(8)

If we'd let Truth rule us
 again, other lands 'ud do
 us homage. Wolde we 3it lete troupe a3eyn
 Be lord, and bere his heritage,
 Al oper londes schuld be ful fayn
 To don vs feute and homage : 60

Baldelych þis dar I wage,
And falshede & his lore weore lest,
þei schulde not dure vn-to a page
To werre *with* troupe þat euer is best.

64

(9)

ffalshed may wel regne a while
þorw Meyntenaunce of couetise ;
Atte last his grount wol him be-gyle,
A while þouȝ he be neuer so wyse.
ffalshed haþ ben most in pris
Boþe bi North and eke bi West :
We schul him hunte as Cat dop mys,
Whon troupe him cheues þat euer is best.

Falsehood

68

has prevaild
in the North
and West ;
but we'll
hunt him as
a cat does
mice.

72

15. *Charity is no longer dear.*

(14 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

HOse wolde be-þenke him weel
Hou þis world is went, I-wis,
And couþe enterly grope & feel
þe foule falshede þat þer-in is,
I durste be bold, so haue I blis,
þat mony good mon schuld haue mateere
Te meue & mourne and fare a-Mis,
ffor charite is no lengor cheere.

Any one who
knows the
Falsehood in
the world,

4

would mourn
that Love is
no longer
dear.

8

(2)

Mony a Mon, riht as him seemeþ,
A þing þat he neuer kneuh ne wist,
Boþe lordes & Mene Men he demeþ,
And spekeþ of hem riȝt as him list.
Allas ! for ȝif a mon nou trist
His broþer or his cosyn neere,
He schal be deceyued in his fist,
ffor charite is no lengore cheere.

12

If a man
trusts his
brother or
cousin, he'll
be trickt.

16

(3)

þo þat spekeþ most, as I leeue,
And demen men so al aboute,

Judges of
other men

Wher no faute vppon hem cleue,
 3us, be my troupe, hit is no doute, 20
 Such Men may not ben wiþ-outen,
 No more þen hecgh wiþ-outen Brere ;
 Envye is wiþ hem so stoute,
 þat charite is no lengore chere. 24

(4)

3 things hin- ffor preo lettynges þat þer bene,
 der righteous A Mon mai not deeme rihtwislye :
 Judgment : þe furste lettyng, as I wene, 28
 distance, A þing þat is to fer from ei3e,
 clearness, Or elles a þing may beo to nei3,
 absence of Schal lette his siht, þau3 hit be clere ;
 love. þe þridde is, þat he demeþ bi,
 Whon charite is no lengore chere. 32

(5)

3e mai in feelde sum tyme i-se
 A bosck þat stondeþ ful fer þe fro,
 þat 3e schal deme hit schal be
 Mon or Beest, hors, on of þo : 36
 And al is wrong to deeme hit so,
 Certes, as 3e schal after lere.
 So demes a Mon ofte be his ffo,
 Whon charite is no lengore chere. 40

(6)

3if þou hast an huge envy,
 And hatest a mon wiþ al þi miht,
 Liue þat mon neuer so rihtwisly,
 3it schaltou deme he liueþ not riht ; 44
 Envye stoppeþ þer þi siht,
 And makeþ fer, þat schulde be neere,
 And lac of loue letteþ þi liht,
 Whon charite is no lengore chere. 48

(7)

Vppon þin E3e-lide þer mai ley
 A spot or elles a mote, I-wis,
 And for bicause hit is so nei3,
 þou mai3t not seo hit, so haue I blis, 52

To deme treuly what hit is ;
 þerfore þi doom falleþ in a weere.
 So demeþ a mon ofte syþes a-mis,
 Whon þat his herte is set from cheere.

56 you can't
 judge rightly
 if your heart
 is unloving.

(8)

3if þou louest þi broþer so
 þat þi loue passeþ al a-syse,
 What þat euer þi broþer do,
 Euel or wrong in eny wyse,
 Al is wel to þin avise,
 Bi cause þou louest him so entere ;
 His defeaute constou not spise,
 ffor þer þin herte is set to chere.

Entire love
 of a man

60

hides his
 faults.

64

(9)

Let a lechour heere a-spye
 A 3ong mon *with* a wommon rage,
 And nouþer of heom ne þenke folye,
 But wel may falle of o linage,
 3it wol þat lechour þinke outrage,
 And deeme þei wolde do mis I-fere :
 Such deemyng askeþ sliper wage,
 ffor charite þer is no-þing cheere.

If a lecher
 sees a man
 play inno-
 cently with a
 girl,

68

he thinks it
 evil :

72

he has no
 charity.

(10)

And riȝt so fareþ hit, be my troupe,
 Wiþ a proud Mon & a Couetous,
 A wrecche þat liueþ al in Slouȝþe,
 And eke a mon þat is vicyous ;
 He wenes vch mon þat is vertuous
 Vseþ his wyse and his maneere ;
 So fareþ Men þat beþ Envyous,
 Whon Charite is no lengor chere.

Proud and
 vicious folk

76

think good
 men are bad ,
 like them-
 selves.

80

(11)

Let a trewe mon bi þe Rood,
 þat is good, honest and sad,
 He weeneþ þat vche mon be good,
 He nolde not demen a mon weore bad.
 But wrecched fooles þat beoþ mad,
 þat con not wel heore tonge steere,

Good men

84

don't think
 others bad ;

fools gladly
 think the
 worst of folk.

To deme þe worste þei ben ful glad,
Whon Charite is no lengor cheere. 88

(12)

No one can judge I leene þer beo no mon alyue,
þif he his warison scholde winne,
þat couþe enterliche knowe & skreue
the inner life of others. þe lyf þat is sum mon wiþ-Inne ; 92
ffor summe þat semeþ most wiþ synne,
In hap of synne may beo most clere.
Of such demyng I rede 3e blynne,
ffor Charite þer is no-þing chere. 96

(13)

Let those who blame others, see that they're pure themselves,
And þo þat leouest is to lak,
And demeþ men so al bideene,
Vn-bynt þe burþen on 3or bak,
And loke furst þat 3or-self be clene. 100
Al such demyng, as I wene,
Schulde beo reseruet to godes poueere ;
So me þinkeþ hit best to beone,
ffor þen schal charite ben most cheere. 104

(14)

Certes, and 3e loke ariht,
Good words weigh no more than the worst. A good word no more wol weye
þat hit liþ on 3or tonge as liht,
As þe worste þat 3e con seye. 108
Such Idel wordes, I ou preye,
3e louke hem faste in 3oure forcere,
And let concience bere þe keye ;
and let Conscience keep the key. ffor þen schal charite be most chere. 112

16. Of Women cometh this Worldes Weal.

(10 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

(1)

In honour of Mary, **I**n worschupe of þat Mayden swete,
Mylde Marie, Moder and May,
I greet all good women. Alle gode wimmen wol I grete,
þat god fende hem from vch afray ; 4

With muche menske mote þei mete,
 And wel worþe alle wymmen ay!
 Al vr Bale þei may beete,
 Serteynliche, I dar wel say; 8
 And hose blameþ hem niht or day,
 Wiþ Bale mot heore tonge belle.
 I preue hit wel, ho-euer seiþ nay :
 Of wimmen comeþ þis worldes welle. 12

From women
 comes all this
 world's weal.

(2)

But moni vn-witti wiht is woode,
 Vn-wysliche wimmen wol dispyse,
 þat ben I-boren of wimmen blode :
 I-wis, such wihtes ben vn-wyse, 16
 ffor þei defoule heor ounne foode.
 Such grimly goostes may agryse,
 wiþ pulke þat dude god on þe Rode :
 At dredful dom such schal aryse, 20
 Be Iugged wiþ þe heiȝe Iustise
 To folewe þe false feendes fele,
 And rikene wiþ þe vnrihtwyse,
 þat of wymmen comeþ worldes welle. 24

Foolish men,
 tho' born of
 women,
 despise them.

These fellows

shall be judgd
 and go to
 Hell.

(3)

Sum seiþ wimmen haþ be-gilt
 Adam, Sampson and Salamon,
 And seiþ þat wimmen haþ I-spilt
 Mony a wys worþi mon : 28
 þus þei greggen wymmens gilt;
 Of Monnes riken þei neuer on.
 And monnes falshed weore fulfild,
 I trowe þer weore twenti aȝeynes on, 32
 Of Macabeus, Iudas and Ion,
 Alisaundre and oþer feole,
 þat with monnes gult was fordon ;
 But of wimmen comeþ þis worldes wele. 36

Some say
 women ruind
 Adam, Solo-
 mon, and
 other wise
 men.

But they
 never reckon
 men's guilt,
 which is 20
 times that of
 women.

(4)

And Iudas gentil Ihesu solde
 þat saued alle þat was forlore !
 And monnes falsed weore I-tolde,
 Men miht rikene moni a score. 40

Judas sold
 Jesus.

But moni gabben on heore dame ;		blame wo-
To blame wymmen þei pinke hit best.		men, should
Stunteþ for 3or owne schame ;		stop for
Of such resouns I rede 3e rest ;	80	shame,
To preyse wymmen þat 3e be prest !		and praise
Wymmen ben hende in hete and chele,		them.
Wimmen gladeþ vch a godly gest,		
ffor of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele.	84	

(8)

Wymmen wrappen vs in wede		They clothe
Whon we beo naked boren and bare,		and feed us,
And of hire flesh fostreþ and feede,		
And 3arken vs whon we ben 3are.	88	
Whon we ben old, þei moste vs hede,		and tend us
And keuere vs out of mony a care ;		when old.
Whon we be nasti, nouzt at neode,		
Neore wimmen help, hou schulde we fare ?	92	When we are
At dredful dom whon we schal dare		nasty, how
ffor fere of false fendes feole,		can we do
Whon vche mon schal his speche spare,		without wo-
þen wommon help is al vr weole.	96	men's help ?

(9)

ffor God and Mon was fer atwinne		
Whon he made Monkuynde of Séé-flod :		
I wolde wite, whon þat Eue gon spinne,		
Bi whom þat 3oure gentrie stod ?	100	
Hou be-come 3e godes kinne,		How is man
But barelych þorw þe wommones blod ?		of God's kin,
Allas, hou may men for synne		except thro'
Speke bi wymmen ouzt bote good !	104	woman's
Wimmen beoþ so mylde of mood,		blood ?
Louesum, loueli, lyf and lele.		
Witnes on him þat died on Rood,		They are so
Of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele.	108	mild, lovely
		and leal.

(10)

God, þat made boþe Sonne and Mone,		May God
To alle wymmen Socour he sende,		keep all wo-
In alle þe dedes þat þei haue done,		men from the
Kepe hem from þe false fende.	112	Devil !

And to Marie I bidde a bone :

May Mary
guard them
everywhere!

Warde wymmen, wher-so-euer þei wende,

ffrom synne and serwe schylde hem sone,

Wher in londe þat euer þei lende !

116

I warne alle þat be wimmenes frende,

I cannot
praise them
half enough.

I con not preise hem þe haluendele,

þouȝ I þus schortliche make an ende :

Of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele.

120

17. The Praise of Mary, Mother of Christ.¹

(13 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

Mary is the
fairest flower.

Off alle floures feirest faß on,

And þat is Marie, Moder fre,

þat bar þe child of flesch and bon,

Ihesu, Godes sone in Maieste.

4

I long to
serve her
better.

A loue-lykyng is come to me

To serue þat ladi, qwen of blis,

Ay better and better in my degre,

þe lengor þat I liue, I-wis.

8

(2)

So hertly I haue I-set my þouȝt

vypon þat buyrde of buyrdes best ;

I see her not,
but my heart
is set on her.

ffor al-pauh I seo hire nouȝt,

Min herte schal fully wiþ hire be fest.

12

Ihesu þat sek milk of hire brest,

To ȝou boþe I be-heete :

Mi loue schal holly wiþ ȝou rest,

þauȝ I be not worþi ne meete.

16

(3)

She is my
help at my
last day.

Sertes, swete, on ȝou is al

Min helpyng at myn endyng-day ;

þat I be not þe fendes þral,

Marie, to ȝor sone ȝe pray.

20

Hou schal I do, my swete may,

But ȝif I loue ȝou souereynly ?

¹ Note the effective repetitions in lines 57 and 101.

Elles miht men boldly bi me say
Daunger mad vnskilfully.

24

(4)

Hose beþenkeþ him, I-wis,
Of 3or gret goodnesse and 3or grace,
He scholde neuer wilne to don amis,
Ne luste to loue in oþer place.
In hope to seo 3or blessed face,
And dwelle wiþ 3ou at myn endyng,
And haue relese of alle trespase,
Ladi, þau; I mourne I synge.

He who loves
her never
does wrong
willingly.

28

32

(5)

Lentun-dayes, þei ben longe,
And nou weor good tyme to amende
þat we be-foren han do wronge;
þis world nis noþing, as I wende.
In sori tyme my lyf Isspend;
þis world is fals, and þat I feel;
But Marie Moder me amende,
A-Mis I fare, and noþing wel.

In Lent we
should amend
our past mis-
deeds.

36

40

(6)

But þat swete worpli wyf,
Hire goodly loue þat I may gete,
Al my Ioye wol turne to strif,
And I may syke with wonges wete:
Whon þat I þenke on þat swete,
Me þinkeþ hit is so good a þouzt,
I sey to eueri mon þat I meete
“Gode, go wey, and let me nouzt!”

Unless I get
Mary's love,

my joy is
lost.

44

48

(7)

Loue me haþ in Bales brouzt,
ffor on such þat I suppose,
þat is so studefast in hire þouzt,
þat coupe neuere gabbe ne glose.
Hose hire loueþ, he schal not lose,
ffor 3it be-giled heo neuer no wiht.
I likne þat ladi to þe Rose:
I-blessed beo þat buirde briht!

52

56

She is like
the Rose.
Blessed may
she be!

(8)

Me longede neuere so sore, so sore,
 To seo my loueli ladi deere.
 Without her, 3if heo neore, we neore but lore,
 we were but lost. þat ladi lofsum most of lere. 60
 And wite hit wel wiþ-uten weere :
 Whon I þenk on hire semblaunt sad,
 þer wol no wys mon blame me here,
 þau3 þat I go murie and glad. 64

(9)

She is lovely, A louely lyf to loken vp-on,
 So is my ladi, þat Emperys ;
 Mi lyf I dar leye þer-vppon,
 priceless, þat princesse is peerles of prys, 68
 good, So feir, so clene, so good, so wys,
 true as steel. And þerto trewe as eny steel,
 þer nis no such to my deuys :
 Lor God, þat I loue hire wel ! 72

(10)

For the New Year, To þis newe 3er, my ladi sweete,
 Wiþ al myn herte in good entent,
 I greet you, Mary, with 5 Aves. Wiþ fyue Aues I ow grete,
 And preye ou take þis feire present ; 76
 And schape so þat I beo not schent,
 Seþþen of 3ou Merci gon springe.
 ffor al my loue is on 3ou lent,
 Sweete, sweettest of alle-skunnes þinge ! 80

(11)

þis is þe remenaunt of my lust,
 þat I not wheþer my ladi mylde
 To my loue haue inly trust,
 Bicause Monkuynde is frele and wylde. 84
 Lady, help me But, ladi, for 3oure blisful childe,
 Sipeu al my loue is leyd on þe,
 to build a bower in Heaven ! In heuene help me a boure to bylde,
 Ladi, 3if þi wille be. 88

(12)

May the King of Love grant me thy love ! þe loue þat I haue 3eorned 3ore,
 þe kyng of loue graunt hit me !

In eorþly loue is luytel store,	
ffor al þat nis but vanyte.	92
Wher I schal euer þat day I-se,	
To plese my ladi ones to pay?	
Heo is of colour and beute	
As fresch as is þe Rose In May.	96

Mary is as
fresh as the
Rose in May.

(13)

Hose lust not loue, let hym be-leue,	
ffor I wol holde þat I haue hiht;	
þat lust schal no mon from me reue	
þat I nul loue my ladi briht.	100
Loue, loue, do me riht,	
Marie Mooder, Mayden clene,	
In heuene of þe to haue a siht,	
Ladi, to þe my mone I mene.	104

May I see
thee, Mary,
in Heaven!

18. *Maiden Mary and her Fleur de Lys.*(17 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

M arie Mayden, Moder Mylde,	Maiden Mary,
þat blisful Bern in bosum beere,	
Cheef & chast þou ches of chylde	chief of all women,
Of alle wymmen In world þat were :	4
Saue vs sound, and socur vs here,	
As princes is preised & proued for prys.	
What leode þis lesson lykes to lere,	
Be token hit is þe fflourdelys.	8 is the Fleur de Lys.

(2)

þat freoli flour weore fair to fynde,	
what gome wolde go þer as hit greu3.	
As Maacer herof made in his Mynde ;	
þus kenned him Catoun, his craftes he kneu3,	12
What segge on soil þat þat seed seu3,	
Hit is holy at myn avys ;	
Aboue þe Braunches bep Blossmes neu,	
þe lele cheses faire þe fflourdelys.	16

Macer was
taught by
Cato as to
who sowed the
seed of the
Fleur de Lys.

(3)

Mary, thou
art like this
flower; and
thy Son like
its blossom.

pou lele ladi, I likne to þe
þe flour, to þi semeli sone also
þe blisful Blosme þat euer mihte be,
Treuly þat was be-twix þou to. 20
Whon we weore wrapped al in wo
þorw werkes þat we had wrouzt wrongwys,
þi godnes gert vs graiply go
þorw vertu of þi fflourdelys. 24

(4)

When Gabriel
greeted thee,

fful greiply was þe graunted grace
Whon Gabriel from god þe gret,
þat fel to þi feet bi-fore þi face,
þe Murieste meetyng þat euer was met. 28
So sittyngli hire sawes heo set,
As a wommon boþe war and wys :
“To seo þi seruauunt and þi soget;”
And þer bi-gon furst þi fflourdelys. 32

thy Fleur de
Lys began.

(5)

In hond þou haddest & heold vr hele ;
þorw him þat hadde heiȝ heuene in holde
What Murþe was mad no Mouþ miȝt mele,
Whon þou þat worþly hed wonnen in wolde. 36
He com to keuere vs of cares colde,
His pepul he put in paradys,
þat tyde and tyme þe Angel tolde,
Of þe schulde springe þe fflourdelys. 40

(6)

When Christ
was crucified,

þat Blisful Barn of þe was born
þat suffred trauayle, boþe trey and tene,
Throly þhrusten, & throng wiȝ þorn,
Of his cunreden vnkuynde and kene, 44
ffrom top to-torn al bi-deene,
þe Iewes þei Iugged his Iuwys,
And dyȝed for Adam deedes bi-deene,
And þenne was spongen þe fflourdelys. 48

the Fleur de
Lys sprang
up.

(7)

A studi steer þer stod ful steere
ffor steeres-men þat bi stremes gun stray,

And neore his worply wille weore,
 þei wolde haue went a wilful way ; 52
 No feyntysenes þei founden in fay,
 þat burth was buried In Marbel bys , When He was
 And whon god wolde he went his way, buried,
 And þenne was sprad þe fflourdelys. 56 the Fleur de
 Lys spread.

(8)

Where his worpli wilnyng was,
 Hit weore to wite whoder he went ;
 þe geynest gate greipþi he tas,
 Til derknes dipt doun he decent ; 60
 þe 3ates he russchede, and al to-Rent,
 þer Lucifer, þat luþere, lys ;
 Adam and Eue bi hond he hent,
 And tauzte hem faire þe fflourdelys. 64 He taught
 Adam and
 Eve the Fleur
 de Lys.

(9)

þus hap þis heende herewed helle,
 Al Adames of-spring out hap tan ;
 þe fend, þat was boþe fers and felle,
 He tized til a stok, stille as stan. 68
 Vp of his graue þen is he gon,
 As God and Mon to-gedere gon Rys,
 Bodily boþe in blod and bon
 To þe Maudeleyn he schewed þe fflourdelys. 72 When He
 rose from the
 grave, He
 showd Mary
 Magdalen the
 Fleur de Lys.

(10)

þus purchased he þe pepul heor pees
 And goodly for-3af hem al heore gilt,
 And seide, "Adam, eft nou I þe sese
 In blisse, þat for blod was buld ; 76
 No wey wonde, but wurch what þou wilt."
 þus hap he now bitauzt þat wyse,
 And þus feole prophecies ben folfild
 Of Marie wiþ þi fflourdelyse. 80 and fulfild
 many pro-
 phecies.

(11)

Of bounte berestou þe þe best ;
 Was neuer no buirde such beute bare ;
 Crist of þe com, vre cumfort to kest,
 To 3elde þe þat we 3erned 3are. 84 Beauteous
 Mary,
 Christ came
 of thee for
 our comfort.

When He
ascended,folk saw the
Fleur de Lys.

At his steizyng, þei stod to stare
 How cleer in Clouden he cloumben is ;
 What wy in þat worþily wonyng ware,
 þer miht he fynden þe fflourdelys.

88

(12)

Two angels
saidHe should
appear again.

þus was al þis world in weere ;
 þen seide two wyȝes in weedes whyt :
 “ To heiȝ heuene what be-holde ȝe here ?
 Is Ihesu take from ȝow þus tyd ?
 A-peere he schal in propre plyt
 As he in werk[e] con vanys ;
 Her afturward hit weore to wite,
 Of hire þat bar þe fflourdelys.

92

96

(13)

He sent for
thee to sit
beside Him.

So lelly his loue on þe was lent,
 þi longyng, ladi, for to lete ;
 So semely sondes after þe he sent,
 Be-sydes him self to sitte in sete ;
 þei song al samen *with soun* ful swete,
 As schewen and stand in pistoris ;
 Wiþ more murþes miȝt neuer mon meete,
 But þer to fynde þe fflourdelys.

100

104

(14)

Since thou
wast in
Heaven,our peace was
granted.

Sipen þou þi worþly wones hast wonnen,
 And wones In worschipe at þi wille,
 Vre grith was graunted, vr grace bigunnen,
 ffor vs þat was ordeyned þertille.
 Puire dette proueþ bi proper skille
 þou schalt vs socour in þi seruys,
 þat greiþes was for greuaunce to grille,
 And for to bere þe flourdelys.

108

112

(15)

Of all flowers,

Of al þe floures bi ffrith and ffelde,
 Hit is þe freolokest for to fynde,
 þat weole & wit and wisdam welde,
 And al þis word hap wrouȝt In wynde.
 Nou, comely kyng, Corteis and kynde,
 þat halp vs heere from vre enemys,

116

þe mon þat þis matere made in mynde
Seide : non is lich to þe fflourdelys.

120 none is like
the Fleur de
Lys.

(16)

Hedde not Adam don þat dede,
Vr bitter bales hed neuer ben bouȝt
On no maner, for no-kenes nede,
Ne for no werkes we schuld haue wrouȝt.

124

Al þus I þenk hit in my þouȝt,
Monkynde for vs bi-com so chys;
his blisful Blod þorw him þei souȝt;
Vs ouȝte to prey to þe fflourdelys.

128 We ought to
pray to the
Fleur de Lys.

(17)

Nou Marie Mayden, Moder elene,
þi semeli Sone þat beres þe fflour,
ȝif vs grace ow to qweme
And plese Ihesu, vr saueour.
Bryng vs out of dette & dedly synne,
To liue and dye in þi seruys,
Heuene blisse þat we may wyne
And wone þer wiþ þi fflourdelys.

Mary,

132 give us grace
to please
Christ;

bring us out
of sin to bliss,

136 and to live
with thy
Fleur de Lys.

19. *Seldom seen is soon forgot.*

(On Edward III, his Sons, and Richard II.¹)

(14 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Adere God, what mai þis be,
þat alle þing weres & wastep awai?
ffrendschip is but a vanyte,
vnneþe hit dures al a day;
þei beo so sliper² at assai,
So leof to han, and loþ to lete,
And so fikel in heore fai,
þat selden I-seize Is some forȝete.

Ah, God!

4 friendship
now lasts but
a day;

8 folk are so
fickle.

(2)

I sei hit not wiþ-outen a Cause,
And þerfore takes riht good hede,

¹ Printed from the Simeon MS., Brit. Mus., Addit. 22,283, leaf 132, in T. Wright's *Political Poems and Songs*, Rolls Series 14, vol. i, p. 215-218. ² cliper, Wright, and in l. 79, p. 721.

	ffor 3if 3e construwe wel þis Clause,	
I'll make your hearts bleed for shame.	I puit 3ou holly out of drede	12
	þat for puire schame 3or hertis wol blede,	
	And 3e þis Matere wysli trete :	
Our best helper is for- gotten.	He þat was vr moste spede,	
	Is selden I-seye and sone forȝete.	16

(3)

We once had a noble Eng- lish Ship,	Sum tyme an Englisch Schip we had,	
	Nobel hit was and heih of tour ;	
that was feard thro' Christendom.	þorw al cristendam hit was drad,	
	And stif wolde stande In vch a stour,	20
	And best dorst byde a scharp schour	
	And oper stormes, smale and grete :	
	Now is þat schip þat bar þe flour	
	Selden seȝe and sone forȝete.	24

(4)

It was steerd by a Rudder ;	In-to þat schip þer longed a Rooþur,	
	þat steered þe schip & gouerned hit ;	
	In al þis world nis such a noþur,	
	As me þinkeþ In my wit ;	28
and while they were united, they knew not fear.	Whyl Schip and Roþur to-geder was knit,	
	þei dredde nouþer tempest, druyȝe nor wete :	
	Nou be þei bope In-synder flit :	
	þat selden seȝe is sone forȝete.	32

(5)

The Ship saïd all seas,	Scharpe wawes þat Schip has sayled,	
	And sayed alle sees at auentur ;	
and never faïd while the Rudder lasted.	ffor wynt ne wederes neuer hit fayled,	
	Whil þe Roþur mihte enduir ;	36
	þouȝ þe séé were rouh or elles dimuir,	
	Gode hauenes þat Schip wolde gete :	
	Nou is þat Schip, I am wel suir,	
	Selde I-seye and sone forȝete.	40

(6)

The Ship was our Knights,	þis goode Schip, I may remene	
	To þe chilualrye of þis londe :	
who cared not a bean for France,	Sum tyme þei counted nouȝt a Bene	
	Beo al ffrance, Ich vnderstonde,	44

þei tok & slouȝ hem *with* heore honde,
 þe power of ffraunce, boȝ smal & grete,
 And brouȝt þe king hider to byde her bonde :
 And nou riht sone hit is forȝete.

48 but brought
 its king (Jean
 II, 1350-64)
 prisoner here
 (1357).

(7)

þat Schip hadde a ful siker mast,
 And a sayl strong and large,
 þat made þe gode schip neuer agast
 To vndertake a þing of charge ;
 And to þat Schip þer longed a Barge,
 Of al ffraunce ȝaf nouȝt a clete,
 To vs hit was a siker targe :
 And now riht clene hit is forȝete.

The Ship had
 a sound mast,

a strong sail,

52

and a Barge
 that scared
 France.

56

(8)

þe Roȝur was nouȝer Ok ne Elm,
 Hit was Edward þe þridde, þe noble kniht ;
 þe prince his sone bar vp his helm,
 þat neuer scoumfited was in fiht.
 þe kyng him rod and Rouwed ariht,
 þe prince dredde nouȝur stok nor strete.
 Nou of him we lete ful liht :
 þat selde is seȝe is sone forȝete.

The Rudder
 was Edward
 III (d. 1377).

The Black
 Prince

60

knew no fear :

we think
 little of him
 now.

64

(9)

þe swifte Barge was Duk henri,
 þat noble kniht & wel assayed,
 And in his leggaunce worȝili
 He a-bod mony a bitter brayd ;
 ȝif þat his enemys ouȝt outrayed,
 To chartis hem wolde he not lete.
 Nou is þat lord ful lowe I-leyd :
 þat selde is seȝe is sone forȝete.

The Barge
 was Henry,
 Duke of Lan-
 caster (Duke
 1351-61),

68

now laid low
 and for-
 gotten.

72

(10)

þis gode comunes, bi þe Rode,
 I likne hem to þe Schipes mast,
 þat *with* heore catel & heore goode
 Meyntened þe werre boȝ furst & last.
 þe wynd þat bleuȝ þe schip wiȝ Blast,
 hit was gode preȝers, I sei hit a treto.

The Com-
 mons were
 the ship's
 Mast ;

76

the favouring
 Wind, their
 prayers.

Nou is deuoutnes out I-cast,
And mony gode dedes ben clen forȝete. 80

(11)

Edward's
young grand-
son, Richard
II (b. 1366,
d. 1400), be-
gins to grow.

þus ben þis lordes I-leid ful lowe,
þe stok is of þe same Rote,
An Ympe bi-ginnes for to growe
And ȝit I hope schal ben vr bote, 84
To holde his fomen vnder fote
And as a lord be set in sete.
Crist leue þat he so mote,
þat selden I seȝe be not forȝete ! 88

(12)

When he is
full-grown,

I hope he'll
prove a Con-
queror.

Weor þat Impe ffully growe,
þat he had sarri sap and piþ,
I hope he schulde be kud and knowe
ffor Conquerour of moni a kiþ ; 92
He is ful lyflich in lyme and liþ,
In armes to trauayle and to swete.
Crist leue we so fare him wiþ,
þat selden seȝe be neuer forȝete ! 96

(13)

Till then, let
all folk back
him !

The French
brag, and
scorn us now.

And þerfore holliche I ou Rede ;
Til þat þis Ympe beo fully growe,
þat vch a Mon vp wiþ þe hede,
And Mayntene him boþe heiȝe and lowe. 100
þe ffrensche men cunne boþe boste & blōwe,
And wiþ heore scornes vs to-þrete,
And we beoþ boþe vnkuynde & slowe :
þat selden seȝe is sone forȝete. 104

(14)

But, men,
think of Ed-
ward III and
the Black
Prince !

You're for-
getting them.

And þerfore, gode sires, takeþ reward
Of ȝor douhti kyng þat dyȝede in age,
And to his sone Prince Edward,
þat welle was of alle Corage : 108
Suche two lordes of heiȝ parage
In not in eorþe whon we schal gete, [I know not]
And nou heore los biginneþ to swage :
þat selde I-seȝe is sone forȝete. 112

20. A Warning to be ware.

 (On the Earthquake of 1382.¹)

(11 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

Y it is God a Curteis lord
 And Mekeliche con schewe his miht;
 ffayn he wolde bringe til a-cord
 Monkuynde, to liue in treupe ariht.
 Allas! whi set we þat lord so liht,
 And al to foule wiþ him we fare?
 In world is non so wys, no wiht,
 þat þei ne haue warnyng to be ware.

God wants

 4 men to live
in Truth.

8

(2)

We may not seye, but ȝif we lyȝe,
 þat god wol vengauunce on vs stele,
 ffor openly we seo wiþ eiȝe,
 þis warnynges beoþ wonder & fele.
 But nou þis wrecched worldes wele
 Makeþ vs liue in Sunne and care.
 Of Mony Merueyles I may of Mele,
 And al is warnyng to be ware.

 He has givon
us many
warnings:

12

16

(3)

Whon þe Comuynes bigan to ryse,
 Was non so gret lord, as I gesse,
 þat þei in herte bi-gon to gryse,
 And leide heore Iolyte in presse.
 Wher was þenne heore worþinesse,
 Whon þei made lordes droupe & dare?
 Of alle wyse men I take witnesse,
 þis was a warnyng to be ware.

 1. The Com-
mons' rising
in 1381, which
frightend the
Lords,

20

24

(4)

Bi-fore, ȝif men hedde haad a graas,
 Lordes mihte wondur weel
 Hañ let the rysing þat þer was,
 But þat god þouȝte ȝit sumdel
 þat lordes schulde his lordschup feel,
 And of heore lordschipe make hem bare.

28

 and made 'em
think they'd
lose their ali.

¹ Printed from the Simeon MS. by T. Wright in *Polit. Poems and Songs*, Rolls Series, i. 250-2.

Trust þer-to as trewe as steel,
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 32

(5)

2 The Earth-quake of 1382 turnd men to God only while it lasted.

And also, whon þis eorþe qwok,
Was mon¹ so proud, he nas a-gast,
And al his Iolite for-sok,
And þouȝt on god whil þat hit last; 33
And alsone as hit was ouer past,
Men wox as vuel as þei dude are!
Vche mon in his herte may cast,
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 40

After it, they were as bad as before.

(6)

ffor soþe, þis was a lord to drede,
So sodeynly mad Mon agast!
Of gold & seluer þei tok non hede,
But out of her houses ful sone þei past. 44
Chaumbres, Chimeneyys al to-barst,
Chirches & Castels foule gon fare,
Pinacles, Steples to grounde hit cast;
And al was warnyng to be ware. 48

It ruind churches and castles.

(7)

þe Meuyng of þis eorþe I-wis,
þat schulde bi cuynde be ferm & stabele,
A pure verrey toknyng hit is,
þat Mennes hertes ben chaungable, 52
And þat to falsed þei ben most Abul;
ffor wiþ good feiþ wol we not fare:
Leef hit wel wiþ-uten fabel;
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 56

It was a sign that men are fickle and false.

(8)

The Commons' Rebellion (1381), the Plague (1382?), and the Earth-quake (1382), betokend God's vengeance for our sins.

þe Rysing of þe comuynes in londe,
þe pestilens,² and þe eorþe-quake,
þeose preo þinges, I vnderstonde,
Beo-tokenes³ þe grete vengauce & wrake 60

¹ non.—Wright.

² Possibly the 5th plague,—the Black Death of 1348-9 being the First, the plague of 1361 the Second, that of 1368-9 the Third, and that of 1375 the Fourth, while that of 1390-1 was the Fifth.—Creighton, i. 206-219. But a less Plague was in 1382.

³ Beoth tokenes.—Wright.

þat schulde falle for synnes sake,
 As þis Clerkes conne de-clare.
 Nou may we chese to leue or take,
 ffor warnyng haue we to ben ware. 64

(9)

Euere I drede, be my troupe,
 þer may no warnyng stande in sted ;
 We ben so ful of synne and slouþe,
 þe schame is passed þe sched of hed, 68
 And we liggen riht heuy as led,
 Cumbred in þe ffendes Snare.
 I leeue þis beo vr beste Red
 To þenke on þis warnyng & be ware. 72

(10)

Sikerliche, I dar wel saye,
 In such a plyt þis world is in :
 Mony for wynnynge wolde bi-traye
 ffader and Moder and al his kin. 76
 Nou were heih tyme to be-gin
 To A-Mende vr mis & wel to fare ;
 Vr bagge hongeþ on a sliper¹ pyn, ¹ cliper, Wright.
 Bote we of þis warnyng be ware. 80

(11)

Be war, for I con sey no more,
 Be war for vengauzs of trespas,
 Be war and þenk vppon þis lore,
 Be war of þis sodeyn cas, 84
 And ȝit Be war while we haue spas,
 And þonke þat child þat Marie bare
 Of his gret godnesse and his gras
 Sende vs such warnyng to be ware. 88

21. Love Holy Church and its Priests.

(8 stanzas of 8 ; nos. 1 and 2 abab cdcd ; nos. 3-8 abab abab.)

(1)

Christ ȝiue vs grace to loue wel holichirch,
 Or elles, certes, we don riht nouht, Christ grant
us to love
Holy Church!

And let vs neuere aȝeynes hit worche :
 ffrom þenne vre cristendom is brouht. 4

Priests were
 at our birth,
 Preostes weore at vre biginnyng ;
 Wȝuche God haȝ graunted hem pouete
 ffor vs to rede I-wis and synge,
 Is non so gret a dignyte. 8

(2)

and our
 christening,
 and will be at
 our burial.
 We ought to
 honour them.
 þei ȝaf vs vre Cristenyng,
 And at vr buriinge þei moste be.
 To worschipe hem in alle þinge,
 Muchel þerto holden beo we. 12

They alone
 can make
 God's body.
 Godus bodi may no mon make
 But preostes al-one, as we rede :
 Kyng ne Emperour, I non out-take,
 ffor alle heore riches of lond or leode. 16

(3)

They are
 above all
 earthly
 ranks.
 Of alle Ordres he beres þe prys,
 Kyng, Duyk, oȝer Emperour,
 þouh heo weren þe flourdelys,
 þat is richest of alle colour. 20

In Matynes and vses þei ben wys,
 To bringe vs to vr longe bour,
 And vche day syngeþ a Masse to þis,
 And scheweþ vs Ihesus, vre sauour. 24

They sing
 masses, and
 show us
 Christ.

(4)

They pray
 for us;
 In Matyns and Masse þei beren þe prys,
 And in heore orisons for vs þei pray :
 þer is no mon þat is wys
 þat oȝur record bi heom may say. 28

Hose loueþ þis ordre, I holde him wys,
 ffor certeyn soþ and in good fay,
 In holy chirche þei don seruys
 Boþe bi nihtes and bi day. 32

they do
 service night
 and day;

(5)

But hose euer wole þis ordre bere,
 Wys and witti moste he be,
 Grete oȝes may he non swere,
 Ne falshede nouȝer don ne se ; 36

they don't
 swear or lie;

By-fore þe Bisschop receyueþ he þere,
 And takeþ þe ȝok of chastite. they are
chaste;
 A-vyse hem wel hou he hit were,
 Oþer elles him schal rewē oþer me. 40

(6)

Whon we ben falle in eny mischef,
 Wiþ serwe In dedly synne I-bounde,
 þen is þe prest vs ful leef,
 ffor he may helen vs of þat wounde. they heal us
of the wound
of sin, 44
 ffor þer is non so strong a þeef
 þat euer tok *cristendom* on godes grounde,
 þat he most haue a preest bi-foren his dep,
 Or elles he schal warie þe stounde. 48

(7)

On domes-day whon we schul meete
 þat dredful Iuge forte se,
 þen is schrift to vs ful seete :
 þe prest þerof record beres he. 52
 Of alle bales he may beete
 Vnder god In Trinite ; and of all ills.
 þenne Schrift & hosul is ful swete,
 And hit trewely holden be. 56

(8)

þis ordre I rede þat we honoure,
 And so I counseyle þat we do,
 And take penaunce for sunnes oure
 Whuche þe prest hap Iuned vs to ; [*or Inned*] 60
 þen schal we come to þat boure
 þer euere is Ioye wiþ-outen wo. Then we shall
go to bliss.
 Ihesu bring vs and socoure.
 Out of þis world whon we schal go. 64

22. Try to say the best. Control your Tongue.

(7 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Qween of heuene, Moder and may,
 Saue hem alle nou þat ben here. Mary, save
all here !

	A noble word haue I herd say,	
	fful profytable þat is to lere,	4
	Bi-twene God and Mon In fere	
If you'd win honour, al- ways say the best.	To wynne worschupe hose euer lust :	
	Now þenk vpon þis word so dere	
	And fond euermore to seye þe best.	8

(2)

	Spek non euel in no place,	
Control your tongue,	But kepe þi tonge and get þe a frend ;	
	þat wikked word from þe nou pace,	
	Hit is but tysyng of þe fend.	12
whatever straits you are in.	3if þou beo in eny euel tent	
	And k[n]owe hit for an euel geste,	
	Keep þi tonge curteys and gent,	
	And fond euermore to sey þe beste.	16

(3)

Don't let it run.	Now, for his loue þat bouzte þe dere,	
	Let not þi tonge haue al þe wil !	
What good does it do you to abuse your neigh- bour ?	What artou þe bettre or þe more nere,	
	Wiþ a wikked word þi neizebor to spil ?	20
	ffor Mari loue, tak tentè þer-tille,	
	Wheþer þou gost bi Est oþur Weste,	
	Euur to kepe þi tonge stille	
	Oþur elles to fonde to sey þe beste.	24

(4)

If you speak well of all, men 'll not malign other folk.	3if þou sey þe beste wiþ al þi miht,	
	Men wol esschewe by-fore þe	
	To speke euel bi eny wiht,	
	ffor þou wolt not heore felawe be ;	28
	þer þou spekest, þou maizt se	
	Wordes þat ben wikked and preste.	
	Nou, for his loue þat dyed on tre,	
	ffonde euermore to sey þe beste !	32

(5)

Whatever you hear and see,	In halle oþur in chaumbre wher þow gos,	
	What þou here and what þou se,	
keep your tongue close.	Euure þou kepe þi tonge clos,	
	þat men frayne nouzt at þe.	36

3if þou heere faute oþer eny fole,
 As þou may here bi mony a geste,
 Nou, for his loue þat dyed on tre,
 ffonde euer more to sey þe beste ! 40

(6)

Wip eny mon 3if þou haue ben eke
 In his seruyse bi niht oþer day,
 Alle þe good þat þou may, speke,
 Whon þat þou art went a-way : 44
 þenne wol men bi þe say,
 þat þou art curteys and wel I-bleste.
 3if þou knowe ouȝt þat disese may,
 ffonde euur more to sey þe beste ! 48

(7)

3if þou beo riche mon of mony a beeste,
 And stifli þou may stonde in stede,
 Pore men disese nouȝt bi doing ne cheste ;
 Nouȝer for word ne for dede, 52
 But help hem wel in alle heore nede,
 So crist þi soule bringe to reste.
 Nou to þis word 3e take good hede :
 ffor Marie loue to seye þe beste. 56

23. *Tarry not till to-morrow.*

(9 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc*)

(1)

Ilke a wys wiht scholde wake
 And waite, *with* werk heuen to wyne,
 Sadliche, for goddes sake,
 And set ȝoure soule sauely fro synne. 4
 3if þou haue kynges of þi kynne,
 And in þi clos, catel and corn,
 Amende þi misses more and minne,
 And mak no tarijng til to-Morn. 8

(2)

þou leod þat liues as lord in londe,
 þenk hou lowe þou schalt aliht,
 When you've left a man's service,
 always speak well of him.
 If you're rich, don't bully the poor,
 but help em.
 If you live like a lord,

þauz þou haue hundredus at þin honde
 To holde þin heste in herte has hiht. 12
 and brag of
 your money,
 3if þou bragge for þi Bezanus briht,
 Bi-holde hou bare þat þou was born;
 þis dai þou dresse þi dole and diht,
 you may die
 to-morrow.
 Leste þat þou dye longe er to-Morn. 16

(3)

þou freike þat art in frendschupe fast
 And pinkest no foot mon is þi fere;
 If you scorn
 folk on foot,
 Whon þi pompe and pride is past,
 A pore renaunt schal beo þi pere. 20
 see now soon
 your life may
 be lost.
 Loke in londe, and þou mai lere
 Hou listly þat þi lyf is lorn;
 Whon þi bodi is brouht on bere,
 As þou hast browen, þou broukest to-Morn. 24

(4)

Gome, er þou giue vp þi gost,
 Bi-greip ho schal gripe þi goode:
 Perhaps your
 foe 'll seize
 all your
 goods.
 He schal hit haue þou hatest most:
 So fares hit ofte, be myn hode! 28
 þen al þi fee fonges but foode.
 ffor-þi ordeyne þi fare be-forn,
 And *with* a-boue mende þi mis *in* mode: [*or a bone*]
 Hit wol þe menske azeyn to-Morn. 32

(5)

Parte *with* 3or godes in priuete
 Vn-to þe pore *with*-outen pride:
 Share them
 now with the
 poor.
 Hit wol þe brynge in blisse to be,
 Wip-outen bale to buylde & byde. 36
 þou sette þi seketur fro þi syde,
 Your Execu-
 tor 'll cheat
 you,
 He wol þe swyke þou; he be sworn,
 þin hord, whon he may, hent oþur hyde,
 Trust him not after to-Morn. 40

(6)

þe Sikernes of þi Seketoure,
 þis is þe soþe to seo and say;
 þauz he for þi loue lurke and loure,
 þat he has laucht he wol nouzt lay, 44

But skelpe and scrope al þat he may ;	and scrape up all he can.
He lettes nouþer for skaþe ne skorn ;	
þi goodes whon he has geten a-way,	
Trust nouȝt on hem after to-Morn.	48

(7)

Mony a wiht wenes ful wel	Many men think they 'll never leave this world:
Out of þis world þei schal neuur wende ;	
ffor feole lykinges þat þei feel,	
þei make no fors of fo nor frende.	52
Now trust riht wel þei schal be tenede,	
Ar bodi and soule a-two be torn.	
Of erþly ese þis is þe ende,	but they're here to-day, away to- morrow.
Here to-day, a-wey to-morn.	56

(8)

Ihesus þat on þe Rode was don,	Crucified Jesus,
ffrom wo and wondrep þou vs wisse !	
Gladly graunte us vre bone	
And bryng us blessedly to þi blisse !	60 bring us to Thy bliss !
ffor vre loue, Sop hit is,	
þi syde wiþ scharpe spere was schorn :	
þou saue us þat we ben not his	
þat wolde þat we weore tynt to-Morn.	64

(9)

Marie Moder, Mayden Mylde,	Mary Mother, have mercy on all man- kind!
On al mon-kuynde ȝe haue Merci !	
In feole fulþes we ben fuylede ;	
þis world vseþ þe flessches folý ;	68
Vn-to þi sone þou calle and cry,	
Crist crounet wiþ kene þorn,	
He ȝiue vs grace to wone him by !	
þen schal vs tyde no teone to-Morn.	72

24. *Make Amends for thy Sins.*

(12 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

B i a wode as I gon ryde.	By a wood,
walkynge al mi-self alone,	

among many
birds I heard
singing,

A boske of briddes bad me abyde

Bi-cause *per* songe mo þen one.

4

Among þo foules euerichone,

one said,
'Make
amends for
thy sins!'

To on, gret hede I gan take,

ffor he seyde wiþ reupful mone,

"ffor þi sunnes a-Mendes make!"

8

(2)

"Make amendes, mon, trewely,"

Seide þat foul wiþ feþeres blake.

I grieved,

In myn herte i-went, wo was I,

ffor he me bad amendes make.

12

I stod and studied al þat day ;

þat resun made me a niht to wake :

and found 3
reasons for
this order.

þen fond I þreo skiles in good fay

Whi he me bad a-mendes make.

16

(3)

þe furste skile þat I gan fynde,

As hit bi-semes in my witte,

Is a þing þat comes of kynde :

1. Every one
shall be put
in a pit.

þat eueri mon schal haue a pitte.

20

Whon top and to to-gedre is knitte,

þen schal þi proude wordes aslake.

ffor-þi in eorþe er þou be ditte,

Mon, of þi synnes a-mendes make !

24

(4)

2. No one
knows when
he shall die,

þat oper skile is : þat þou schalt dye,

Whuche tyme þou wost nere.

And þou wustest witerly,

þow woldest fle þi deþ for fere.

28

þi laste bour schal ben a Bere,

3if þi frendes þe may take.

þerfore do wel while þou art here,

And for þi sunnes a-Mendes make !

32

(5)

3. or where
he shall go
when he does
die.

þe pridde skile wol do þe wo

Whon þou þenkest *per* on I-wis :

Whon þi lyf is clene I-go,

þou wost nere whoder to bale or blis.

36

I fynde no clerk con telle me þis ;
 þerfore my serwe bi-ginnes to wake.
 Whon þou þenkest to don a-mis,
 Hauē mynde of þis & amendes make ! 40

(6)

Ensaumple we may sen al day
 As crist schewes among vs alle :
 To-day ȝif þou be stout and gay,
 To-morn þou lyst ded bi þe walle. 44
 Merci þenne to crie and calle,
 Hit is to late þi leue to take.
 Be war of folye er þou falle,
 And for þi sunnes amendes make ! 48

(7)

ȝif þou haue don a dedly synne
 wher-þorw þi soule scholde be schent,
 Al þe ȝer þou wolt lye þer-Inne
 In derknes til hit beo lent ; 52
 þen a ffrere þou wolt hent,
 þi parisch prest for schame forsake.
 Of alle suche dedes, verament,
 I rede þe beo wys, & amendes make ! 56

(8)

ȝif þou be kyng and croune bere,
 And al þis world be at þi wil,
 ȝit schaltou be pore as þou was ere,
 And þat þou knowest bi puire skil : 60
 A schete schal þi body hule
 And huyde þi cors for sinnes sake.
 þerfore repente þou hast do ille,
 And for þi synnes amendes make ! 64

(9)

ȝif þou beo a fryk mon in þi floures,
 And haue vn-bouȝt boþe purpel & pal,
 At Masse ne Matyns ne at houres
 þou kepes not come *with-in* þe chirche wal, 68
 þer-in þi Sauor is ful smal,
 Of sleuþe may þou nouȝt awake :

If you're hale
to-day, you
may die to-
morrow.

You'll lie in
deadly sin a
whole year,

and then get
shriven by a
friar instead
of your parish
priest.

If you're a
king,

you shall be
poor,

and a sheet
shall hide
your corpse.

If you're clad
in purple,

and don't go
to Church,

you'd better
make
amends.

On day þou schalt leue hit al ;
þerfore I rede, Amendes make !

72

(10)

Tho' you're
rich,

þau3 þou haue riches gret plente,
In world while þou liuest here,

God made
your neigh-
bour as well
as you.

God made þi neizibur as wel as þe,
And bou3t 3ou boþe I-liche dere ;
þau3 he be nou3t þi worldes pere,

76

Don't wrong
him.

Do him no wrong, for synnes sake !
To nou3t shal turne þi proude chere :
þerfore I rede, þou amendes make.

80

(11)

Be fair, tho'
you're a
mayor.

Loke þou bere þe feir and euen,
þau3 þou be lord, Bayli opur Meire,
ffor ofte men meten at vn-set steuen ;
Coueyte not þi neizebor to peyre.
þis world nis but a chirie feire,

84

To-day you
are a lord ;
to-morrow
your heir's
one.

Nou is hit in sesun, nou wol hit slake,
To-day artou lord, to-morn is pin heire :
þerfore I rede, þou amendes make.

88

(12)

God, let us
not be lost !

Nou god, þat was in bethleem boren,
And siþen died vpon þe tre,
Let vs neuer ben for-loren,
Lord, 3if þi wille be.

92

Mary, pray
that we may
see thy son !

Marie Moder, Mayden briht,
Preye for vr synnes sake,
In heuene of þi sone to haue a siht,
And heer in eorþe, Amendes make.

96

25. Suffer in Time, and that is best.

(6 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbe, and one of 8, abab bcbe.)

(1)

Here mirth is
met by
sorrow,

Whon alle soþes ben souht and seene,
Euerichone at heore deuy3,
Euer among, in tray and tene,
Murþe is meyt wiþ malys ;

4

A₃eynes cumfort comeþ cares kene,

A₃eynes vche a uertu is a vys.

comfort by
care, virtue
by vice.

Of alle þe vertues þat þer beone,

To suffre, hit is a þing of prys.

8

þerfore he þat wol be wys,

And loue to rule him siker in rest,

Loke þat he beo not to nys,

But suffre in tyme, and þat is best.

12

It's best to
suffer in time.

(2)

ʒif þou beo mon of mene a-syse

Or gret lord in duresse,

And þi stat may not suffise

Of þi wronge to gete red[r]esse,

16

þen mostou worchen on þis wyse,

And schewe to him such boxumnesse,

þat roupe in his herte may ryse

And wiþ-drawe his grete distresse ;

20

ʒif he be Mesured wiþ Mekenesse,

þen pite in him hit wol be preste.

Among alle þing, as I gesse,

To suffre in tyme and þat is beste.

24

be so humble
to your
wronger as to
make him
stop the
harm.

(3)

ʒif þou be mon of gret degre,

And a pore mon in his place

fful wrongfully has greued þe,

And don þe gref wiþ his trespace,

28

þe cuntrey con wel knowe and se

þou mai be venget in þat case ;

ʒif þou be perset wiþ pite,

ʒit woltou spare him for a space.

32

ʒif þou so goodly schewe þi grace,

þe holigost is in þe feste :

þen godes blessing schaltou in-brace,

And suffre [in] tyme and þat is beste.

36

pity him and
spare him,

and earn
God's bless-
ing.

(4)

Hit is luytel worþ, seiþ Socrates,

A glasen pot, is wayk and liht,

To puiten him self to fer in pres

A₃eynes a caudrun for to fihht.

40

VERNON MS.

A glass pot
mustn't fight
a caldron.

þe soþe al day is seene in siht :
 The weakest
 goes down.
 þe weikest ay bi-neoþe is cast.
 þerfore sei I, bi god almiht,
 To suffre [in] tyme and þat is best. 44

(5)

Mon, ȝif þou wolt þe state meyntene.
 If you sit
 with lords in
 council,
 Wiþ lordes In counseil forte sette,
 þer euer mon moste in certeyne
 Schewe his wisdom and his witte : 48
 þen, what-so-euer hapnes þe to seyne,
 speak words
 of wisdom,
 or you'll pro-
 voke men.
 Let al þi wordes to wisdam knitte,
 Or summe of þe feeres wol taken in deyne,
 And for pruyde reson hitte. 52
 ȝif þou here hem so chyde or flitte,
 þer wol no reson in hem reste,
 Holt þi tonge and þi moup ditte,
 And suffre [in] tyme and þat is beste. 56

(6)

And aftur, whon þou woldest not wene,
 Afterwards
 they'll accept
 your saying,
 Whon alle soþes ben souȝt and sayd,
 þi wordes þei wole take by-deene,
 And of þi speche þei wol holde hem payd : 60
 þen schul þei abassched beone,
 and be
 ashamed of
 their errors.
 And of heer errors ben dismayed,
 Whan þi wisdam schal be set and sene
 And alle heore folys ben displayed. 64
 Hasti men ben ofte outrayede
 Whon heore tonges ben to preste.
 Hose haþ ben ofte of sore hokes braide,
 Soffre [in] tyme and þat is beste. 68

(7)

ȝif hit bi-tideþ be niht oþer day
 If you find
 silly folk
 playing the
 fool,
 To falle in-til a cumpaignye
 þer nyse folk wiþ folyes play,
 And out of reson þei ȝelle and crie, 72
 þen mostou worchen wiþ þis assay,
 And holde vp oyl by and by,
 Til þou mowe priuely go þi way ;
 keep quiet
 till you can
 go :
 þen kuipest þou wel þat þou art slih ; 76

I holde hit riht a gret foly
 To schewe reson þer non wol reste.
 þer bi God and vre ladi,
 Suffre in hym and þat is beste.

reason would
 be out of
 place.

80

26. *Mane nobiscum, Domine!*

(10 stanzas of 8; 9 abab bcbe; the 10th abab baba.)

(1)

I N Somer bi-fore þe Ascenciun
 At Euensong on a Sonundai
 Dwellyng in my deuociun
 ffor þe pees fast gon I prai:
 I herde a Reson to my pai,
 þat writen was *with* wordes þre,
 And þus hit is, schortly to say:
 Mane nobiscum domine!

On Sunday at
 Evensong

4

I heard the
 words,

8 'Dwell with
 us, Lord!'

(2)

What þis word is forte mene
 On Englisch tonge, I schal 3ou telle:
 In Concience and we be clene,
 Digne þi, lord, *with* vs to dwelle,—
 þe feondes pouste for to felle,—
 þat for vs.dizede vppon þe tre;
 In wit and worschipe, wei and welle,
 Mane nobiscum, domine!

12

16 In woe and
 went, Dwell
 with us!

(3)

Whon þou from deth was risen and gon,
 þen as a Palmere forþ gon pas,
 þo met þou pilgrimes makyng moon,
 But 3it þei wust neuer who þou was.
 þus þen Carpes Cleophas:
 þe Niht is neih as we may se,
 þe liht of þe dai is waxen las:
 Mane nobiscum, domine!

When Christ
 had risen,

20 two of his
 disciples met
 him and
 didn't know
 him.

24

(4)

Dwelle *with* vs, vr fader dere,
 þi bidyng is in heuene-blis,

Father dear,

hallowed be
Thy name;

And eoure þi name be halewed here.

þi kyngdom let vs neuere mis.

28

Thy will be
done!

In heuene þi wille folfuld is,

And heere in eorþe þat hit so be!

þe Rihtwys weyes 3e wolde vs wis,

Mane nobiscum, domine!

32

(5)

Give us our
daily food;

Vr bred, vr vche dayes foode,

Drihten deore, þou vs diht.

Vr dette, God þat is so goode,

forgive us our
debts, as we
forgive our
debtors!

ffor-ziue vs for þi muchele miht,

36

As we schul heom wiþ herte liht

þat in vr dette or daunger be.

Leste we Rule vs not a-riht,

Mane nobiscum, domine!

40

(6)

Lead us not
into tempt-
ation;

Dwelle wiþ vs, lord, leste we haue teene,

Lede us to no temptation.

In eny synne 3if we beo seene,

pardon our
sins!

We prey þe of Merci and pardoun;

44

Wiþ al þe Mekenes þat we moun,

We schal crye, knelyng on knie:

Vppon bere whon we beo boun,

Mane nobiscum, domine!

48

(7)

Dwell with
us in our
needs!

Lord, dwelle *wiþ* vs in al ur neode;

Wiþ-outen þe we haue no miht,

Vr hondes vp til vr hed to beode,

Wit nor weole sauereþ no siht.

52

In eny caas 3if we ben cliht,

We can but
cry to Thee.

We con not but we erie to þe,

In al vr neode boþe day and niht,

Mane nobiscum, domine!

56

(8)

The Fiend is
against us;

Ho dwelleþ wiþ þe, þar haue no doute

ffor no synne ne sodeyn chaunce.

But ay þe fend is fast aboute

To putte vs, lord, fro þi plesaunce;

60

Whon we beoþ out of gouernaunce,
 Vr flesch is frele, we can not fle :
 Keep us out of al cumbraunce,
 Mane nobiscum, domine !

our flesh is
frail.

64

(9)

Dwelle wiþ us, lord of loue and pes,
 And make þi wonynge vs wiþ-inne,
 In Charite þat we encres,
 And kep vs out of dedly synne ;
 Torn neuer þi face from us to twynne ;
 ffor Marie loue, þat Mayden fre,
 Whon we schal eny werk beo-gynne
 Mane nobiscum, domine !

Lord, dwell
within us,

 68 and keep us
from sin !

72

(10)

Mane nobiscum, domine !
 Wiþ-outen þe we ben riht nouht.
 What Ioye or Blis weore þat to þe,
 To þeose þat þou hast deore aboutht ?
 In word, In wille, In herte and þouht,
 We schul preye to þe Trinite :
 Out of þis world whon we be brouȝt,
 Mane nobiscum, domine !

Without
Thee we are
nought.

76

Dwell with
us, Lord !

80

27. A Prayer to the Virgin Mary.

(14 stanzas of 12, *abab abab cdcd.*)

(1)

A *Ve Maris stella, dei Mater Alma,*
Atque semper virgo, felix celi porta.
 Heil, sterre of þe Séé so briht !
 þow graunt vs to ben vr gyde ;
 Godes holi Moder riht,
 þi worschipe walkeþ wyde ;
 Al-wey Mayden þorw his miht,
 þow sittest bi his syde ;
 Blesset ȝate of heuene liht,
 þow rede vs riht to ryde !
 Ladi, we ben maked al glad :
 ffor þou weore meoke I-founde,

Hail, Star of
the Sen,

Mother of
God,

4

 8 guide us
aright !

Godes Moder weore þou mad,
I-Blessset beo þat stounde !

12

(2)

L iknet artou to sterre of sée,
To lihten vs, grete and smale ;
Godes Moder ay to be,

Speak for us ;

ffor vs þou telle vr tale ;
ffor þi Maydenhod so fre,
þou bring vs out of bale ;

16

help us to
Heaven,

Help us in-to heuene fle
Out of þis wopes dale.

20

Ladi, bring vs out of wo !
ffrom Bales þou vs borwe !
Godes Moder and Mayden also,
þou saue vs out of sorwe !

24

(3)

*Sumens illud Aue Gabrielis ore,
ffunda nos in pace, mutans nomen eue.*

Takyng þat word Aue—

þat sonde sat þe seete—

Of Gabriels mouþ so fre,

þorw God he gon þe grete.

28

to be in
peace,

Prei for us in pes to be,

Wiþ murþes mo to meete ;

Eues name i-tornd for þe

þat sit us softe and swete.

32

Ladi blisful, Meoke and Mylde,

þat word in Ioye us pultus ;

our sins for-
given !

Godes Moder, prei þi childe

þat he for-ziue vr gultus.

36

(4)

A ue worþily þe fel,
þat was þe ʒarked ʒore
Of þat Angel Gabriel,

þorw ʒift of Godes lore.

40

Prey us pes, þer to be snel,

þou salue us of vr sore ;

Sip þat Eue is tornd so wel,

vr blisse is wel þe more.

44

Ladi, qween of paradys,
 To þe we schullen calle,
 Godes Moder, wommon wys,
 And Mekest most of alle.

Queen of
 Paradise! to
 thee we call.

48

(5)

*S*Olue vincla reis, profer lumen cecis,
 mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.

Gulti bondes here vnbynd,

Unbind our
 bonds of sin!

Vr gultes ben to fele;

Seend hem siht þat here aren blynd,

þou bring vs to þi wele;

52

Put a-wey vr wikked wynt,

Vr synful lyf þou heele;

Alle goodes aske and grynt,

And sent vs of þat Meole.

56

Ladi, nou þat hit is þus,

Help we weore vnbounde;

Godes Moder, prei for vs

To him wiþ blodi wounde!

Pray for us
 to thy Son!

60

(6)

WE han agult, vnbynd us here,
 Wiþ Merci fond vs fede;

Send þe blynde, loking clere,

To hele us here tak hede;

64

Put a-wei vr wik in weere,

þat doþ us driȝe and drede;

Aske us God wiþ-oute peere,

þat holliche heuene meede.

Ask God for
 Heaven for
 us.

68

Laydi, nou þin help a-non,

þer of þat we ne fayle;

Godes Moder, a-ȝein vr fon

þou most be Countur tayle.

72

(7)

*M*Onstra te esse matrem, sumat par te precem
 qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus.

Scheuh þat Moder art, enclyn

To him þat dyȝed on Roode;

He, þorwȝ þe, tak preyer myn,

þat bouȝt us wiþ his bloode;

May Christ,
 thro' thee,
 accept my
 prayer.

76

Boren for us was he so fyn,

Hit com al vs to goode ;

He bi-com heere sone þyn,

Thy milk
was his food.

þi Milk þen was his fooðe.

80

Godus Modur, þou him beere,

þi Milk nas non Ilyche,

Ladi, him to fostren heere ;

þat Burþe was ful riche.

84

(8)

MOdur, scheuh þat þou art fre ;
þe may no murþe misse ;

Do þat we ben herd þorw þe,

Bring us to
thy bliss!

þou bring us to þi blisse.

88

I-boren for us forsoþe was he,

þe synful men to wisse,

He þat tok þi child to be,

þi Mouþ wip his to kisse.

92

Ladi briht, wip eizen gray,

Such cos þou geete *with* winne ;

Godus Modur, Niht and day

þou help vs out of sinne.

96

(9)

*Virgo singularis, inter omnes mitis,
nos culpis solutos mites fac & castos.*

One, peereles Maide now,

Send us down
thy help!

þin help adoun þou seende ;

A-mong vchone, Meoke artou,

Azeyn þe we ben vn-heende ;

100

Sinne bond vs, þow wost hou,

þis world vs wol a-bleende ;

Make vs meoke, cast in a vou

In-to vr lyues ende.

104

Ladi, bring vs out of strif,

Vs geyneþ nouht to ȝelpe ;

Godus Modur, al vr lyf

We spillen, bote þou helpe.

108

(10)

Maiden
bright,

Mayden al-one, buyrde briht,
Wel brihtor þen þe Sonne ;

Mekest Mayden, most of miht,	
Vr gatus þou bi-gonne ;	112
Sinne bond vs day and niht,	
We spillen þat we sponne :	
Mak vs meke and clene in siht,	
þen is vr game I-wonne.	116
Ladi, lene vs of þi liht,	lend us thy light,
ffor 3it we ben to blynde ;	
Godes modur, send vs miht,	
þe rihte wei to wende.	120

(11)

*Vitam presta puram, iter para tutum,
Vt videntes Ihesum semper collemur.*

And leen vs clene lyf also,	and pure life too.
þis lyf is serwe and sake ;	
Diht vs siker wei to go,	
þis sunful lyf þou slake ;	124
Get vs Ihesus to seo þer-to,	
þorw siht of him to a-wake,	
vs to gladschupe euer-mo,	
þin help vs þou by-take.	128
Ladi louelich, feir and fre,	
þou lilye whyt of face,	
Godus Moder briht of ble,	
We tristen to þi grace.	132 We trust to thy grace.

(12)

C lene lyf 3if vs to-day	
And forþward euer-more,	
Greip vs here a syker way ;	
We stomble ofte and sore ;	136
Siht of Ihesu, wel þou may,	
3if hit þi wille wore,	
þorw þat siht to glade vs ay,	
So lyking is þi lore.	140
Ladi al in liht I-schrud,	Lady, clad in light,
þeos wordes ben ful soþe ;	
Godus Modur, Qween I-kud,	take us to thee !
Tak þi seruauens to þe.	144

28. *A Prayer to the Trinity.*

(2 stanzas of 12, abab abab cded.)

(1)

*Sit laus deo patri, summo christo decus,
spiritui sancto, tribus, honor unus. Amen.*

Let us call on
God the
Father,

In God ffader heryng sit,
þer aftur schul we calle ;

and kneel to
God the Son,

To þe Sone al ful of wit
On kneo we schullen falle ;

4

Holy Ghost,
come to us !

þe Holigost, to vs þou flit
In graces for to walle ;

Wit and Grace and strengþe hit,

We schul hem herie alle.

8

On is God of mihtes most

ffeip fully for to fonde,

ffader and Sone and Holigost

Al on is vnderstonde.

12

(2)

Father,

þE ffader was, and ay schal be,
And is wiþ-uten ende ;

Son and

þe Sone dyede vpon þe tre,
Vr falce foon to schende ;

16

Holy Ghost

þe holygost, þat makeþ þre,
þat may vs grace seende :

are all one.

Al is on In Trinite,
What wey þou turne or weende.

20

I may sei wiþ-uten bost

þe holy Book leyh neuere.

Be with us
ever !

ffader and Sone and holygost

Beo wiþ us nou and euere ! amen.

24

[*The Vernon MS. ends here. Nos. 29-30 are from the Simeon MS., Addit. 22,283, Brit. Mus., leaf 134.*]

29. *But thou say Sooth, thou shalt be shent.*¹

(9 stanzas of 12, abab abab bebc.)

(1)

Whoever
loves Heaven
must give up
Earth.

Who so loueth endeles rest,
þis false world þen mot he fle,

¹ See the former "Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent," p. 683.

And dele þer-wiþ bot as a gest,	
And leue hit not in no degre.	4
Hit is but trouble & tempest,	
ffals fantasye & vanite;	
In þat þraldom who so is I-þrest	
Him mot eschewe al charite.	8
þat day þat eueri mon schal se	
His dedes schewed & his entent,	
What maner mon so þat he be,	
But he sey soth, he schal be schent.	12

At Dooms-
day, unless
we speak the
Truth, we
shall be
punisht.

(2)

Seyth now dauid in his sawe	David says
In þe sauter book openly,	
þat whoso to þe worldus lust drawe,	
In his lyf is leef to lye	16
þat he ne leueþ not on godus lawe,	
But forsakeþ hit wyfully.	
And, for him stont of god no awe,	
In bremful bale he schal hit by,	20
When concieence his werk schal wrye;	
And as he doþ, he dom schal hente:	
Whit-uten restores or remedye,	
But he sey soth, he schal be schente.	24

that he who
seeks the
world for-
sakes God's
law.

(3)

A lesyng is <i>with</i> -outen doute	
Wel worse þen sommen taken hede,	
ffor, haue þe tonge onus told hit oute,	
Abrod þen schal hit sprynge & sprede,	28
And renne ful ryf in eueri route;	
And be hit onus so blowen on brede,	
þey men wolden aftur knele & loute;	
Men may not stoppe hit <i>with</i> no mede.	32
Such lesyngus þen I rede 3e drede,	
Lest 3e in bittur bales ben brent.	
ffor þer nis non so styf on stede,	
But he sey soth, he schal be schent.	36

Lying is
worse than
some think.

Dread it, or
you'll burn
in bale.

(4)

þou miht als chep robbe a mon	
As <i>with</i> a lesyng lese his name.	

You might as
well rob a
man as lie
about him.

þenne aftur wþen þe treuþe is I-knowe		
Among goode men, as I gesse,	76	you'll be hon- oured after- wards.
þou schalt be leef vch mon to trowe		
And worschyp for þi sothfastnesse.		
þerfore I rede boþe hye and lowe,		
Sey soth and lette for no dystresse.	80	
þyn owne wordus schul bere witnesse		
A-ȝeyn þe at þi Iuggement;		
When grete god þat doom schal dresse,		
But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent.	84	

(8)

Hold vp no monnus oyl, I rede,		Don't palliate any one's faults:
When he wendup out of þe wey,		
ffor such glosyngus makeþ mony quede,		
When non þe soþe dar to him say.	88	
Such flaterynge schal luyte stonde in stude		it won't help you at the Doom.
When god þe grete doom schal aray;		
And he þat best now here con plede,		
I leue he schal be lewede þat day,	92	
Whan crist schal his woundes dysplay,		
þat for vs was on rode I-rent,		
And vche mon schal take his pay,		
But þou sey soth, þou schalt [be] schent.	96	

(9)

ffor seyng soþ, þou miht not synne,		
But ȝif þou slaundre eny wyȝth;		
Slaundre no mon more ne synne,		
ffor slaundre stynkeþ in godus syȝth.	100	
Elles what quarel þou art ynne,		
Sey þe soþe, ay meyntheyne þe ryȝth;		
And on þis wyse þou miht wynne		Tell the Truth, hold up the Right, and so win Bliss!
þe blysse a-boue þat blesseþ bryȝth,	104	
And endeles lyf þat lasteþ lyȝth.		
þus I am sure þat þou miht hent,		
And elles, when deþ þi doom schal dyȝth,		
But þou sey soþ, þou schalt be schent.	108	

30. A Morning Thanksgiving and Prayer to God.

(11 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

I thank Thee,
God, for sav-
ing me this
night, and
letting me
see the day.

I þonke þe, lord god, ful of miht,
Wiþ al þat euer I con & may,
þat hast me sauēt þis ilke niht
And suffret me forto abyde þis day. 4
I-blesset be þou euer & ay,
And halewed be þin hyȝe name ;
And worschypet be þou, lord, al-way,
Wiþ hyȝe & lowe, wylde & tame. 8

(2)

In the name
of God,

of Christ and

the Holy
Ghost

I cross my-
self.

In þe name of god þat al þing wrouȝth,
Heuen & erþe and vche creature ;
In þe name of ihesu þat me dēre bouȝth,
þat is god, godus sone so pure ; 12
þe holygost, god in o figure,
To þe, o god in persones þre,
I be-take þis day of me cure,
And wiþ þi tokene I marke me : 16
In *nomine patris & filij & spiritus sancti*, Amen.
Pater noster. Aue maria. Et Credo.

(3)

Lord, I give
myself to
Thee,

that I may
truly gain
my living to-
day.

Lord god, þat þis day woldust make, 17
And schope me to lyue þer-ynne,
My body & soule I þe be-take.
þis day, lord, kep me out of synne, 20
Wiþ troupe þis day my lyflode to wynne,
So þat I do þe non offens,
ffrom þi lawe þat I ne twynne,
Ne breke þi ten commaundementes. 24

(4)

Christ,

keep me this
morning, that
I do no sin
this day.

Lord god Ihesu, as þou were boren in a dawynge,
Of a virgyne pure & clene,
Kepe me, lord, þis morewenynge,
þis day in dedly synne þat I not byn lene, 28
ffor wyninge of erþelyche godus : [leaf 134, col. 3]
ffrom flessch[ly] lustus & lykynge,

Kepe me, lord, wiþ þi pressyos blod,
ffrom temptacions of þe fende. 32

(5)

And as þou were turmentud sore
In þat selue tyde of niht,
Wiþ bobbyng, scornynge & wel more,
ffort hit were dayes light 36
[. ight]
Sende me þis day do sum good dede
In lettyng wrong & doying riht,
þat þou, lord, mouwe quyte me my mede. 40

Grant that I
may to-day
stop wrong
and do right!

(6)

As þou were lord, when hit was day,
Ofte examnet wiþ wordus grete,
Wiþ bysschopes of ful gret aray,
Wiþ proude prynces þat þe con þrete, 44
Sende me þis day drynk & mete,
And susteyne me in þi seruise;
ʒif I be mys-hap, lord, þe fo[r]ʒete,
þorw þe, lord, let me aryse! 48

Send me my
day's food!

(7)

Lord I be-take þe my fiue wyttes;
Myn yʒen, þat I synge not in syʒth.
Lord, my mouth open hit in þi werkes,
þer-wiþ þat I may speke truþe & riʒth. 52
Myn heryng, lord god, dele & dyʒh
To here noþing aʒeyn þi wille;
My nese, lord ihesu ful of myʒth,
Kepe hit þat I non vuel smel. 56

I put my 5
wits in thy
charge,
1. sight,

2. speech,
3. hearing,

4. smelling,

5. motion of
feet

(8)

Lord, kep & lede my feet also
þat heo don þi seruise,
þat with hem I not mys go.
Myn honden, lord, kep on alle wyse, 60
And set hem, lord, in such asyse
þat I, [o] lord, with hem not synne.
And ʒif I do, lord, let me aryse,
And let me not longe lygge þerynne. 64

and hands,

that I sin not
with them.

(9)

	þey3 I haue syngut her-be-fore,	
	Let me not for-garte þi grace.	
	I crye þe mercy, lord, euer more ;	
Lord, grant me time to amend !	Of amendement, lord, sende sum space,	68
	And sende my soule for my trespase.	
	þenke, lord, I am þi creature,	
	And sende me, lord, help now in þis cas	
	þi mercy out ouer al mesure.	72

(10)

	Lord, wharto woldust vengauunce take	
I am guilty.	On me þat 3elde me þus gulty ?	
	I may not amendus make,	
I rely on Thy mercy.	But put me holly in þi mercy,	76
	And for my synne I am sorye :	
	þenk, of my self no my3th I haue ;	
Without Thee I die.	But þou me help, in synne I dye :	
	þi grace, mercy, ¹ lord, may me saue.	80

(11)

	My soule, my body, lord god ihesu,	
	I now by-take in þi kepynge ;	
Keep me in all my work,	Kepe me, lord, in þi vertu,	
	In al my werk & al my worchyng.	84
	In þi nome be al my doynge !	
	In þe nome of Ihesu I be-gynne :	
and out of sin this day !	Lord god ihesu al weldyng,	
	þis day kepe me out of synne ! Amen !	88

[*The rest of the leaf is blank.*]

¹ ? for 'grete mercy'

VARIOUS READINGS TO THE VERNON MS.

XXXIV. ST. GREGORY'S TRENTAL, p. 260.

From MS. Lamb. 306, fol. 110.

Title. Here folowth Sent Gregoris Trentalle.

1 I-writte men fynt . fayre 2 wrote 3 moder . hir lyffe 4 al . holden .
howsewyffe 5 maneres . mode 6 þat om. gode 7 Bonowre 8 gessed
9 Also . I-holden om. she 10 it felde . hire om. foule case 11 And tra-
vailde . his om. trecherye 12 lad . in to synne of l. 13 luste of loue 14
So fer that she 15 So prevely ner-the-lees she her bare 16 was noman ware
17 noman . witte . case 18 the childe borne 19 Be the necke the ch. she
wriede 20 she beryede 21 she a-combred 22 She sh. 23 she . holdene
(I- om.) 24 She . preeste 25 were fayne . name 26 as om. she . and of
gode fame 27 Twyes efte-sones 28 R. as hite to-forne was 29 she 30 kyne
and of 31 sonne . seynt om. 32 alle her 33 durste she no sh. showe 34 be
shrefte . were 35 shame . to hide ther sh. 36 lese . of god alle-myghte 37
sethen . lyve . so om. synfully 38 And fallene to dethe sodeynly 39 womans
dedis were . asspyde 40 sothely afterward she. 41 Whan she . seene. 42
she was . hie 43 so om. 44 had 45 al 46 she was . in hevene b. 47 litelle
48 after 49 Her sonne . at the masstode 50 moder hee t. . gode 51 sodeynly
in the myd mas 52 drewe to him a grete d. 53 blacked 54 also derke as
m. 55 in the 56 Al om. Stonyed he was of a stynche fulle stronge 57
gresely 58 in swonyng . alle-moste 59 Be-sides . vnder . lere 60 A-
meddes . that þat drewe 61 greisely 62 Butte as a f. was hir 62 ragged .
rente and also eville 64 dredfulle . be-hold . deville 65 nose . and om.
Eyes 66 flammynge fulle of brennyng lyes 67 hit om. fullyche . bi godis
m. 68 deuelis shulde drade by righte 69 eke om. blode 70 mankynde
diede . Rode 71 Sey thou me the s. wel s. 72 hate thou 73 the c. that
þou weked wreche 74 do der 75 answerde . chere 76 modyr . bere 77
vnschreyne dedis 78 bittyr . brene 79 Tho ans. . alas alas 81 Allas om.
this is a w. c. 81 my om. 82 I om. see 83 wendyne witterlyche I-wis 84
That thou . wel om. to haue hevene b. 85 þat om. that thou. 86 praye .
levene . jit om. 87 moder . fyne 88 payne 89 She 91 was . such om.
92 weked . me om. wenede 93 synned wickedly 94 the whiche . ne om.
durste me neuer shryve 95 She . her 96 from one tille other . riht om. 97
moder 94 Yf o. the may save and socoure 98 Wheþer fastynge or penaunce
may þe a. 99 Bedis . to brygge 101 Withe coste and crafte and other thinge
102 To the be h. of any saynge 103 dere blessyd sonne . she 104 bee
105 savide . be wele 106 Who-so . trentelle 107 cheffe festis . yere 108
one 109 Tre 110 Euphanie 111-12 one v. 113-14 one v. 115-16 one
v. opur om. trenite 117-18 one v. 118 of om. þe Assumpcion 119 ben
tho ilke festis tenne 120 souerely socourene 121 What preeste seith .
with-oute f. 122 soulis . shuldene myche a. 123 In one yere with-oute
trayne 124 Delyuer sowles . ful om. payne 125 But latte say this . heste
126 euery vtas of euery feste 127 this m. 128 Shalle say . this orisons too
129 Trewly . ony were 130 thorowe-oute 131 Do hem it to saye 132
Or . thes m. 133 Who-so wille 134 in . this myche . Lat. Oracio : Deus
qui es nostra Redempcio. 135 God that arte oure 136 To owre sowlis
sothefast saluacione 137 chesest. 138 of hest . be 139 suffrest 140 the
soules f. helle blame 141 Brynge hem . fendis bonde 142 oute of hethen
mene honde 143 And that pepille . levith . on 144 Throwe . amendide may

145 trustyne on . merce 146 hem alle for thi pite 147 this wille 148 ffor om.
 a mane moste holdynge 149 artte . am . sonne 150 these m . . shonne 152
 Ayenes alle the . dede 153 I pray the holiche moder 154 twel-mothe 155
 Holiche thi state . shewe 156 faryst . mowe it k . 157 she . wille in ffaye
 158 she vanshiped awaye . 160 lette (for- om.) neuer to sey . 161 were
 assigned 162 helpe . pynd 163 He toke . alwey 164 Als om . praide him
 to doo 165 tyme a twelmothe at the . stode 166 Holy in prayers w . de-
 vocious gode 167 the s . 168 sawe . a wondere sely 169 dressyd 170
 place . shone 171 Comly and crowned 172 Two Angilles heldene . 173 so
 om . y-Ravesshede 174 felle downe 175 flatte to-for hir fete 176 Devoute
 teres ther he lete 177 grete . wel om . stevyne 179 Modyr 180 modyr
 181 she . ame . she 182 bee 183 sothe . seste . here 184 thi moder . bere
 185 Beforme . woste wele 186 Righte foule as a deville of helle 187 swiche .
 seste here 188 Throwe helpe . prayere 189 i-dresset om . in to . clere
 190 blessyd . bere 191 And sonne for thi gode dede 192 be 193 laten
 this massys this doo 194 Shalle hane . and the s . 197 When she hadde
 this saide anone 198 The angelle to hevyn with hire con gone . 199 To
 that place gode 200 That wonnethe in blysse w . e .

Then follows the Appendix of MS. Cott. Cal. thus :

Now haue we herde fayre and wele Loke this be saide alle in ffere
 The vertue of seinte Gregories tren- Every day thorowe the yere
 telle . And every day¹ loke thou note for-
 yette,
 Who-so wille do hite parfityly This is to say, loke thou note lette !
 He moste do more therto trewly . Ine the evtas of every feste
 The preeste thate shalle this trentalle Also longe as they do leste—
 synge,
 Atte euche feste thate he dothe mynde viij. dayes mene calle the vtas—
 He moste sey withe gode devocione The preeste moste sey in his masse
 Every evyne the comendacione, A nobyllle orysonne it his holde
 Placebo & the direges he moste sey also, The Collett that I of firste tolde.
 The soules to brynge oute of woo, And aftyr the fyrste orysonne
 And also the spalmes sevyne Ther is a noþer of grete Renowne
 Thate helpethe to brynge the soule That to the soules is wonder swete,
 tille hevyn ; Mene calleth hite the secrete.²
 ffor a-monge alle other they bethe gode And whan the preste hathe sacred his
 To brynge the soule from helle flode ; masse
 ffor every salme dothe quynche a synne And vside and his handis I-wasshe,
 As ofte as any mane dothe them be- An othere orisonne he moste saye
 gynne That in the boke fyndene he may,
 And withe gode devocione seith þem to The post-comyne men dothe hit calle,³
 the ende : That helpethe soules oute of thralle ;
 Then may the soulès to hevyn wende. At⁴ that this be done at euche a feste
 Therfore this salme[s] haue ye in That the trentalle spekethe of mest
 thoughte . and leste.
 The xv salmes fore-yete ye noughte . Then may thou be sekyr and fulle
 The letany also ye haue in mynde— serteayne
 Loke thou leve hit not be-hynde ; To brynge the sowles oute of her
 Withe gode deuocione thow hit saye, payne
 Ante to alle hallowne there-with to To the Endles Ioye that lastethe aye—
 praye ; He vs graunte that fore vs dyede one
 Pray hem to helpe withe alle her gode ffrydaye.
 myghte To that Ioye gode vs brynge
 The soules to brynge to hevyn That is Ine hevyn withe-oute End-
 bryghte, yng.
 There euer is day and neuer nyghte— Pray we alle that hit so be,
 Cryst grawnte vs grace to se thate Amen amen þur charite.
 sighte . Explicit sent Gregorys Trentalle.

¹ *al.* Neuer a ² Secrete: Omnipotens sempiternus deus (in the margin).

³ Post com.: Deus cuius misericordie (in the margin). ⁴ *al.* And

XXXII. HOW TO LIVE PERFECTLY, p. 221.

From MS. Addit. 22383 (MS. Simeon¹).

Beginning wantyng. fol. 30 b. 16 lyeþ . no 24 se 25 witneþ fulliche
 26 Boke . calde 27 seune dedly 28 er 29 vertues 34 þen 35 þenne
 37 þe 40 blis 51 word . 3ou 53 forto 55 Sco (e erased) v. 58 om. 62
 ordeynet 64 lyuyng 74 goode 76 Religious 82 worschupe 85 biddynge
 89 wipouten strif 90 fyf 94 goinge 100 schuldest 110 gret 115 Maist
 þou 117 self 120 feir 121 olde 123 þenke . pray 129 donge 139 þenke
 144 long 147 vche 148 nouh 149 lorn 151 is om. 154 vche 155 schal
 156 eneri 157 vche 169 ener 181 helpe . loft 182 oft 184 bi veyn 189
 vre 191 vre 192 beop 195 þenke 198 3oure 203 formed 205 stinkyng
 206 formed 207 pris 208 no₂ om. deuis 212 wol . resoun 222 suche
 225 sustur 229 schuldest þenne 246 he inst. of her 248 Gostliche 263 put
 289 Suche goodnes 290 god om. 296 hertely 305 fuir 306 watur 309
 schrift 310 riht 313 þenke 315 perel 321 wikked chaunces 325 whahat
 341 hert . custodisti . saluum sanum . incolumen & ad . que . de tua 344
 euene 346 bedde 347 honest 348 rest 350 Biseche 351 alle 352
 goodnesses 353 lant 364 angelus 368 alle 370 alle . doers 371 biseke
 374 þe 375 alle 381 hert 384 buxum 385 departed 390 made 399 þe
 inst. of 3e 401 þeose 417 goodnesse 420 proprietes 421 fulliche 424 her
 426 goode 429 forto 431 þing 433 alle 435 To om. 436 beoyng . fleoyng
 437 þinge 438 I- om. 441 may þei no þing 443 fele 447 þenke 450
 Surmountep. 451 ful 452 þauh. 454 stud . purueyde 456 schende-schupe
 460 ordeyned 462 made 471 mendement 472 goode 473 Chastised 474
 suche 482 vre 483 scop 486 febulnesse 487 ouht 490 fulliche 491
 lyfte . pi 496 But 498 As þe b. 503 redresse 508 calde 509 What
 510 perel 511 forto doute 521 þe 524 vertues 531 heuene 532 Headline
 wantyng. 534 wrape . envie 535 glotenie . gedines 538 But . monnus 557
 rehersen 558 bettur 564 lasse 578 proud 580 goodus 587 3e 589
 serwyng 590 fare 594 defaute 596 hert 597 þenk 599 slouh . wikednes
 602 wanhope 607 hert 608 meche vnquert 613 hert 614 vnquert 628
 deceyueþ 629 putteþ 630 harme 640 doun 643 Headline wantyng 644
 ordeynet 645 sende . vertues 647 seide 650 kyndam 655 hande (cor.)
 656 lastande 668 forto 669 blis 671 hert 675 Pesible 677 lecheri . or-
 deyned 682 þe om. forto. Headline wantyng. 689 vertu 698 nede 702 god
 732 counseyle 736 helpe. Headline wantyng. 740 vre 741 fende 743 wor-
 schipe 744 þorwh inst. of wip 753 lesse 757 bildest 762 Ordeynet toward
 765 forto 767 vche . feste 768 leste 769 rest 775 opur 777 fully 781
 helpe 791 þen 793 snert 795 honde . hert 796 weppen 803 opur 805 nul
 811 neode 815 hest 822 witnis 826 harme forto 827 witnes 845 þinge
 846 doinge 853 furst þre 856 cristen. Headline wantyng. 858 vertues 866
 teche 867 furst þre 869 þeose 872 Techeþ 878 neodeful 879 þen 886
 þinge 888 conyng 893 3iue 900 al 901 lesyng 903 knowyng 907 know-
 ynge 910 vertu 911 vche 912 louen. Headline wantyng. 924 Vnder
 935 harde dýzyng 936 heue 946 persones 949 comyng 954 church 956
 chirehe . goode 962-lastyng 963 opur 964 payne. Headline wantyng. 967
 ordeyned 969 furst 972-fadur bouht 979 autere 982 eftsone 988 chirehe
 989 Matrimonye 994 dýzyng 996 soule. Headline wantyng. 1001 mones
 1003 rihtwysnes 1004 strenþe 1008 do 1009 hoso 1010 most . go (!) 1014
 cald 1022 deseyues 1027 riches 1030 callen 1032 brennyng 1034 cast.
 Headline wantyng. 1037 redeli 1040 þursti 1045 seuenþe 1046 to burye
 1072 Who so 1073 lest . myn 1077 3e inst. of þe 1086 citee 1089 lette 1091
 sei 1092 gospel 1094 heore 1096 kyndam 1099 sermoun 1104 verray-
 liche 1105 opur 1118 wolden 1122 þeose opur 1124 wordes 1125 betre
 1126 a nelde E 1127 suche 1128 kyngdom 1137 harme 1142 hit hit
 1144 opur 1145 lastande 1146 sande 1149 kyngdom 1152 lest 1155
 heore hert 1156 pouert 1157 in quert 1158 ponert.

¹ MS. Simeon being a mere copy of MS. Vernon without reference being had to any other MS., there are only slight differences in spelling, but no variants of material importance. I wish it to be understood that MS. Simeon has the reading of MS. Vernon also in those places where I have found it necessary to make corrections or emendations.

XXXIII. THE VISIONS OF ST. PAUL, p. 251.

6 any 10 Archangelus 13 sciȳ 14 Brennyng 15 synnes 21 brennyng
22 diuerses 27 furst 31 þynke 32 stynke 33 penauce 34 soulus . alle
47 wheel 51 tymes 52 fendes of h. 53 þe 54 turnent 55 sauh 63
toke . kepe 65 sauh 66 And w. 68 goode 78 him 86 Riht aftur 94
wepte 108 churchē dud 111 bries 112 aboute 119 biturned 120 sauh .
derke 121 amonges 125 ff. rest wanting.

XXXV. THE Prick or SPUR of Love, p. 268.

6 techen 12 preyet 15 þoure 16 þerne 20 forte 31 Headline : How
meditacioun bryngus mon to loue god. 31 Tak 32 to god . wol 41 is inst.
of be 55 Eres . ben om. 57 þin 63 mok 64 muchel 65 anopur 66 worm is
70 þou hast 82 Riht foul 86 forte 87 headline : How þou schalt þenke on
þi soule. 103 wondur 112 pleseþ 114 art þou drad 122 forte 135 amis
143 bi watur 144 tended 155 headline : Of þe Nobleye of god 164 an hiȝ
165 miht 168 haue 169 makyngē . a om. 171 such a 172 be om. 174
haue 176 deop 180 watur . eorþe. 185 opur 187 forte 189-91 = V.
207 stude 208 ordeyned 210 schendschipe 212 Scoppe 213 to om. be
215 alle 226 to 229 þe while 242 sterrus 252 vertuwe 265 þis is 266
Headline : To þenke of þi sunnes 272 opur 276 euel 277 Sunne 278
þeorne 284 Aftur 288 rikene 289-90 = V. 293 a mon 297 forte 307
opur 310 Of opur mennes 314 euel 315 forte 329 hous lond 334 weole
337 euel 338 þin 340 forto 353 opur 357 cald 363 þeofþe 381 wiþ-
outen 390 þe om. 394 kun 399 Headline : Remedy aȝey[n] þe seuē dedly
synnes 405 Blessyngē 407 beoþ 412 lure 414 freondes 415 wondur
429 gloton 431 þei om. I-blessed 436 on g. b. 438 þe seuē 439 Head-
line : Of þe spirit of drede. 441 euel 442 forte 446 þe worldes wele ȝif we
ben wyse 457 headline = V. 464 ben inst. of beren 468 wilne in h. I. . filde
469 forte 480 euel 481 take inst. of hente . euel 484 forte 485 forte 491
Euel 502 Or 504 opus 505 wiþoute 520 Beoþ to þe 523 habēþ 528 forte
535 Stele þou 541 tel 542 euel 546 opur 553 aftur 555 Headline want-
ing. 559 þe I om. 569 wiþ inst. of þorw 582 aftur 587 Headline wanting.
588 rikenen 598 no mon 606 haue 621 preosthod 623 sacramentes 624
al 626 Preost 633 loye 634 ordeyned 637 out of . weende 638 eende
639 Oyngement 640 verrement 645 Headline wanting. 645 But 646 schul
648 dettes 652 furst 653 forte 658 is inst. of vs 661 Headline wanting.
664 þou maiȝt 673 ȝit schalt þou 677 þen schalt þou 680 watur 682 alle
686 furst 692 wisch 693 and likyng 697 þou schalt 701 pyne inst. of mischef
707 Headline wanting. 715 enymyte 718 vche is . opures 724 þat þe 726
verrement 727 opur 729 opur 730 soþur 734 Corouned 738 aȝeyn 741 art
þou 744 siker of 746 heiȝ 749 Headline wanting. 764 con teche 767 Head-
line wanting. 777 hem departe 780 and houre 782 opur. Headline want-
ing. 792 I-sched 799 an heiȝ 804 þeof 806 as cos 810 alle 811 I-lad biforen
A. Headline wanting. 827 bobbed 830 þauh. Headline wanting. 834 dis-
ciples 846 þen om. Headline wanting. 854 boþe om. 862 Corouned . ich
863 ff = V. 871 send 902 þauȝ 903 not sopliche. 909 Headline wanting.
919 blynt 921 watur 928 dispit 934 alle 940 turned 941 preyere .
fastyng . þerfore 952 poned inst. of fruscht 954 coroune. Headline wanting.
957 wusch 960 wariede 964 hosel 965 þauh 966 stil'ely 982 þeose
vers 985 Headline wanting. 995 oopure 1000 oopur 1016 nedde 1018
Opur 1021 had 1023 don 1044 cunnyngē 1062 not 1064 or l. 1065
coome 1066 goome 1072 in om.

XXXVII. A GOOD MAN AND THE DEVIL, p. 329.

V. 39 ferrene . feeryng 41 chirche 45 leute 51 haue to me . trust
54 comen 56 schul 60 vr 62 hose . come to 63 Pride . firste 66 seuēþe
67 lesse 68 fforte 70 loue 73 vchone oþer 74 broþer 76 of om. 82
neihȝebur 83 But . mihtestou 89 opur 93 heued 99 vndurstod 101

Aftur 107 I-poked 111 I wol not (ne om.) 113 And al 115 haþ he .
 I-worschipt 120 tene . forte 122 godus 124 So seide 125 oute 126 ihte
 127 firste 136 let 137 disputyng 140 huide 147 not 149 pride 151
 I-witen 169 ouer 181 bi 182 schaltou 191 wel vndurstod 193 pruite
 199 naket 204 wosschen 219 miȝten ha 221 I-woned 222 weren . dude
 223 euel 228 I-greued 230 nis 238 oþur 246 had 247 zeluh 256 heore
 þonkus onus 265 Vitrede 266 fyle pruide 267 strie . godus . turne 269
 no mon 270 But ȝif 273 Godes 275 Much . cold . ers 276 grentras 277
 And om. 278 hornus . heor . vehe 281 heor 283 foule 286 heor 292
 sunne 295 be 301 coþes 307 seiȝe 309 þen 318 of oþur 324 wysur
 325 richor After 325 add : þen þow be bi an hundred fold 326 ful wo 327
 forþinke 328 ho m. þenne 330 euel . þenne þe 332 vndurstod 333 þat I om.
 toþer 334 after 335 preost 339 hit is 342 schulde 345 ȝifþ 346
 I-ȝeuen . I haue seyð 360 oþur 361 mostou . needes 362 deep 365 hit
 him 372 boldeli (che erased) 373 schomefulli (che erased) 375 þi fust
 376 wiþ knyf 378 bete 382 strong and hardy 383 darst 385 þe balde-
 loker þou maiȝt 386 seche 387 stunt . not 391 oþure 396 skeer 398
 vndurstod 401 ful om. 406 euel 408 meengeþ 410 turneþ 413 morwe
 414 after 417 sunne 421 amendet 424 I-set 427 broþer 428 þenne
 433 conne 435 cunnen 436 byforen weore 445 mihte 446 eny 472 not
 475 weunleete 478 leue 479 þauh 485 neuer fare 492 bigunne 497 ȝif 499
 couetous 501 not 502 wol 504 heore 505 leete 506 nerre 508 vndurstod
 511 in . biddynge 512 hose 513 troupe 519 wol 521 oþur 525 tymes
 527 him . him 530 cors 532 at erased 533 haþ 534 toun . feld . I-sene
 536 erþe 538 forte 542 fforte 545 schaltou 548 Executurs 549 ful ille
 (on eras.) 550 i-om., ete 551 schaltou . maiȝtou 552 Salomon 553 make
 555 neodful 556 neode 559 schaltou 561 watur . oþur 562 neode 563
 mak 570 wole 573 þre kunne 576 men 582 leseþ om. 583 maken euel
 587 aferd . hit schal 589 he was I-bore 592 lese 593 Iop 594 al 595
 luite 597 is me 602 not 603 blessed . þin n. 605 þat om. 606 spekest
 he seide 608 wolton leue 610 hast þou muynde 611 kuynde 612 ordeynt
 614 bring 615 spousyng 618 hose 627 not 629 a om. 634 gladli (che
 eras.) 636 And he may beo liht 640 vndurstod 647 oute 648 gretteste
 649 are wedded 654 oþur 663 euel 664 sungest 670 Nul 674 peyne
 675 do 678 are 679 halue 680 oþur 681 nedde heore 683 But 690
 heore 702 aftur 710 heor . to om. 711 preostes 712 wenestou 715
 churche 722 come 728 cantel 731 hali 747 luste 754 haþ þenne 755
 hem 756 neode 757 beode 759 churche 764 Ak ȝif 774 þei 778 vndur-
 stod 779 techyng 783 weenden 784 beoþ 788 After 790 sleepe 793
 But 797 deede 798 meede 801 after 802 neod 808 weenden 809
 schrift . i- om. 816 sore 817 more 818 comeþ 823 But After 825 added :
 þerfore is good þat he craue Godes Merci to vndurfonge. 827 fastor 828 þeih
 829 fforsoþe gret wonder hit is 831 ho . forte . rise (a- om.) 833 him 840
 and for 847 Noon 853 muche 856 vndurstond 860 after 863 langlyng
 870 ly 873 cumbrement 875 oþur 878 worch 884 apayed 890 eete
 891 but 894 euel 897 wite wel 899 he is 901 dure forte 911 drunk-
 enesse 912 oþur 920 vndurstod 923 wiþoute 926 kuynde 927 glotons
 930 heor 936 more 937 Mel 942 more . ned 944 preo 953 a Baisch
 957 vndurstonde 965 lengore 966 But 972 wiþ mylde 975 fforte weenden
 985 kepe

XXXVIII. THE CASTLE OF LOVE, p. 355.

Four headlines wanting. 1 þencheþ 5 No . euel 13 worschipe 17 þenchen
 25 ffrensch . oþur speche 26 seche 29 Lof (t erased) 32 leodene 37 nonþur
 40 And aftur 42 murþe 47 hiȝe 49 weore 53 which 57 ysaye 58 trewelye
 66 þeose 67 schul 68 domes 73 cunnen 74 bigunnen 75 hose 76 ȝeorno
 83 ha-(bbep erased) 92 at þe 101 senen 105 not om. 107 weoren 108 beeren
 110 del 111 I-brouht 112 ofspring 124 bettre 139 euel . godo 140 him
 wel vndurstoode 141 vndur 152 O . w. at-sprong 155 streon 162 ofspring
 165 weole 166 feole 169 kuynde 170 oþur 173 oþer 194 lawes 202

752 *Various Readings to MS. Vernon (from MS. Simcon).*

him taken 214 lyked 218 laste . forfare 230 neore 232 synne 233
synne 242 synnes 243 ffeor 256 fforte 267 synne 268 myne 269 opur
286 kyngdom 301 eldest 302 opur 303 suster 316 But . vndur 317
prison. Headline wanting. 325 vndurstonde 332 Raunsoun 336 feir 340
tre 341 be-gilede 344 prison 345 Boxumnesse 345 swetnesse 349 nere
350 But 352 prison. Headline om. 358 suster 359 prison 372 oultest
not 374 But 390 w. her-biforen. Headline om. 399 beop 407 tyzed
408 wrecchedam 415 Seop 418 schuldest 426 vndurstod 429 weende
431 naket 432 I-maket 436 aftur 439 beo 440 fleo 446 destruyzed 448
weoren. Headline om. 466 come hem 470 I am 474 make 477 witen
wel þe pees 481 eueri 487 beop 494 seppe 496 one 500-501 om. 503
goodschupe 504 þer faylep 505 wisdom 516 And fader here 519 ffor inst.
of And . ften 520 But 526 Heo mihten neuere 529 wisdom 543 milhtifol
548 beden 553 dryuen . oonde 559 nouzt corr. to ouzt. 561 fulfild 566
vndurstonde 579 weore 580 boxumnes 581 swetnes 589 hose 594 in
eny 596 sauioir 597 women 598 vndur 607 Latin om. 609 kyngdome
614 seon 615 beop 617 wole 629 weore . wonderful 632 luitel 647
wondurfol 650 alle 655 Oopur 657 vndur 661 vndurfonge 664 in. om.
679 euel 684 he (-o erased) fleon 689 heo corr. to hey 694 deope . beop
702 fleon 711 aboute . opur 724 aftur 730 eorneþ 733 opur 734 watur
738 he 740 þer, om. 747 feirschipe 749 such a 750 al on 751 aftur
752 made 755 kyngdom 763 feole 764 maide 777 Maydens 780 is newe
782 vertuwes 783 is corr. to as 788 Buxomnesse 789 on m. 788 wþ
800 vertuwes 801 sleishchipe 802 worschipe 804 euel 818 hire 823
seuene 830 euel 836 þorw 837 And al was 839 euere 842 distruized
848 fulle 852 opur 855 no (-nes erased) 866 hire 871 & fre om. 872 he
877 þorw 883 neode 892 foon 893 ffeond 894 ne om. 897-8 transposed
899 doþ 904 Glotonye . euel 908 Ich habbe 909 þer þer þe 915 þat om.
921 I om. 928 hem 930 ha (-bbe erased) 938 ded (-en erased) 947 ȝemet
948 flemet 953 vndurstonde 955 herkne 956 I 958 burþen 961 I 962
I chul 965 I am (ch erased) 971 þe inst. of to 975 eorþe . þenken 977
frendschip 978 walde 985 polmodnes 987 ȝineth 989 opur 994 stil 1005
forbad 1009 þerfore 1014 god 1015 lordschipe 1019 Boxumnes 1036
nuste . were 1037 seiȝ him . & om. 1040 Wer . I-come 1041 ȝeue 1042
bowe. Lat. om. 1043 Ihesus . go wei 1044 schaltou . Lat. om. 1046 þ I
am 1051 mymest 1052 bi-nime 1055 forward 1059 schulde . synne
1061 nil 1062 forward . Lat. om. 1065 forward . god wol wel holde 1067
tresun 1069 leste 1074 were . Lat. om. 1078 bitrayet 1083 dispuite
1087 þor 1089 disceysed Lat. om. Lat. om. 1100 ar 1101 as Lat. om.
1104 ichulle 1105 leste f. 1106 hundret 1107 seon. Lat. om. 1108
feond 1112 ȝine. Lat. om. 1115 I chulle 1121 þat om. 1133 vndurstonde
1135 þoruȝ . wþoute 1139 synne 1141 al 1145 vnwresteschipe 1146
bere 1148 eizen 1150 buffetes 1152 I-meyn 1153 þer 1159 þenchen
1162 frendschipe 1164 wþ-oute 1167 and h. f. 1169 sunne 1179 and
ende 1180 fro 1188 Raunson 1189 bodi ȝit erased 1192 leggen 1198
fulfuld 1201 hundred 1203 were 1207 maat 1210 fforsope bilenede
1233 Ondurstondeþ 1235 mowen 1242 Headline : Of a kene swerd 1243
Me . cunne 1245 deede (n erased) 1247 seon 1248 beon 1252 hit weo (!)
1256 opur 1260 brenneþ 1265 neoces of þis priuete 1268 tornde watur
1270 watur 1276 fele 1276 wþ om. . . . loues 1280 weren 1286 Buriels
1289 him to 1290 him also 1292 was god and is 1301 ne om. 1305 heize
1306 bineþen 1307 Boweþ . þulke 1312 vndurstonde 1314 paradys 1318
vndur 1327 was he 1331 aftur 1334 habbe 1340 hedde 1342 longede
1344 feondes 1352 feond 1356 he om. 1359 Myldeful . beon 1379 fulfild
1381 schulle 1382 I-strened 1386 curs 1392 Beer 1394 strevne 1395
I-demed 1405 tynes 1412 þo þat 1413 þat t. 1414 vp om. aros 1415
schewed 1416 preched 1417 þorsday 1418 weoren 1420 he hem 1421
wonhoþe 1433-6 om. 1435 woundes 1437 I wot 1455 atte f. 1456 ne
om. 1458 beop 1461 beon 1465 streoned 1466 þenne he 1468 deþ 1471
mowe 1473 lawes 1480 vr þes 1512 eende 1514 leden her 1519 after .
weende 1520 eende

APPENDIX.

A FEW POEMS FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2¹
AND 86, AND ANOTHER LEAF.

DIGBY 2.

1. *Christ on the Cross*, p. 753.
2. *Hail Mary!*² p. 755.
3. *A Resolve to Reform*,² p. 756.

(*Christ's Dialog on the
Cross with his Mother*),
p. 763.

7. *The sawe of Saint Bede*,
prest, p. 765.

DIGBY 86.

4. *Les diz de Seint Bernard*,
p. 757.

8. *Coment le sauter noustre dame*
fu primes cuntroue, p. 777.

5. *Ubi sunt qui ante nos fue-*
runt? p. 761.

A LEAF OF MS.

6. *Chauncon de noustre Dame*

9. *A Confession of Sins, and a*
Prayer to Christ, p. 785.

1. *Christ on the Cross.*

(6 stanzas of 10 lines each, abab ccb ccb. p is for MS. y.)

(1)

Hi sike al wan hi singe,

for sorue þat hi se :

Wan hic wit wepinge

bi-holde a-pon þe tre,

Hi se ihesu mi suete

his herte blode for-lete

for þe luue of me.

His wondis wexin wete :

Marie milde and sute,

þu haf merci of me !

4 I weep when
I see Jesus
on the Cross
lose his life
for me.

7

10

(2)

Hey a-pon a dune,

as al folke hit se may,

a mile wytt-hute þe tune,

a-bute þe mid day,

þe rode was op a-ride :

his frendis werin al of-ferde,

11 On a down,

a mile off,

14

the Cross was
set up.

¹ These were first printed in Herrig's *Archiv*, 1897.

² These are ryme-beginning poems.

	þei clungin so þe cley.	17
	þe rod stonit in ston,	
Mary sobd.	Mari hir selfe al-hon,	
	hir songe was way-la-way.	20
	(3)	
	Wan hic him bi-holde	21
	wyt hey and herte boþe,	
Jesus hung pale and bleeding	Hi se his bodi colde,	
	his ble waxit alle bloe ;	24
	He honge al of blode,	
	se hey a-pon þe rode,	
between two thieves.	bi-twixin þefis two.	27
	Hu soldi singe mor ?	
	Mari, þw wepe sor ;	
	þu wist of al his woe.	30
	(4)	
I sigh and am sad	Wel ofte wan hi siche,	31
	hi make mi mone ;	
	Hiuel hic ¹ may me like,	[? ? hit]
	and wondir nis hit non,	34
	Wan hi se honge hey,	
when I see Jesus pierst	Ande bitter peynis drei,	
	Ihesu my lemmon.	37
	His wondis sor[e] smerte,	
with a spear,	þe sper his at his herte,	
	Ande þorit his side gon. ²	40
	(5)	
	þe naylis beit al to longe,	41
	þe smyt his al to sleye,	
and bleeding.	pue bledis al to longe,	
	þe tre his al to heye,	44
	þe stonis waxin wete :	
	Allas, ihesu, mi suete,	
Alas, few friends had he t	feu frendis hafdis pue ; ²	47
	But sin Ion murnid,	
	And Mari wepnid,	
	þat al þi sorug seys.	50

² MS. rubd

(6)

Wel ofte wan hi slepe,	51	
wit soru hie ham poit soit ;		I sorrow
Wan hi wake and wende,		when I think
hi þenke in mi poit,	54	how mad men
Allas þat man beit wode!		are
bi-holdit an þe rode,		
and silit hig [han broit] ¹	57	
Hir souelis in to sin,		to wreck
for any worlde hit ² win,		their souls
þat was so der hi-boyt.	60	so dearly
		bought.

2. *Hail, Mary!**(A rhyme-beginning poem.³ 5 stanzas of 8 lines, aaaa abab.)*

Digby MS. 2, leaf 6, back.

(1)

Hayl, mari! hie am sori :	1	Mary, have
haf pite of me, and merci !		mercy on
mi leuedi, to þe i cri :		me!
for mi sinnis, dred ham hi,	4	I dread pun-
wen hi þenke hat hi sal bi,		ishment for
þat hi haf mis hi-don		my sins.
in worde, in worke, in poith, foli :		
leuedi, her mi bon !	8	

(2)

Mi bon þu her, leuedi der,	9	
þat hie aske wit reuful cher!		
þu len me her, ⁴ wil hie am fer,		Give me
do penanx in mi praier ;	12	grace to do
ne let me noth ler, þat þu ber,		penance ;
at mi nendin day ;		
þe worlais, þai wil be her,		and save
fort[to] take þair pray.	16	me from the
		Fiends!

¹ MS. rubd.² ? worldis.³ See *Early English Poems and Lives of Saints*, in Philol. Soc. Trans. 1872, and note the frequent central rymes here.⁴ 'lefli der' follows, dotted under as a mistake.

(3)

We cannot resist them unless thou help us.	To take þar pray, alse hi her say	17
	þai er redi, boyt nite ¹ and day ;	
	so strange er þai, þat we ne may	
They flee thre.	A-gaynis þaim stond, so way la way,	20
	but þu gif helpus, mitteful ¹ may,	
	Wit þi sunes grace ;	
	Wan þu comes, þai flet a-wai ;	
	dar þai not se þi face.	24

(4)

Grant me to see thy face,	þi face to se, þu grant hit me,	25
	lefdi ful-fillid of pite,	
	þat hi may be in Ioy wit þe,	
and thy Son who sufferd for me and all men.	to se þi sone in trinite,	28
	þat sufferid pine, and ded for me	
	and for al man-kyn :	
	his flesse was sprade on rode tre,	
	to leysus al of sine.	32

(5)

We ought to crouch, as the hare does for the hounds, when we think of our fate at the Doom.	Of sine and kar, he maked vs bar,	33
	Wan he þollid pines sar ;	
	to drupe and dar, we athe wel mare,	
	alse for þe hondis doyt þe har,	36
	wan we þenke hu we sal far	
	wan he sal dem vs alle,	
	we sal haf ned[e þan &] þare,	
	a-pon mari to calle, &c.	40

3. *A Resolve to Reform.*

(*A rhyme-beginning poem. 3 stanzas of 6, aaab ab. þ is for MS. y.*)

(1)

[leaf 15] I'll give up the world,	No more willi wiked be ;	1
	Forsake ich wille þis world-is fe,	
	þis wildis wodis, þis folen gle ;	
have a knotted girdle,	ich wul be mild of chere :	4
	of enottis seal mi girdil be,	
	becomme[n] ich wil frere.	6

¹ Note the absence of the guttural *gh*. Compare Capgrave's Chronicle, and his St. Katharine, E. E. T. Soc.

(2)

Frer menur i wil me make, and lecherie i wille asake ; to ihesu crist ich wil me take, and <i>serue</i> in holi churche, all in mi ouris for to wake, goddis wille to wurche.	7 and turn Grey Friar (Franciscan). I'll forsake lechery, and serve in church. 10 12
--	--

(3)

Wurche i wille pis workes gode, for him þat boyht us in þe rode ; from his side ran þe blode ; so dere he gan vs bie : for sothe i tel him mor þan wode, þat haytit ¹ licherie.	13 I'll do good for Christ's sake. 16 18 He's mad who does lechery.
---	---

MS. Digby 86, c. 1275 A.D., leaf 125, back.
Bodleian Library.

4. *Les diz de seint bernard comenceent .A.ci tres beaus.*

(Printed before in Anglia, III. 59, etc., by Varnhagen.)

(9 stanzas of 6, aab, ccb.)

(1)

P e blessing of heuene king, And of his moder, þat swete þing, Mote we all hauen ! He ous ȝeue good beginning, And clene lif at oure ending ; þat auhte we alle craven.	May God and Mary bless us ! 3 6
---	---

(2)

Lestneþ me a luitel þrowe, ȝe þat wilen ou selven cnowe ! Ounwis þau ich be, .I. shal hou tellen, alse ich can, Wat holy writ spekeþ of man ; Lestneþ nou to me !	9 I'll tell you what Holy Writ says of Man. 12
--	---

¹ ? for 'hantith,' practises.

(3)

St. Bernard
says that
men shall
feed worms.

Saint bernard seiþ in his bok,
þa[t] man is werm, and wermes hok,
And wermes he shal feden ; 15
Wen his lif him is bireued,
In his rug and in his heued
Shulen grisliche wermes bređen. 18

(4)

His flesh shall
melt from his
bones.

þe fles sal melten from þe bon,
þe senewes sundren euerichon,
þe body hit sal defien. 21
3e þat wilen þat soþe .I.-seen,
Oundop þe graues þere þey been,
And lokep wat þere lien. 24

(5)

Man has here
no home.

May Christ
save us from
Hell!

[leaf 126]

Mon, þou art a feble fom,
Ne hauest þou here non siker hom ;
Ne seye ich þe bote skil ; 27
þi riȝte stude is helles wer ;
Ihesus lete ous comen þer,
þorou his swete wil ! 30

(6)

You don't
know when
you shall die.

Prepare for
it while you
can.

þi fles stont aȝein þi gost :
Wen þou shalt deyen, þou ne wost,
Nouþer day ne niȝt. 33
Nedes costes þou most deyen,
Ne may no rauncoun þe forbeyen ;
Greyþe þe wiles þou miȝt ! 36

(7)

Death draws
his kniffe.
Get shriven !

A fikel wind, mon, is þi lif,
And deþ draweþ his sarpe knif ;
þou do þe sone sriue ! 39
If þou counne loke riȝt,
Ne hauest þou here bote fiȝt,
þe wiles þou art aliue. 42

(8)

For nou þou art wrong, nou þou art riȝt,
Nou þou art heui, nou þou art liȝt,
þou skippest also a ro ; 45

Nou þou art sek, and nou þou coverest ;
 Nou þou art riche, and nou þou pouerest ;
 Ne is þis muchel wo ?

You're now
 sick, then
 well ;
 now rich,
 now poor.

48

(9)

Þi fles þe seyþ niȝt and day,
 .I. wile hauen eise wil .I. may ;
 þi soule þe seiþ nay :
 If ich þe bere to muchel meþ,
 þou wilt me bringen helle deþ,
 And wo þat lasteþ ay.

Your flesh
 wants ease ;

51

your soul
 fears Hell.

54

(10)

þus hit goþ bitwenen hem two ;
 þat on seiþ 'let,' þat oþer 'do,'
 Ne cunneþ hey ne nere bilinnen ;
 Wel we mowen alle .I.-seen,
 þe soule auhte maister to been,
 þe pris hoe hautte to winnen.

Soul says
 'Stop' ;
 Flesh says
 'Indulge.'

57

Soul ought to
 be Master.

60

(11)

Mon, be þou nout þi self ouncep ;
 Loke wat comeþ out at þi moup,
 Ne findest þou non so fouvel dinghep,¹
 þey þou loke al abouten,
 And elles wer wiþ-houten,
 Wel hinderliche þou nim þe kep.

No dungheap
 is so foul as
 man's utter-
 ance.

63 [col. 2]

66

(12)

þou hauest, man, in þat foule hous,
 A þing þat is wel precious ;
 Wel dere hit wes .I.-bouht :
 Ich helde þe for wilde and wod,
 If þou letest so muchel god,
 þe deuel hauen for nouht.

Yet within
 is a precious
 thing.

69

Don't let the
 Devil have it
 for nothing !

72

(13)

Mon, be waker and be wis ;
 If þou down fallest, sone aris,
 Ne li þou none stounde :
 Wiþ alle þi mizte, if þou dost þis,
 þi soule seyt, and soþ hit is,
 Ioye þou hauest .I.-founde.

If you fall,
 rise again,

75

78 and find Joy !

¹ altered from 'diuhhep' : l. 64 is written after l. 66.

(14: *Man's Three Foes. The First, his Flesh.*)

You've 3
Foes,

your Flesh,
the World,
and the
Devil.

Mon, þou hauest þre wikke fon ;
Here nomes con ich euerich on ;
Nou ich shal tellen alle : 81
þin owene fles, þe world, þe fend ;
He þat scholde ben þi frend,
He doþ þe rapest falle. 84

(15)

1. You make
your foe,
the Flesh,
fat and strong
to fight
against you.

þou clopest him wiþ faire shroud,
þou makest þi fomen fat and proud.
If ich hit dourste seyen ; 87
þou dost þi self wel muchel wrong,
þou makest þi foman fat and strong
To fizen þe aȝein. 90

(16)

Cut off his
bread and
drink,

and make
him work !

þou do bi counsail and bi red ;
Wiþdrau him hofte of his bred,
And luitel ȝef him to drinken ; 93
Ne let him noþing Idel gon ;
þou do him pines mani on,
And ofte do him to swinken. 96

(17: *Man's Second Foe, the World.*)

[lf. 126, bk.]
2. The World
draws you to
Covetous-
ness.

To coveitise of mani þing,
þe world þe draweþ ; and misliking
Hit giueþ þe more and more. 99
Fals he his, and feir he semeþ,
And alrebest, wen he þe quemereþ,
He bindeþ þe wel sore. 102

(18)

It shall
perish.

You can take
nothing out
of it.

þou wost þe world shal gon to nout,
Ne hauest þou noþing hider ibrouȝt,
Ne nout shalt bere wiþ þe ; 105
þou shalt alone gon þi way,
Wiþ-oute stede and palefray,
Wiþ-oute gold and fe. 108

(19: *Man's Third Foe,*the Fiend.*)

P i bridde fo, þat foule wiȝt, þe fondeþ boþe day and niȝt, þeron hiſe gilles alle : þou woſt wel he ne loueþ þe nout, He fondeþ to chaunge þi þout, And do þe for to falle.	3. The Devil tempts you always 111 114 to fall.
--	---

(20)

þou woſt he ne wille þe no god ; He wolde hauē þin herte blod ; þou be war of hiſ hok ! Do nou alſo ich haue þe ſeid, And alle þre ſulē ben aleid Wiþ here owene crok.	He wants your heart's blood : 117 Beware of hiſ hook ! Do as I've told you, and beat your foes. 120
---	--

(21)

If þou ſeyſt þiſ ſpelis hard, Ne may .I. nout ſwech foreward Holden, ne wel drie ; A litel þing ich axe þe ; þou ſei me ſoþ, par charite, þer-of þat þou ne lie.	123 I aſk you but little. 126
---	--

c. 1275. *MS. Digby 86, leaf 126, back, col. 1.*

5. *Ubi ſount qui ante noſ fuerunt?*

(10 ſtanzas of 6, aab, ccb.)

(1)

U ere beþ þey biforen vs weren, Houndes ladden and hauckes beren, And hadden feld and wode ? þe riſhe leuedies in hoere bour, þat wereden gold in hoere treſſour, Wiþ hoere briȝtte rode,	Where are the Hunters of old ? 3 The Ladies 6
---	--

(2)

Eten and drounken, and maden hem glad ; Hoere liſ was al wiþ gamen .I.-lad, Men keneleden hem biforen ;	who led their life in glee ? 9
---	--

Their soules
are lost.

þey beren hem wel swiþe heye;
And in a twincling of an eye
Hoere soules weren forloren.

12

(3)

Where is
their laugh
and song?

Were is þat lawing and that song,
þat trayling and that proude zong,
þo hauekes and þo houndes?

15

Turned to woe.

Al þat ioye is went away,
þat wele is comen to weylaway,
To manie harde stoundes.

18

(4)

They made
Paradise
here.
Now they lie
in Hell.

Hoere paradis by nomen here,
And nou þey lien in helle .I.-fere;
þe fuir hit brennes heuere:
Long is ay, and long is ho,
Long is wy, and long is wo;
þennes ne comeþ þey neuere.

21

24

(5)

Man, suffer
here,

take no ease;

think on your
reward!

Drezy here man, þenne, if þou wilt,
A luitel pine þat me þe bit;
Wipdrau pine eyses ofte;
þey þi pine be oun-rede,
And þou þenke on þi mede,
Hit sal þe pinken softe.

27

30

(6)

If the Fiend
has thrown
you,

up and fight!

[leaf 127]

If þat fend, þat foule þing,
þorou wikke roun, þorou fals egging,
þere ne þere þe haueþ .I.-cast,
Oup, and be god chaunpioun!
Stond, ne fal namore adoun
For a luytel blast!

33

36

(7)

The Cross
your staf,

fight Christ's
foe with it!

þou take þe rode to þi staf,
And þenk on him þat þereoune ʒaf
His lif þat wes so lef:

39

He hit ʒaf for þe; þou ʒelde hit him;
Aʒein his fo, þat staf þou nim,
And wreck him of þat þef!

42

(8)

Of riȝtte bileue þou nim þat sheld,		Take the
þe wiles þat þou best in þat feld,		Shield of Be-
þin hond to strenkþen fonde,	45	lied.
And kep þy fo wiþ staues ord,		
And do þat traytre scienc þat word ;		
Biget þat mvrre ¹ londe.	[1 P MS.] 48	Win Heaven!

(9)

þere-inne is day wiþ-houten niȝt,		Endless day,
Wiþ-outen ende, strenkþe and niȝt,		
And wreche of euerich fo ;	51	
Mid god him-selwen eche lif,		with God
And pes and rest wiþoute strif,		himself,
Wele wiþ-outen wo.	54	and peace
		and rest.

(10)

Mayden moder, heuene quene,		Mary, be our
þou niȝt and const, and owest to bene		Shield
Oure sheld agein þe fende :	57	against the
Help ous sunne for to fien,		Fiend ;
þat we moten þi sone .I.-seen,		
In ioie wiþ-outen hende. Amen !	60	help us to see
		thy Son !

6. *Chauncoun de noustre Dame.*

(A Dialog between Christ on the Cross and his Mother.)

(Printed before in Anglia, II. 253 seq. 9 stanzas of 6, aab, ccb.)

(1)

“ S tond wel, moder, ounder rode,		Mother, be
Bihold þi child with glade mode ;		glad !
Moder, bliþe niȝt þou be,”	3	
“ Sone, how may ich bliþe stonde ?		
Ich se þine fet, and þine honde,		
.I.-nayled to þe harde tre.”	6	

(2)

“ Moder, do wey þi wepinge !		Weep not !
Ich þolie deþ for monnes kinde ;		I suffer for
Wor mine gultes ne þolie .I. non.”	9	man.
		[lf. 127, col. 2]

VERNON MS. 3 D

"Sone, ich fele þe deþes stounde;
þat swerd is at min hertes grounde,
þat me byheyte simeon." 12

(3)

Stay thy
tears!

"Moder, do wei þine teres;
þou wip away þe blodi teres;
Hy doþ me worse þene mi deþ." 15
"Sone, hou miȝtte ich teres werne?
I se þine blodi woundes herne
From þin herte to þi fot." 18

They pain
me.

(4)

It's better
that I die
than all men
go to Hell.

"Moder, nou .I. may þe seye,
Betere is, þat ich one deye,
þen alle mankyn to helle go." 21
"Sone, .I. se þi body .I.-swonge,
þin honde, þin fet, þi bodi .I.-stounge:
Hit nis no wonder þey me be wo." 24

You too will
go there, if
I don't die.

(5)

"Moder, if ich þe dourste telle,
If ich ne deye, þou gost to helle:
.I. polie deþ for monnes sake." 27
"Sone, þou me bi-hest so milde;
.I.-comen hit is of monnes kinde,
þat ich sike, and serewe make." 30

Let me rescue
Adam and
all men!

(6)

"Moder, merci, let me deye,
And Adam out of helle beye,
And monkin þat is forlore." 33
"Sone, wat sal me þe stounde?
þine pinen me bringeþ to þe grounde;
Let me dey[e] þe bifore!" 36

You now
share my
punishment.

(7)

"Swete moder, nou þou fondest
Of mi pine þer þou stondest;
Wip-houte mi pine nere no mon." 39
"Sone, .I. wot .I. may þe telle,
Hote hit be, þe pine of helle;
Of more pine, ne wot .I. non." 42

[lf. 127, bk.]

(8)

“Moder of moder, þus .I. fare ;
Nou þou wost wimmanes kare ;
þou art elene mayden on.” 45

“Sone, þou helpst alle nede,
Alle þo þat to þe wille grede,
May and wif, and fowel wimmon.” 48

(9)

“Moder, .I. ne may no lengore dwelle,
þe time is comen, .I. go to helle :
I þolie þis for þine sake.” 51

“Sone, .I.-wis .I. wille founde ?
.I. deye alмест ; .I. falle to grounde :
So serwful deþ nes never non !” 54

7. Here beginneþ þe sawe of Scint bede, prest.

(7 stanzas of 6, aab, aab, or aab, ccb.)

(1 ; *Of Heaven and Hell.*)

Holi gost, þi miȝtte
Ous wisse and rede and diȝte,
And help ous and teche 3
To witen ous wiþ þe onwiȝtte,
þat bi day and by niȝtte
þencheþ ous bipeche, 6

(2)

Makeþ ous to don sunne,
And abben to monkunne
Swiþe muchel honde. 9
He þencheþ ous biwinne,
And wonien ous wiþinne,
And ouer ous habben honde : 12

(3)

Ac bidde we crist ȝerne
Hou þat he hem werne
For his mildenesse, 15
For hy þat to hem sulen turne,
In helle hy shulen forberne,
In hewche þesterness. 18

You know
what wo-
man's care is.

My time is
come,
I go to Hell
for you.

Holy Ghost,
teach us to
guard against
the Devil,

who makes
us sin,

and wants to
rule us ;

but who will
burn us in
Hell.

[leaf 127, bk.,
col. 2]

(4)

Our Saviour

We houten oure suppinde

Herien of alle þinge,

And louien hine wel swiþe,

21

will gward us
against
fiends.

For he ous wille werien,

þat fendes ous ne derien,

þat folle beþ of niþe ;

24

(5)

Ne be we nout here

Swiþe fele ȝere,

Bote we her, we henne wende :

27

Let us be
pure,
and fit com-
panions for
angels!

Makein ous clene and skere,

þat we in heuene, englene fere,

Ben ho wiþ-uten ende.

30

(6)

Bliss is in
Heaven,

In heuene, in þe blisse

þat muchel is midiwisse,

And lesteþ euere more ;

33

and none
miss it who
love God ;

þer-inne is reste and lisse ;

Ne may þer no mon misse,

þat louieþ godes ore.

36

(7)

such bliss
as no tongue
can tell.

Ac hit saiþ in þe gospelle,

Ne may non tounge al telle,

þe blisse þat þer is euere,

39

Ne þe pine of helle,

þer-to we beþ wel swelle,

Awey hit ne hendeþ nevere.

42

(8)

In Hell are
cold, heat,
hunger ;

þer-inne is chele and hete,

And hounger ounimete,

And þurst alles to kene ;

45

spikes and
worms to
worry the
soul ;

Pikede beþ þe shete,

And wormes þer beþ kete,

To don þe soule tene.

48

(9)

and weeping

Þerinne is wop and woninge,

And muchel biminige

þat hoe .I.-boren were ;

51

Ac þer nis non hendinge,
 Ne non aȝein-cher-hinge,
 þat enes comeþ þere. 54

(10)

Wel we owen nimen gome
 He þat elles þider come,
 And seruen heuene kinge, 57
 And bidden him .I.-lome,
 þat he ous at þe dome,
 Of here pine bringe. 60

(11)

Oute we owre sunnen leten,
 And munien crist, and beten,
 Of alle oure misdede ; 63
 To doinde hoe beþ 'swete,
 For-þy ous is helle ȝete,
 Helle þat is ounlede. 66

(12 : aab, aab. *The Seven Chief Sins.*)

Þe seuene heued sunne
 þat we beþ ofte wiþinne,
 þe soule wolleþ amerre ; 69
 Hoe beþ of swikele kunne,
 þernide þe wiperwinne
 Ous alle þencþeþ to bicherre. 72

(13 : aaa, bba)

Modinesse, and ouerfastnesse,
 Onde, wrathes, swikelnesse,
 Hordom, and ȝeuernesse ; 75
 þis we houten alle ounderstonde,
 þat moni men in londe
 Bringeth to sorinesse. 78

(14 : aab, aab)

For þis beþ þe seuene
 þat bringeþ out of heuene,
 Swiþe fele monne ; 81
 þe weyes beþ in hoere wene
 Mid wepinde steuene ;
 In-to helle hoe shulen þenne. 84

for ever.

Let us take
care not to
go there,but drop our
sins,
and pray for-
giveness of
our misdeeds.The 7 chief
sins(which I
name)bring many
men to grief,

out of Heaven

into Hell.
[lf. 128, col. 2]

(15 : *aab, ccb. The Pride of Rich Folk.*)

Many rich
folk fancy
they're An-
gels.

They shall
shriek in
Hell.

Hoe wenep monie of þise riche,
þat he henglen ben .I.-liche
For hoere proude cloþe, 87
And þerfore hoe sulen scriken,
And in helle siken,
And crien hit foul wrothe. 90

(16 : *aab, aab*)

The poor

So wenep þis wreche,
þat hoe ne weren riche
For-þi þat hoe haytte nabbep ; 93
Ac¹ satanas þe wreche
þe soule wille drecche
Wen hoe ani got habbeþ. 96

(17)

may fail of
bliss unless
they suffer
humbly.

þer iche midiwisse
Miztte comen to blisse,
If he hit wolde her nye, 99
And þe wreche may wel misse,
Bote he his pouernesse
In mildenesse þolie. 102

(18 : *The Sins of Monks and Priests.*)

Monks
mayn't enjoy
gifts:

Death shall
take em from
them.

Þis monekes wenep soumme,
þat gedereþ garisoumme,
þat hoe hit shulen brouke ; 105
Ac wene² þe deþ shal comen,
Hit shal hem ben binomen,
Bitaut hoe beþ þe pouke. 108

(19)

If the High-
Priest

does no alms,
he'll be pun-
ished.

þe prest þat singep masse
þoru godes herienesse,
And wot of techinge, 111
And þer-of nul don almesse,
In euche sorinesse
His soule he may bringe. 114

¹ ? MS. 'et': also in other lines.

² ? MS. At-wene.

(20 : *The Sins of Knights.*)

Pes kniȝttes beȝ wel bolde,
 For hy abbeȝ aquolde
 Here ani cristine were ; 117 [ff. 128, bk.]
 For-ȝi sa[t]anas ȝe holde
 ȝe soule wil atholde,
 And makien hire oun i-fere. 120

Knights
who've kild
Christiansshall go to
Satan.(21 : *The Sins of Lawyers.*)

Pes plaidours beȝ wel kene,
 ȝat werieȝ red and grene.
 And al ȝis ounriȝt demep : 123
 Hy shulen, wiȝ-houten wene,
 To helle ȝat is so kene,
 ȝer ȝe fendes remep. 126

Plenders in
red and
green, who
judge wrong,shall go to
Hell.(22 : *The Sins of Chapmen.*)

ȝis chapmen monie bi strete,
 Hy beȝ swikele ounimete,
 Hy ne reccheȝ ȝan hy swerien 129
 For to abben here biȝete ;
 For-ȝi satanas ȝe kete,
 Here soule wille derien. 132

Chapmen

who swear
and cheatshall be
worried by
Satan.(23 : *The Working Bondman.*)

Of alle men on londe,
 Mest swinkeȝ ȝe bonde,
 And mest biȝet mit riȝte ; 135
 If he couȝe ounderstonde
 And teȝege riȝt ounder his howle,
 To crist he comen miȝtte. 138

Bondmen
work hard-
est ;and if they'd
pay right
tithe,
they'd come
to Christ.

(24)

Ac for alle his biswinke,
 If he may comen to sottes drinke,
 And stelen cristes teupinge, 141
 Sstrong deȝ hit wile him ȝenke,
 Depe in helle winke
 His soule he may bringe. 144

But if they
drink,
and tithe
falsely,
they'll go to
Hell.(25 : *The Sins of Proud Ladies.*)

Pes proude leuedies
 ȝat louen driweries,
 And breken here spousinge, 147

Proud ladies,

adulteresses,

	And dop to-gabbie, þat loveden simonie	
[lf. 128, bk., col. 2]	Of eni gode þinge ;	150
	(26)	
wearers of fine frocks,	Hy draweþ here wede, Mid selkene þrede	
	.I.-frendet and .I.-bounde :	153
	Swart and swiþe ounlede	
shall cry in Hell.	Bemen hy shulen, and grede	
	Depe in helle grounde.	156
	(27 : <i>Lecherous Monks and Nuns.</i>)	
As to Monks and Nuns,	Monekes and eremites and nonnen, þat hem witen ne cunnen	
	Wiþ swecche lecherie,	159
	Hy shulen to þere oun-winne :	
their dun clothes won't save em.	Alle here cloþes dounne	.
	Ne shulen hem warauntie.	162
	(28)	
Those who go to Hell had better not have been born.	Sopliche al betere him were þat hy .I.-boren nere,	
	þat þider shule wende :	165
	Warin ich ou here ;	
	For 3e þat enes comeþ þere,	
	þer 3e beþ ha-bouten hende.	168
	(29)	
They think that,	A at ¹ hy wenep libbie	¹ MS. Aat for Ac
	And longe sunegie,	
at their end,	And þene at þen ende	171
they can mend and go to Heaven.	Here sunnen al anendie, And birewsie,	
	And seþpen to heuene wende.	174
	(30)	
	Ne ben 3e nout so ownriste	
	Nou to ihesu criste,	
	þer-to ich ou lere ;	177
But no one knows when he'll die.	For þer nes non þat weste, Wiþ-houten ihesu criste,	
	Wen his hon day were.	180

(31)

For ous ne beþ nout so eþe

And it's not
easy to repent
at death.

To-3eines houre deþe,

þawe ous moowen so wel hede,

183 [leaf 129]

Ne speken bote ounþewe,

For ous beþ stronge and wreþe

To beten oure misdede.

186

(32)

Nout wiþ criste scolde

Beten ous þenne on londe

To habben houre riþtte,

189

Wen we him seruen nolde,

Ne laufoul ben, ne holde,

Her we non forþer ne miþtte.

192

(33)

Sopliche, wen we beþ dede,

When we die,
each shall get
his desert.

Euerich sal fongen mede

After his herihinge,

195

Bote we ous þe bet bihede,

þe soule hit shal .I.-frede,

þat fareþ to pininge.

198

(34)

þe hali me bindeþ,

In here me him þringeþ,

And bringeþ him hounder erþe,

201

Wor meshim .I.-findeþ,

To axnen hoe him grindeþ,

þarto hy shulen worþe.

204

(35)

He liþ and roteþ lowe,The dead rot,
and have no
goods or
friends.

He ne haueþ þat be his owe

Of aytte ne of londe,

207

Ne nowþer meý ne mowe,

þat þer doren a þrowe

Bi hem sitten ne stonde.

210

(36)

Ac¹ wer beþ þanne his haytte,¹ MS. At

þa he here raytte,

And in þis lif wonne?

213

Sopliche hy beþ bi-payȝtte,
 Swecche oþere hoe beþ bitaiȝtte,
 [If. 129, col. 2] Lat him no þonk ne cunne. 216

(37)

Where are
 their rings
 Ac wer beþ þenne his ringes,
 And his proude þinges,
 and their
 gold-painted
 gloves ? And his golt-peinte gloue ? 219
 Wor al his proude þinges,
 Ne vailleþ him no þinges
 þenne to his bihoue. 222

(38)

You come in-
 to the world
 bare,
 Sothliche, naked and bare,
 Wip wop and wip kare,
 þou come to þisse liue ; 225
 and so shall
 leave it. And so ȝe sulen eft-senes fare ;
 .I. saye þe soth wip-oute sware ;
 Greyþeþ ou biliue ! 228

(39 : nine lines)

þe salt þe world forleten and lewe, [? rymes]
 þer-of ȝe shulden þenken ene,
 Quench your
 sins with
 prayer and
 alms,
 And oure sunne aquenche 231
 Mid beden and mid almesse,
 Wip-uten idelnesse,
 to escape
 Satan. If ȝe miȝtten at-blenche 234
 From þe sori satanasse,
 And from his swikelnesse
 And from his heuele wrenche. 237

(40)

Lie not in
 sin !
 If þou fallest in sunne,
 Ne li þou nout þer-inne ;
 Up, and
 fight your foe
 Satan ! Hieþe þe oup to arisen, 240
 And shend þe wiperwine
 Satanas mid his pine,
 And doþe also þe wise. 243

(41)

For mon nohute nout to abbe soule,
 Wen his wrecche licome
 In sunnen be .I.-falle, 246

Ac abbeyes houte dome,
 And ounwren his sunnen .I.-lome,
 And crist in fuir pineþ alle. 249 [lf. 129, bk.]

(42: *The Good of Shrift.*)

Pe mon him let wel sriuen, Go to Shrift.
 And þene fend out driven,
 Ne þarf him nout shomic, 252
 For ne beþ in þisse live,
 Wepmen ne wimmen fíue
 þat ofte ne svnegieþ. 255

Not 5 men
 or women
 live that don'
 often sin.

(43)

At¹ þes modie gome ^{1 ? for Ac}
 And leuedies and þe ounrome
 Loutep hem also þe ounwise, 258
 And þes 3ounlinges somme,
 þey þat hoe to sriste come,
 Hoe beþ sottes and shomefaste. 261 are sots,

The haughty
 men, and
 ladies and
 youths who
 go to Shrift,

(44)

Hy nulleþ soþ tellen,
 þan me shulde hem quellen,
 Hy ounsweren here misdede : 264
 For-þi hoe shulen in helle
 Euere groningen and swelle,
 And euere-mo ben þer-inne. 267

and won't tell
 the truth.

They shall
 groan in Hell.

(45)

Wenne eni gromeþ sore,
 þe grome þuncheþ more
 þen al hore oþer pine. 270
 To þe bi prestes lore
 Nolden herien godes hore,
 þenne hoe hit shullen biwine. 273

(46: *The Last Judgment.*)

At þe mounte of olifete,
 þer we ous shulen alle .I.-mete ;
 þe gode and þe ounwreste,
 þe day worþ milde and sete ; 277
 And bitter unimete
 To hem þat forlete
 To don godes heste. 279

At Mount
 Olivet we
 shall all
 meet.

(47)

[lf. 129, bk.,
col. 2]
God shall
come bleed-
ing on His
Cross,

þer cumeþ god on his rode,
And his side his a blode,
And seweþ on he ous boutē. 282
Afered beþ þenne þe gode,
And wo is þenne þe ouermode
þat þer-of ne route. 285

(48)

and say,
"Look what
I sufferd for
you.

"Lokeþ," seyþ god nouþe,
"Wat ich for ou ouþe,
Wat ich for ou gon þolie ; 288
Luitel þonk 3e me couþe,
Ne mid werke ne mid mouþe
Nolden 3e me þonkie." 291

(49)

You good
folk

At¹ he seyþ þenne to þe gode, ¹ For ðe
And to his milde moder,
"3e duden gode dede ; 294
3e me fedden and srudden,
And wel me bihedden
þo ich among ou hede, 297
And leide me a softe bedde ;
þarfore ich ou wole aredde,
For nou 3e habbeþ nede." 300

fed and clad
me,

I will reward
you.

(50)

You helpt the
loor.

þe gode segeþ þenne,
"Louerd, were and wenne
Duden we þe gode deden ?" 303
"3use," he seiþ, "þe poure monne,
þo hoe help neden nen,
Bote as hoe for me beden ; 306

(51)

You shall go
to Heaven's
bliss."

"At² 3e, mine gode midiwisse, ² For ðe
To heueriche blisse
To-day 3e shulen wende ; 309
And þe at our sede, to sorinesse
And to suche þesternesse,
And þer ben euere, bouten ende." 312

(52)

He seiþ þenne to þe wreche,		To the bad, He says,
"3e nolden nout hof me recche ;	[leaf 130]	"You wouldn't care
For hounger ich aswal þroute :	315	for me or feed me ;
3e nolden me in fecche,		
Ou self 3e weren so frecche,		
So modi and so proude."	318	

(53)

Hoe gredeþ þenne on heye,	
þe wrecches and þe ounweye	
þat loueden þe ounredes,	321
And siggeþ, "louerd, wiþ oure eye	
We þe neuere ne seye	
þer þou nede heuedest."	324

(54)

G od seyþ, "3u se mine		you saw the
Povere ounhole hine		poor suffer
þat to oure dore come :	327	cold and
For chele hoe heueden pine,		hunger ;
For hounger hoe gonnen chine ;		
þer-of ne nome 3e gome ;	330	

(55)

"þer-of 3e nolden hede,		
Ne 3euen hem of oure brede,		you'd give em nothing.
Ne of drinke ne of cloþe :	333	
To-day 3e sulen frede,		You shall fret for it."
And ounder-fongen mede,		
For, me 3e be wel loþe."	336	

(56)

Hoe 3erreþ þenne and gredeþ ;		
þe fendes hem forþ ledeþ,		Fiends carry em off,
Boþe licome and soule,	339	
Seþeþ hem, and gredeþ,		and boil and stick em with pikes.
Stikeþ hem and bredeþ		
Wiþ pikes and wiþ howeles.	342	

(57)

þe soule seyþ to onsuare,		Their souls reproach their bodien
"Licom, al þou forfare		
So wrechede and so ounlede,	345	

for their joint
ruin.

[lf. 130, col. 2]

Wor þou ous hauest .I.-wrouþ þis fare,
And .I.-brout ous eweche kare
þat euere we shulen þolie.

348

(58)

The good

“ At¹ þe gode and þe clene, ^{1 For Ac}
þan hoe .I.-seien ous þenne,
Al þat cun þat we of come,

351

will not
rescue them.

Nulle hoe neuer ene
Birewen ne bimene,
Ne þar-to nimen gome.

354

(59)

The good are
happy

“ Hem self, hoe beþ so bliþe
þat hoe of wone siþe

357

and thank
God.

Moten ane day wonie,
And þonkeþ god swiþe
Ofte and monie siþe,
þat hy hit mosten herie.”

360

(60)

If we'll do
right while
we're here,

At² 3if we ous wolden vel driȝtte, ^{2 For Ac}
And leden ous mid riȝtte
þe wiles þat we her were,

363

we may
be Angels³
mates.

Ich ou sugge and pliȝtte,
At þe domes 3e miȝtte
Ben englene fere.

366

(61)

Let us pray
God

At³ bidde we oure driȝtte, ^{3 For Ac}
þat dayes sop and niȝtte
þat do hour soule bote,

369

that we may
be with the
Angels.

So þat we miȝtte
.I.-seiene ben at siȝtte
Among þe hengles briȝtte :

Amen, so hit be mote ! Amen ! 373

8. Coment le sauter noustre dame
fu primes cuntroue.¹

(1)

L euedi swete and milde,	Lady, shield
For loue of þine childe	
þat is foul of niȝtte,	3
Me þat am to wilde,	
From shome þou me shilde	me from shame!
Bi day and eke bi niȝtte!	6 [lf. 130, bk.]

(2)

Ich wille biginnen here,	I'll tell how
And tellen þe manere,	
Nou at þisse stounde,	9
Of þi sauter here,	your Psalter was formd.
Mid wel gode chere,	
Ou hit wes .I.-founde.	12

(3)

Send me þine grace,	Give me grace to do it well!
Nou in þisse place	
So wel for to done;	15
Ich nou bidde þi grace,	
And þer-to lif and space;	
Here nou mine bone!	18

(4)

A riche man was wile,	A good rich man livd a mile off an Abbey which
þat nolde none gile;	21 his fore- fathers had built.
He louede holi chirche;	
Bi sides him a mile,	
On abbey of seint gile,	
His helderne gonne werche.	24

(5)

God lif þis man ladde;	
One sone he hadde,	He had one son,
þat gode dedes dede;	27

¹ Printed by Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, 1881, p. 220 *seq.*

Wip cloþ and wip bedde,
His sone faire he sreddede
In þat ilke stede. 30

(6)

who became
a Monk at
this Abbey.

Monk he pere bicom,
Wip abit he þer nom
Bi his fader wille. 33
Him louede god and mon,
So faire he bigon,
Wor euer he wes stille. 36

(7)

[col. 2]

His fader him bimenede
þat he þer-inne wende,
So 3ong sholde .I.-wis. 39
He dede after him sende,
þat is nou þat ende,
And made him muchel blis. 42

(8)

The son had
a master

A maister hadde his sone,
þat wip him wes .I.-come,
Cointe .I.-nou and sley; 45
Hit wes his .I.-wone,
To techen alle and some
þe ordre fer and ney. 48

(9)

who went
about with
the father.

The son

He hede ofte aboute,
Wip-innen and wip-oute,
Wip þe louerd on day; 51
þe sone he lek þer oute,
He hede for to aloute;
Tellen ich ou may. 54

(10)

always went
to Our Lady's
Chapel, when
he got out,

þe leuedi ful of miȝtte,
þat bar oure driȝtte,
In a chapele þere, 57
Bi day and eke bi niȝtte,
Out when he comen miȝtte,
Were ware he were. 60

(11)

Ou alle ich telle may,
 On houndred, ewche day,
 He gretingges seyde; 63 and said 100
greetings to
her,
 Wel he held his lay,
 And þe ordre, bi mi fay,
 For loue of þat meyme. 66

(12)

Wel he hedde bi-wrout,
 Wor god wes his þout,
 þat wes wel .I.-sene; 69
 He ne les hit nohut,
 Wor he hiȝ hadde about;
 þeron his gode bene. 72 [leaf 131]

(13)

Ne let he none stounde
 þat he ne fel to grounde,
 And on kne was bat, 75 kneeling,
 And þoute of þe wonde
 þat god for al þe mounde
 On rode heuede .I.-sprad. 78 and thinking
of Christ on
the Cross.

(14)

On houndret, to þe meyme,
 Aue maries he seyde,
 Bi tale heche daye, 81 He said 100
Aue-Maries
daily.
 Ne hit nout ne aleyde;
 Ac so wel he pleyde,
 Riȝt soþ for to saye, 84

(15)

þat he sau wel briztte,
 Oure leuedi foul of miztte,
 A settres-day .I.-wis, 87 Our Lady
appeard to
him on a
Saturday,
 Were hoe sat wel riȝtte,
 .I.-cloped half bi siztte,
 And seyde to him þis: 90

(16)

and said she
had bought
him for his
good deeds.

“ **M**i monk, ne dred þe nout,
For .I. þe haue .I.-bout,
And þe ich wille take; 93
þou hauest so goed-ful wraut,
Ne worst þou nout bikaut;
Goed ne shal þe lake. 96

(17)

“ Ich þonke þe her nouþe,
þat þou, wiþ þine mouþe,
Me hauest .I.-paied wel; 99
Bi norþe and eke bi [souþe]¹
Hit shal ben w[el (i)couþe]
þine dedes [euerich del]. 102

(18)

He was to

“ Ac þou m[ost more say]
Wor[me now euche day]
Fifti al bi score 105
Of aue maries,
Fifti on day þries,
Wite nou were-fore. 108

[If. 131, col. 2]

say 50 Aves
thrice daily.

(19)

That is her
Psalter:

“ **p**at is riȝt mi sauter,
And þou shalt witen her,
Hou hit shal ben do: 109
Fifty sege bi-fore,
Tene euere bi score,
And on anteme þerto, 112

the first
Fifty

(20)

for her bliss
on the An-
gel's telling
her she
should bear
God-and-
man.

“ In tokning of þe blisse
þat fel me mid i-wisse
þo þe aungele to me com, 115
And seyde me tidinge,
þat of me sholde springe
He þat is god and mon. 118

¹ The right lower corner of the MS. has come unpasted, and has fallen off. The words are supplied from the Auchinleck MS. in *A Penniworth of Witte*, Abbotsford Club, ed. D. Laing, and *Altenglische Legenden*, 1881, p. 221-3.

(21)

" After, say wel sone,		The 2nd Fifty
Fifti mid idone,		
Al for þat ilke blisse	121	for her bliss that Christ would be born of her.
þat he wiþ-outen [sore] ¹		
Wolde of me ben [bore]		
þat þou þer [of ne misse]	124	

(22)

" þer-aft[er þou shalt say]		The 3rd Fifty
Eft [fifti euche day]		
Bi [þine fingres ten]	127	
O[f aue maries]		
[Euche day þries]		
[Telle hit fele men !]	130	

(23)

[" Fifti at þen ende,]		
[For I shude wende]		
[To mi sone þo,]	133	because she'll go to her Son for bliss.
[For blis and for to amende,]		
[þat he to me gan sende]		
To me comen and go.	136	

(24)

" He broute me to blisse,		
þat neuer ne shal misse,		
In þat ilke stounde.	139	
Blesced be þat time,		
þat alle brovte of pine,		
þat weren þerinne .I.-bounde !"	142	

(25)

" A , leuedi, .I. þe grete,		The Monk asks for
For þou art fair and swete,		
And goed to serui wel ;	145	
Graunte me þin ore,		grace to say these Aves ;
Wor .I. shal euere more		
Don þis euerich del.	148	

¹ Corner of the MS. gone.

(26)

and enquires

"If ich dourste and coupe,
Ich wolde .I.-witen noupe,
Leuedi, here of þe, 151

why Mary
has no petti-
coat.

Wi þe failleþ gore,
Sleue, and nammore
Of cloþ þat ich .I.-se." 154

(27)

She says he
gave her her
cloth by his
Aves.

"þis cloþ þou me ȝeue
¹[On Se]ttresday aȝein eue,
[þorou] Aue maries. 157
[þo þou] me gvnne greten,
[And nolde] to sugen leten
[Twies e]wche dayes. 160

(28)

If he'll say
more, she'll
be fully clad
in a week,

["For þou most say more]
[þries fifti bi score,]
[Al-so .I. teld þe,] 163
[To-day a seveniȝtte]
[.I.-clothed al ariȝtte]
[þou shalt me fair .I.-se] 166

(29)

[lf. 131, bk.,
col. 2]and bring
him good
tidings.

["Be here of al scille,]
[And say wiþ gode wille]
Alle þe gretinges; 169
And I shal þe bringe
From mi sone, þe kinge,
þanne gode tidings." 172

(30)

Dailly the
Monk says
thrice his 50
Aves.

Marie wente away,
And þe monke euche day
Seyde, riȝt þre sipes, 175
Mid wel gode wille,
Boþe loude and stille
þese Aue maries. 178

¹ Corner of the MS. gone.

(31)

þat day a seveniztte,		In a week
Oure leuedi foul of miȝtte		Our Lady
To þat moneke com,	181	comes to him
.I.-cloþed swiþe briȝtte		clad,
In þat wede al riȝtte,		
And þonkede þat mon :	184	

(32)

"Fair is, lo, mi wede,		and says her
For bedes þat þou bede,		dress is due
And þou hauest quemet me :	187	to his
Mi sone þe wille rede,		prayers.
þat noþing þe nadrede,		
Here ich hit telle þe.	190	

(33)

" V uene þou art home .I.-come,		
þou shalt Abbot bicomē,		He shall be-
For þin Abbot shal deye.	193	come Abbot,
Haue euere in þi wone		
To suggen mi coustome,		and must
þine Aues euche daye.	196	dally say his
		Aves,

(34)

"Wend ouer al aboute		and preach
[A]nd preche inne and oute		everywhere
[þat] þis is mi sauter ;	199	that they
[For al] þat euche day		are Mary's
[Wille þis] for me saye,		Psalter.
I shal hem ben wel ner.	202	[leaf 132]

(35)

"Monek, ich telle hit þe,		
þat þou most, al for me,		
Wenden wide wore,	205	
And telle þis tidinge,		
And mine sone bringe		
Wel fele him bifore.	208	

(36)

"Wor þoru Aue maries		All who say
þat mon shal sayen þries		them,
In þe worshiþe of me,	211	

she will help;

I shal hem helpen alle
 þat to me wilen kalle,
 For soþ ich telle hit þe. 214

(37)

and none
of em shall
die un-
houseld,

“**N**is non þat shal deien,
 þat wille pries seien
 þese Aue maries, 217

Wip-outen hosel and srifte,
 Bi daye ne bi niztte,
 Wor none folies ; 220

(38)

but shall
have God's
grace.

“He shal in euche place
 Wel finden mi grace
 At his liues ende ; 223
 And he shal hauen space,
 And finden godes grace,
 Him al to amende. 226

(39)

The Monk
will die in
7 years,

“Gon ich wille henne :
 Sey hit to mani menne
 þis, and make hit couþ, 229
 Wor seue 3er after þis
 þou shalt deye .I.-wis,
 Ich telle hit þe wip mouþe, 232

(40)

[lf.132, col.2]

and She
will be his
guardian.

“So longe is þi time
 To holden þe and þine,
 And hem for to teche ; 235
 After þat, of pine
 þou worst .I.-brout wip mine,
 Wor .I. shal ben þi leche.” 238

(41)

She goes,

Marie wente away ;
 þe monek rod nizt and day,
 Folk to gode bringe ; 243

and the Monk
preaches her
good tidings.

þoru þis ilke þinge
 And þoru his prechinge,
 Goed wes þe tidinge. 244

(42)

Nou' ich bidde here

Ou alle wiþ godes chere

þat 3e sugger þries,

Wiþ wel gode wille,

Boþe loude and stille

þese Aue maries.

247

I bid you all
to say these
Aves thrice
a day.

250

(*Les ounsse peines de enfer* follow, which Stengel
printed in his Catalog of this MS.)

*A Confession of Sins, and a Prayer to Christ.*¹

Swete ihesu crist, to þe,

Copable wrecche *ich* 3elde me,Of sennes þat *ich* habbe ydo

Yn al my lyue hider-to,

In pride, yn wrapþe, in vyl enuye,

Yn glotonye, yn lecherye,

Yn sleuþe, lord, yn þy seruise,

And of þis wordles coueytise :

To ofte *ich* habbe, yn myne lyue,

Ysenȝed wit my wittes fyue,

Wit eren yhered, wit eȝen syȝt,

Wit senfol speche dey & nyȝt,

Wit cleppinges, wit kessenge also,

Wit hondes yhandled, wit fet ygwo,

Wit herte senfolliche yþoȝt,

Wit al my body euele ywroȝt ;

And of al my [grete] folye,

Mercy, lord, mercy, *ich* crye !Al-þaȝ *ich* senȝede euere,Lord, *ich* for-soc þe neuere.

Ȝef þou me none med[e]

Efter my senful dede, [.]

4

8

12

16

20

Christ, I
yield me
guilty of sinswith my 5
wits,and all my
body.I cry thee
mercy.

¹ From a cut-down leaf of a late 14th-century MS., sent by the Rev. J. R. Burton, Headmaster of Kidderminster Grammar School, to the Deputy-Keeper of MSS. at the British Museum, Mr. G. F. Warner, who kindly showed it to me, and got Mr. Burton's leave for me to copy and print it.

	Ak efter, lord, þy grete [pite],	[back]	
Absolve me,	Lord ihesu, asoyle þou me,		24
and send me	And send me ofte, er [y deye],		
repentance,	Sorþe of herte and teres o[f eze]		
	For sennes þat ich habbe [ido]		
	Yn al my lyue hider[to];		28
	And let me neuere b[e so nice]		
	To do no maner dede [of vice],		
so that I may	So þat ich, at myn end[ynge day]		
die clear of	Clene of senne deye [may],		32
sin	Srifte and housele at [myn ende],		
	þat my saule mote [wende]		
and go to	Yn-to þat blisse of [hevenriche]		
heaven.	þer þou request, lo[rd],		36

[Two lines are no doubt left out after l. 22: the sense wants, 'If thou rewardest me according to my sinful deeds, *I must go to hell*,' or some equivalent words to make a couplet.]

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